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## University of California, San Diego

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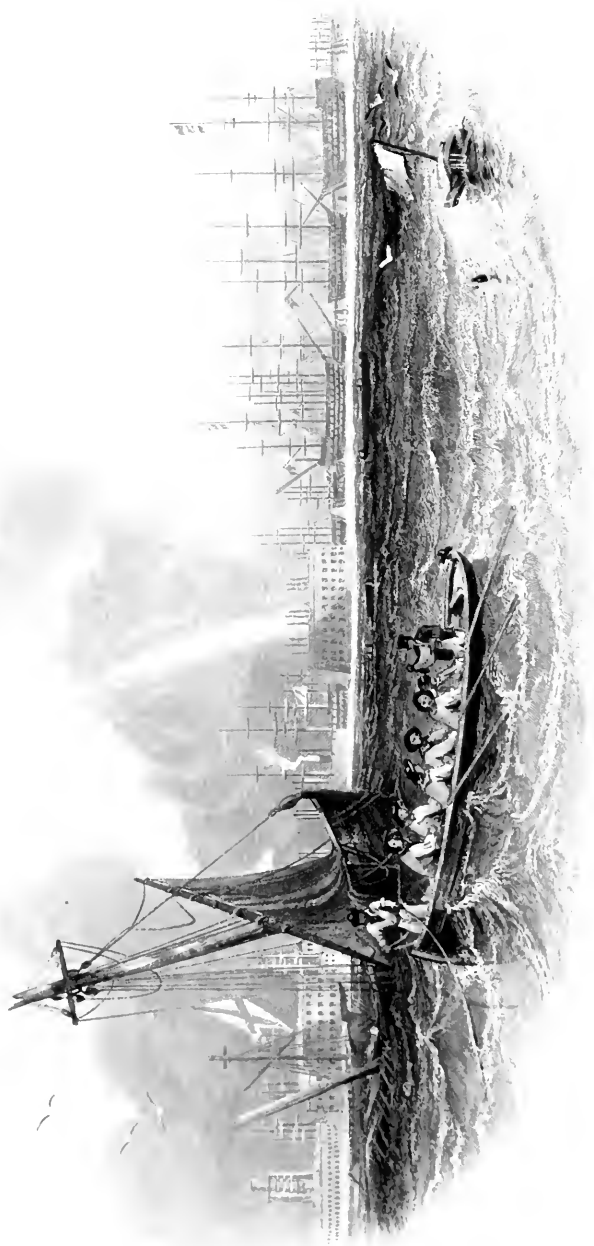
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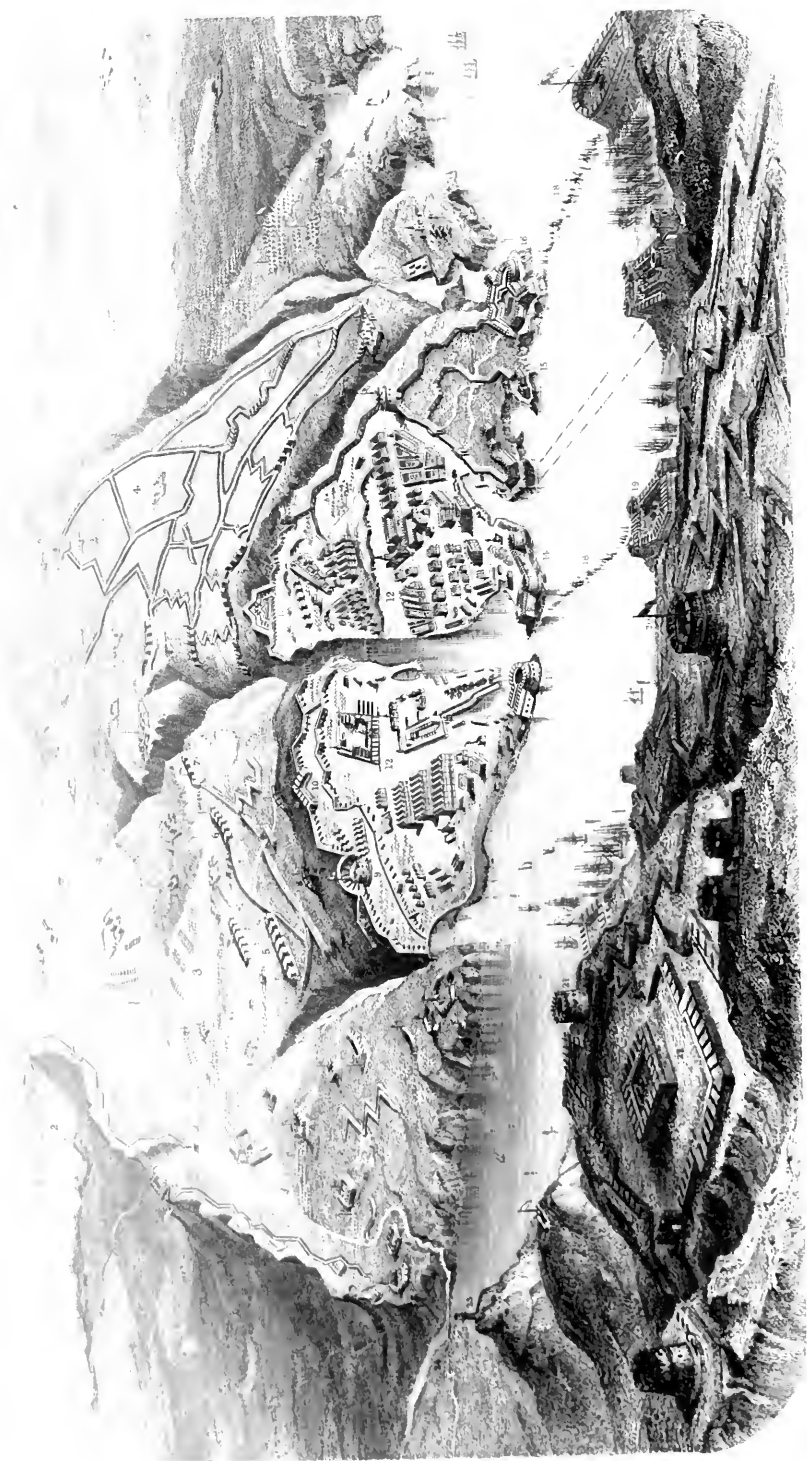


















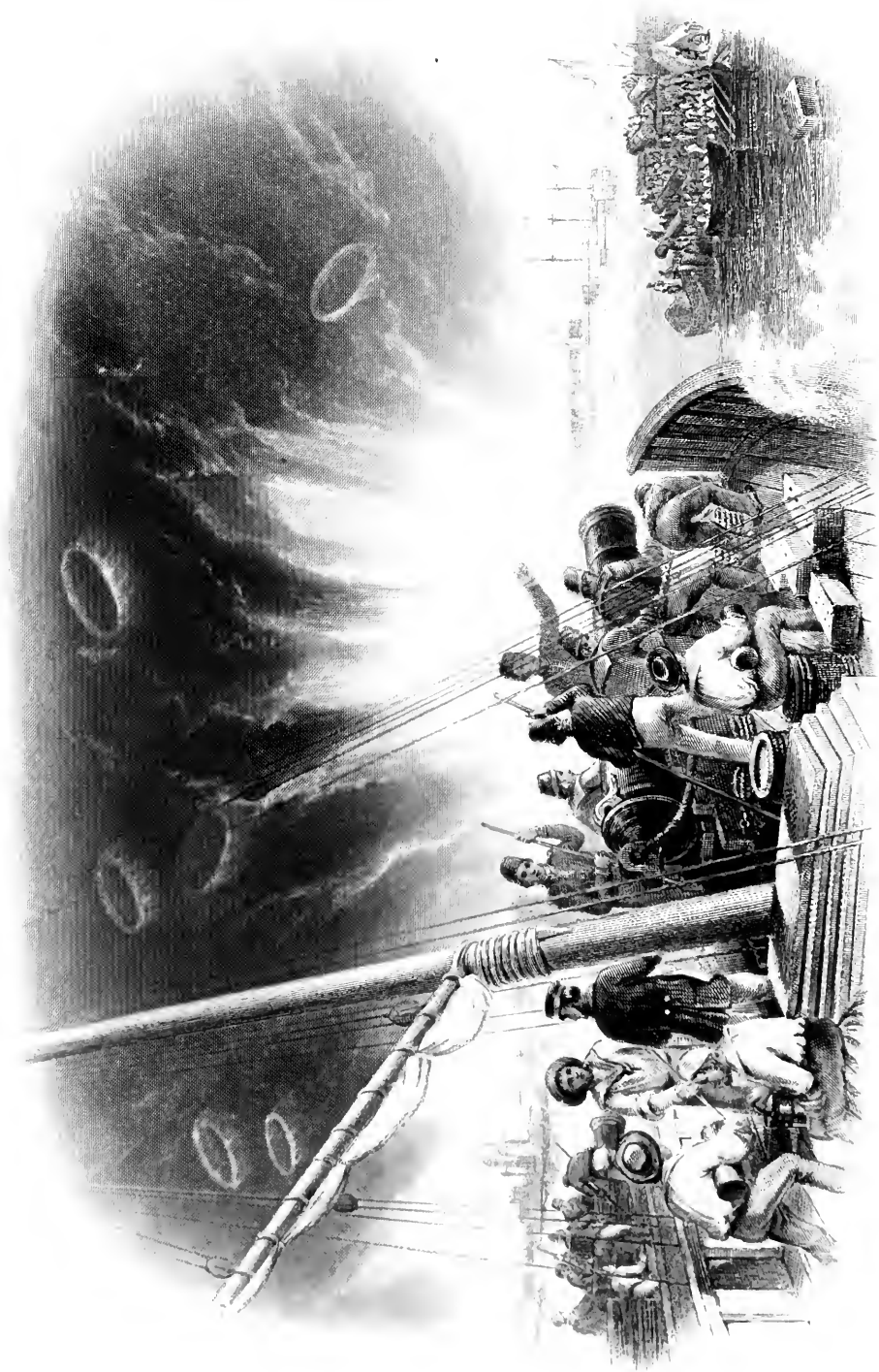




















return to his home after years of service, with rank if he have been entitled to it, with a substantial pension if disabled, there will be no want of volunteers for the army."

The systems of the British and French armies act as oppositely upon the hopes of the junior officers as upon the men. Without fortune and aristocratic influence, a British officer, however well educated and brave, has no hope of rising to eminence. Purchase and seniority rule promotion. In the French army seniority has its due share of influence, but is never allowed to impede the promotion of merit. In the British army few men reach the higher ranks until too old to act efficiently, if called on for active service in their grade—unless men of fortune or title, or who have the especial patronage of those so circumstanced. Hence, although England has a long list of general-officers, whose services have been most glorious, they are all too old for the toils of war. Her generals of high rank young enough to be useful are men who have bought their way up, and are unfit for high command.

The mode in which promotion takes place in the Guards, the aristocratic department of the army, illustrates the mischief of the excessive influence of the aristocracy. An ensign in the Guards ranks with a lieutenant in the line; this is counted quite fair, *because he pays twice as much for his commission!* A lieutenant in the Guards is a captain of the army; and a captain of the Guards ranks with a lieutenant-colonel of the army. The result of such an arrangement must be, that the general officers will mainly consist of men who have served in the Guards, and be therefore men of rank and fortune. On this whole system, the following indignant strictures were published by an able writer in the *Eclectic*, under a review of *Livret d'Homme de Troupe, Septième Bataillon des Chasseurs d'Orléans* :—

"The British purchase and half-pay arrangements, the beginning and end of our system, form a curious exemplification of the commercial spirit in military affairs—a strange combination of the Court and the Stock Exchange. The piquancy of this manifestation becomes striking in the privileged regiments of Guards. The purchase of a commission in the Guards is a good investment. A correspondent of the *Times* finds sixty-two connections of the peerage in the Grenadier Guards. In this regiment are relatives and connections of Lords Congleton, Holland, Besborough, Albemarle, Granville, Rokeby, Cardigan, Harborough, Hardinge, Raglan, Derby, Burlington, &c.; of the Marquises of Bute, and Thomson, &c.; and the Dukes of Buccleugh, Richmond, Devonshire, &c. Money and interest have been known to make men lieutenant-colonels in seven years. From a Return printed by the House of Commons in

1833, it appeared that an officer of cavalry in the Guards obtained the rank of a lieutenant-colonel in six years after he joined the army, and the command of a regiment when he had only been six years and five months on full pay in the service. The rank of lieutenant-colonel, while young, is the object of these noble soldiers; they know they cannot possibly all obtain commands, and few of them continue to serve; but they secure by this rank their promotions, and their half-pay gives them a fair return for their money. The basis of the whole business is an insurance and stock-exchange calculation. A commission in the Guards is a courtly connection and a comfortable investment. It is a beefeater's place made fashionable. They take their turns, at Dublin, Windsor, or London, and never of the frosts of Canada, or the flame-breezes of India. They roughed it indeed in the Peninsula, in Belgium, and in the Crimea; but generally they have permanent establishments in London, and they have never been subject to sudden removals, while uncertain of time and place. A battalion of the line supplies *two*, and one of the Guards (two companies weaker) *ten* to the list of generals. The Guards thus furnish more than half\* the general officers; their seven battalions supplying seventy, while 106 battalions of the line give 126. The percentage of the casualties of officers in the line to officers of the Guards is four to one; and when the comparison is made between them and officers in India, the percentage of casualties is eight to one in favour of the Royal Guards. It would appear the more noble an officer is, the less he risks his life for his country; and the nearer he is to the court, the farther he is from giving the last proof of loyalty. Four thousand pounds a-year is allotted to the officers of the Guards, to enable them to entertain themselves and their friends with banquets whenever they mount guard at the Palace. Two-thirds of them are generally absent on leave; they report to the Gold Stick instead of the Commander-in-chief; and under the commanding officer and adjutant, all the duties are performed by the sergeants, the officers having only to fall into rank and walk, with their swords drawn, on parade. It is thus they play at soldiers in the courtly and fashionable circles!"

As might be expected from the comparison of the two systems, in these particulars the officers of the French army have a higher military reputation; while the officers of the British army are universally regarded as inferior to the men they command, except in personal bravery. The common soldiers (especially in our cavalry regiments), when they may speak with safety, will declare, almost to a man, that they have no confidence in the skill of their

\* One-third?

subaltern officers; that the majority of them are young men of fashion, given to amusement, who pay no attention to their profession, and are unable to bring the regiment through its exercises; and that discipline mainly depends upon the non-commissioned officers, and such field-officers as are attached to their profession or have seen service. The men will bear a unanimous testimony to the personal gallantry of their officers. When the field-officers purchase their way up, they are generally as deficient as the subalterns; but it is the custom for most fashionable men, who enter the army for amusement, to sell out when they reach the rank of captain; so that officers who have experience, and remain in the service from professional zeal and ambition, are frequently found among the field-officers. With all these defects, the British regimental system, as a *plan* of discipline, is confessedly superior to the French.

We cannot resist the impression that were the whole English military system thoroughly reformed, so as to make promotion depend upon merit, and an honourable seniority where duty was adequately discharged; and were officers, professionally educated, selected for all staff appointments, instead of men of rank and property, irrespective of their capacity, the British army would soon surpass the French in military science, as it already does in fortitude, high sense of duty, and a spirit of daring enterprise. Its superiority in these particulars has often been recognised by Frenchmen. At the close of the last war, French generals were frequently heard to say, "If we had your soldiers, we could have conquered Europe."

Whatever be the political party which shall hold in its hands the destinies of this great

country, the public voice should sternly demand the immediate reform of army abuses, and the eradication of all vicious principles of military government.

There is a character of completeness in the organisation of the French army generally, which gives it a great superiority over ours *as an army*, however superior our regimental system may be. The extent to which effectiveness of detail and military foresight are carried, the following brief citation from a French military writer will illustrate:—

"Distributed throughout the collective army of France are eight companies, amounting altogether to 5000 men. In these companies are to be found handicraftsmen capable of every variety of useful labour. A colony of backwood settlers could hardly desire a more effective body of artisans and helpers to work upon a clearance, and elaborate all and everything connected with civilisation and eventual refinement. There are in each corps butchers and bakers; cooks and confectioners; carpenters, plasterers, painters, and glaziers; shoemakers, tailors, whitesmiths, locksmiths, blacksmiths, plumbers, well-sinkers, pump-makers, engineers, and wheelwrights. In the general body of the 5000 are to be found civil engineers, levellers, hydrographers, draughtsmen, and designers; musicians and linguists. These constitute the *Corps de Génie*, and have everywhere proved most valuable annexations to the host of fighting men. They are all indeed in the latter category; but, certainly, he who can draw a correct ground-plan to-day, fight upon it to-morrow, and write a lucid account of the redoubt's formation, and the success of the encounter which defended it, on the day after, is no mean man-at-arms."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### THE CRIMEA: ITS SCENERY, HISTORY, AND THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF ITS PEOPLE.

"But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree  
Which, living, waves where thou didst cease to live,  
And saw around me the wide fields revive  
With fruits, and fertile promises—the spring  
Come forth, her work of gladness to contrive,  
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,  
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring."—BYRON.

THERE are but few good books extant which describe the Crimea. Dr. Koch is perhaps most generally quoted, but the work is superficial, and the writer allows an obtrusive and invidious nationality to deface his pages. His work is however of value for its geological and botanical information; and it contains some interesting discussions as to the probability that some of the events sung by Homer were imagined by the poet, in connection with this land of myths and traditionary stories

of wonder and terror from remotest time. Dr. Lyall, our own scientific countryman, has given some useful information as to the geological strata and superficialities of the country. Mr. Danby Seymour has written a good book concerning it. Dr. Clark is still an authority, although his work is old. Captain Spencer gives some light and pleasing sketches of the coasts, scenery, and general character of the country. Dr. Grant, Dean of St. Albans, has written a history of the Crimea. Kohl,

the German traveller, has produced a work, the general tone of which resembles that of his countryman Koch. Prince Anatole de Demidoff has written very elaborately and very heavily on almost every topic connected with the modern Crimea, although some of his sketches are not devoid of taste. In the year 1837, the prince projected a tour of inquiry, social and scientific, through all the countries of southern Russia. He proposed a mineralogical survey, from which he expected great results: the late emperor seems to have shared his anticipations, by the approval of his plans, and by authorising him to carry them into execution. The prince surrounded himself with a numerous staff of scientific men, geologists, practical miners, naturalists, engineers, draughtsmen, agriculturists, &c. They took with them boring apparatus and mining tools, weighing 80,000 lbs. The results were very disproportionate to the extent of the undertaking; the report as to the mineral riches of the country was utterly discouraging, and the prince proved himself to be rather a dull writer. A vein of officialism runs through the whole production; it appears like a mere report drawn up for the imperial eye. It was then a favourite spot with the emperor; he regarded the Crimea as one of the brightest gems in his diadem; to praise it was a passport to favour, and Prince de Demidoff paints everything in the colour of the rose, hinting that if the garden of Eden were not there, the place would have answered the purpose of that region of delight quite as well. The work of his highness is on the whole a very unfaithful one, and very clumsily executed, however much some parts of it are entitled to praise.

Other authorities, ancient and modern, may be consulted with advantage; but the really good works which treat on the Crimea, either scientifically, politically, or popularly, are few. Yet scarcely any geographical or topographical subject is more interesting at present. The war now raging within the small compass of the Crimean peninsula, will immortalise its associations: the words Crimea and Sebastopol will always arrest attention on the pages of the world's history. The most pleasing and popular work which we have met with, and to which we shall chiefly trust for our information while presenting to our readers the opinions and descriptions of various pens, is one that is but little known, having circulated chiefly among private friends. The work, published anonymously, is entitled *The Crimea*, and was written by a British lady, whose husband purchased property near the banks of the Alma—his sister having married the sultan, the representative of the khans of the Crimea. We believe this lady's husband, under the signature of "E. N.," afforded very valuable information to the public and the government

through the columns of the *Times*. Although the property of this family is jeopardised by this war, and their nephew, son of the late sultan, is an officer of Russian artillery, lately quartered at Simpheropol, about whose fate and that of his branch of the family they must be fondly anxious, yet throughout the book loyalty to fatherland is feelingly indicated. Our authoress describes her impressions of the country as to its beauties, drawbacks, and general peculiarities, not from a hasty survey, but from happy excursions, and *visits throughout its whole area during a long residence*. Hence, there is a vividness in her pen-and-ink sketches very enlivening and attractive; and one cannot rise from the perusal of *The Crimea*, without feeling that he really does know what sort of place it is. That sense of the actual which impresses with the idea that seeing could hardly add to the correctness of your notions, is just what Mrs. Nielson, in her own unassuming and natural manner, creates in the minds of the reader. Before presenting the descriptions or opinions of other writers concerning the country, it is necessary to afford a brief sketch of its geographical position and political importance.

A glance at the map of Europe will suffice to show the importance of the peculiar position of the Crimean peninsula. Projecting far into the Black Sea, it commands the disemboguing of the two greatest rivers whose waters mingle with those of that sea and the Sea of Azoff—the Don and the Dnieper. The Sea of Azoff and the Euxine are alike controlled by it. It seems as if designed for the standing-place of some great power, which as a sentinel should look forth towards the Danube and the Bosphorus, watch at once the shores of Asia Minor and of European Turkey, and hold in awe even the great metropolis of the Eastern world. Hence, it has always been an important position in past contests for power, from the first migration of primitive man from the table-lands of Armenia until the covenanted powers of western Europe planted there the standard of national independence, and compelled the modern Roxilani—more barbarous in many respects than their progenitors—to retire from the stronghold which their craft and treachery had secured. It is connected with the main land by the peninsula of Perekop, which is twenty miles in length, and three in breadth in its narrowest span. From this, its northern extremity, to Balaklava on the southern coast is about 130 miles, "as the bird flies." From east to west—from the strait of Yenikale, on the peninsula of Kertch, to Tarkhan, on the Gulf of Perekop, is about 210 miles. It is washed by the waters of the Gulf of Perekop on its north and north-western shores; by the Putrid Sea and the Sea of Azoff on its north and north-eastern coasts;

its other sea boundary is the open waters of the Euxine. For the purposes of either war or commerce, the power that possesses it has one of the most important positions in the world. The richest granaries in Europe are within easy sail of its shores, and the fairest provinces of the Turkish Empire may be menaced from its strongholds. As the swoop of an eagle from its eyrie upon the fold of the shepherd, so may the Russian swoop down upon Constantinople if a powerful steam navy be sheltered in the harbours of the Crimea, and armies are garrisoned there and on the neighbouring shores.

The scenery of the Crimea has not much variety of character, although very great variety of detail. Its northern portion is a steppe, often rich in soil, picturesque in spring and early summer, being variegated with the tulip, the crocus, and hosts of indigenous and beautiful flowers, and covered with grass or corn as it is committed to pasturage, or subjected to agriculture; in the late summer and autumn it is parched and burned up; and in the winter covered with snow, and exposed to the desolating northern blasts. Portions of it are also sand deserts, and others salt marshes. The southern division is a most wild yet beautiful region; huge mountains lift up their rocky brows into the sultry sun of summer, or are clothed with the accumulated snows of winter. These mountains are indented with many a glen and deep ravine, and cleft by waters which, falling in cascades from rock to rock, find their course through the lowlands, irrigating and blessing with fertility a soil the peculiarities of which so much need their presence. Where the highlands are less elevated and precipitous, the scenery is even more interesting: the country is undulated gracefully, and from the knoll to the mountain, all these undulations are clothed with beauty; within the scope of these elevations, and especially in their higher ranges, secluded nooks and deep dells are found, their sides covered with luxuriance, and within their pent up circles the huts of the Tartars and the gipseys are aggregated by the banks of some embryo river or gurgling brook. Over this part of the Crimea, within view of the shores of the Black Sea, are spread many magnificent estates and chateaux, the property of Russian nobles and officials favoured by the emperor. Some of these properties and mansions are unrivalled for beauty and magnificence: we question whether our own Chatsworth, or the proud home of our richest peer, the Marquis of Westminster, can vie with these palaces of the Russian princes in the Crimea. The lady whose book we have commended, and whose long residence by the Alma entitles her to write with authority, thus describes them:—"Leaving Yalta, the coast-road rises again, and continues its meandering course along the side of the hills through a rich and

beautiful country. Not far from the town is Livadia, the residence of Count Potolsky, with its beautiful gardens and refreshing fountains; and further on the empress's palace, Orianda, is seen nestling below, among rocks and wooded hills of every variety of shape and size. Indeed, at every turn new beauties open to view, and the huge masses of rock which overhang the road make the traveller pass in fear and trembling. Aloupka, the seat of Prince Woronzoff, stands in solemn grandeur; and the sight of it in the distance somewhat reminds one of home, but on approaching nearer its green granite walls, its orange and myrtle groves, and its clusters of dark cypress, tell of a warmer sun than we are favoured with in dear old England. The house is built in a castellated style, with numerous turrets, and is laid out to accommodate an immense number of visitors. There is an extensive library, and a large hall, in the style of the Moorish Alhambra. Exotic plants of all kinds fill the halls and covered galleries, making it really like fairyland. Terraces and shady walks lead down to the sea, where a neat little pavilion, for the accommodation of bathers, has lately been built. Above the house is a garden, unique of its kind, combining within its limits grottoes, caverns, the crater of an extinct volcano, and huge grotesquely-shaped masses of rock, interspersed with fountains, cascades, artificial ponds, beds of flowers, and numerous shady walks and arbours. When the count (prince?) retreats to this his favourite residence, to rest from his labours at the Caucasus, he assembles a large party of friends at Aloupka, who spend the day very pleasantly in roaming about the gardens, or driving in the neighbourhood, while the evenings are usually spent in dancing to the music of a large band of musicians, who are always in attendance. The green-coloured granite of which this castle is built is very plentiful all along the coast, and where there are enclosures, which is not a common thing, they are made of huge blocks of it, piled one upon another. Even the road is mended with it." The Prince Woronzoff referred to in the above extract is the near kinsman of Mr. Sidney Herbert, and lately the official predecessor of Prince Menschikoff. A sketch of his history and character will be found in a previous chapter of this History.

With the quotation from Mrs. Nielson, Prince Anatole de Demidoff agrees in one of the best passages in his book, which is too striking and graphic for our readers not to peruse with pleasure. The road from Yalta to Aloupka, and the scenes there presented to the traveller, he thus describes:—"The road runs along the shore of the bay, and rises by a gentle ascent to the first hills which command the sea on the west, whence it reaches the base of the

rocks of the Yaila, which rise like a wall, 1800 feet high, extending from Yalta to Cape Ai-Todor. This road is smooth, and so easy that carriages can go at the utmost speed upon it. About midway up the mountains you meet with a number of villas on the roadside, one and all constructed with the most tasteful fancy. Here a small Asiatic palace greets you, with discreet blinds, and minaret-shaped chimneys; a little further, an elegant Gothic manor (house), or one of those pretty English cottages, covered with ivy, and surrounded with verdure that long retains its freshness. Sometimes you find a dwelling built entirely of wood, fancifully varnished, and almost hidden by its large verandahs; here a group of white and graceful turrets, there a mass of ruins; everywhere trees, grass, sparkling water, garlands of hawthorn, and beds of purple dahlias. The traveller advances thus along a road winding for a distance of fifteen versts by the side of the great ramparts of the Yaila; on his left the glittering and boundless sea; at his feet, sloping down to the shore, verdant declivities, covered with villas, beautiful vineyards, and winding pathways. Throughout its extent the road is protected, like a drive through an English park, by wooden barriers, painted white, which, though slight, prevent the head and eyes from suffering the dizziness so rapid a pace might occasion. Everywhere above are overhanging rocks, a 1000 feet high, from the crevices of which an abundant vegetation makes its way, and waves in the wind. But who can attempt to describe these lovely views as they deserve?"

The sternness of the northern section of the peninsula, beyond the Strait of Arabat, from Yenichti along the coast, he thus characterises:—"Still the same endless plain, the same tedious and flat horizon vanishing in the distance, in the midst of which how delightful a relief it is to chance upon a human being! . . . At the stations alone did we come in contact with living creatures. And what suffering did we not witness in these deserts, beneath those huts where disease exists in its worst forms, and medical assistance can never penetrate! These people, labouring under the most dreadful diseases, await without help and without hope the close of sufferings of which they cannot even calculate the extent—miserable examples of human patience and resignation. One poor old sick man, for whom we expressed our compassion, said, with honest and unaffected humility, that 'peasants were not sent into the world for their own pleasure.' And, certainly, if ever spot on earth was calculated to exercise the virtue of patience, it is this."

The greater part of the northern steppe is not, however, a desert; it is productive of

corn and herbage, and in some places richly so. Large flocks are fed upon it, and cultivation has been resorted to with success by industrious German settlers.

The climate in these two distinct regions of the peninsula is very dissimilar. In the northern department, the cold winds, sweeping from the plains of Russia, penetrate everything. No clothing, however thick, can resist it. When nearer to the pole by many degrees, travellers have not complained of a cold so penetrating and excessive. Sudden snowstorms often overwhelm the best provided travellers, as well as the Tartar marauders who make the wild steppe their home. In the rainy season, torrents descend from the skies, and the steppe is turned into a vast desert of mud, through which it would be vain to attempt to travel. From these causes, neither in the snowy nor rainy season can troops and provisions be transported from Russia, or from one portion of the Crimea to another, without prodigious labour, and great sacrifices of men, cattle, and material.

The climate of the southern portion, like its scenery, is delightful. Dr. Clarke, the justly-celebrated traveller, portrays both in one of the happiest efforts of his pen:—"If there exist on the earth a terrestrial paradise, it is to be found in the district intervening between Kutchukoy—a village upon the most southern point of the Crimea—and Sudak. Protected by encircling alps from every cold and blighting wind, and only open to those breezes which are wafted from the south, the inhabitants enjoy every advantage of climate and of situation. Continual streams of crystal water pour down from the mountains upon their gardens, where every species of fruit known in the rest of Europe, and many that are not, attain the highest perfection. Neither unwholesome exhalations, nor chilling winds, nor venomous insects, nor poisonous reptiles, nor hostile neighbours, infest their blissful territory. *The life of its inhabitants resembles that of the golden age.* The soil, like a hotbed, rapidly puts forth such a variety of spontaneous produce that labour becomes merely an amusing exercise. Peace and plenty crown their board; while the repose they so much admire is interrupted only by harmless thunder, reverberating in the rocks above them, or by the murmur of the waves upon the beach below."

The social condition of the people is far from satisfactory. There is great want of capital either to cultivate the soil or foster commerce. The presence of rich Russian nobles in their gay summer palaces, however it may tend to create during the season pleasant social retreat, and the civilisation of the people, and although it may add to the beauty of the favoured region all the embellishments of taste, it does not

much promote the general prosperity of the peninsula. Neither have the encouragements offered by the government to foreign settlers, especially British and German, resulted in the establishment of commerce, or the melioration of the wretched condition of the people. Dr. Lyall, the celebrated geologist, an impartial narrator, and a scientific and close observer, thus records his opinion:—"The Russian government is endeavouring to re-establish the prosperity of the Crimea, which its armies have desolated, 'by instituting foreign as well as Russian colonies—by building barracks and other crown edifices—by organising tribunals and a central seat of justice—by restoring ancient names—by forming a fleet, and by building and renovating towns, as Sebastopol, Simpheropol, Kaffa, and Kertch. But the population is gone, and the most useful and industrious people—the Greeks and the Armenians—have nearly all left the peninsula. Industry and commerce are no more, though the Crimea is surrounded with ports on the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoff. Sebastopol may continue the great naval station of the south of Russia; Kaffa and Kertch may become fine small towns of crown edifices; and Simpheropol may boast of its tribunals, and its being the seat of a government administration; but the prospect of the Crimea ever regaining its importance under the Russians is very small."

There is a great want of skilful workmen; the Russian residents are overbearing and tyrannical, especially to the Tartars and Jews; they fraternise with the Greeks—such as are left of the Greek colony which the Emperor Nicholas encouraged at Balaklava. The Tartars prefer a nomadic life to any settled work; efforts to attach them to tillage, in a constant or extensive manner, have generally failed. They have a saying with which they always meet the most friendly persuasions and inducements, "The Jew has his bag, the Armenian his money-tables, the Frank his trade, and Providence has destined for the Tartar his waggon." The few Greeks resident in the seaports are crafty, fraudulent, and commercial. The Jews are a downcast and trampled race, except the Kairites, who have a settlement not unlike those of the Moravians in Europe. They are the most intelligent and interesting portion of all the people. They separate from the other Jews, living in a lonely district near the Valley of Jehoshaphat; their separation is religious as well as local. They reject the Talmud, and the verbal traditions of the other Jews, and hold exclusively by the written Scriptures. The origin of the word Kairite is a vexed question amongst philologists. Some derive it from roots which signify the written testimony. So many possible and im-

possible derivations have been struck out by the learned, that it would be unedifying and tedious to discuss the point. These Kairites are a most industrious, moral, and religious people. There is nothing in the social condition and the character of the Crimean population comparable in interest with the existence and social government of this strange Jewish sept by the Valley of Jehoshaphat. There they have peacefully and piously followed their tranquil avocations, only a few miles away, while the thunder of artillery reverberated around Sebastopol, and armed hosts met in deadly struggle upon the confines of their peaceful abode. In the valley a beautiful burial-place, of great antiquity and extent, receives the remains of this peaceful people. Many of them have their homes at Tchoufout Kali, a town occupied exclusively by their race. The meaning of the designation which the town receives is, the Jew's Fortress; and it is appropriately named, for it is situated on an isolated and perpendicular rock, many of the houses being built on the very edge of the precipice. The town is surrounded by a wall, the approaches to which are very steep, and defended by a gate, which is closed every night. The most treasured thing in the Jew's Fortress is a manuscript copy of the Bible, said by its possessors to be of great antiquity. The owners of the dwellings are obliged to go to Bagtché Serai to earn their livelihood, but return again to their rock. Frequently they are obliged to migrate altogether to other towns in the Crimea to earn a subsistence; but it is always their desire, go where they may, to obtain a resting-place at last in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

The gipseys are like their race everywhere else; so are the few Armenians in the peninsula. Next to the Kairite Jews, the most interesting inhabitants of the place are the remnant of the old Gothic settlers resident among the southern mountains. At all events, the German writers lose no opportunity of holding up to general admiration these relics of the Gothic incursion upon the Crimea.

No trade or particular branch of commerce flourishes in this land. Fruit is the principal production of the soil, which is sent in large quantities to St. Petersburg and Moscow, where it is highly prized, and which makes it dear on the spot where it is grown. Almost all kinds of fruit common to either the temperate or torrid zone are grown, and are of the most delicious flavour. The inhabitants breed sheep, cattle, and horses; camels are valued on the steppe. The pastures are infested with the vulture and the eagle, while the glens and dales of southern Crimea echo with the sweet voices of the birds of song. Rivers and marshes are most prolific in frogs,



which have a singular mocking croak peculiar to the species in this country.

The diseases of the Crimea are such as are common in similar climates, and in countries imperfectly cultivated. Consumption carries off many near the steppe; fever and ague infest the neighbourhood of the marshy lands. Diarrhœa, and a peculiar low fever, known as the Crimean fever, are common all over the country, and dysentery often smites as a plague.

The antiquities of the Crimea are interesting, although not numerous; some of them are thus noticed by the lady already quoted:—“At the entrance to the peninsula of Kertch are still to be seen the ruins of a wall and ditch, running across the isthmus from north to south, which are supposed to have served as a defence to the ancient kingdom of the Bosphorus. On approaching Kertch, one is struck by the immense number of tumuli, similar to those met with all over the steppes, and which, from their appearance and form, are considered to be of the same origin. Every year search is made in one or more of these tumuli, and many vases, coins, and golden ornaments, distinguished for elegance of form and beauty of workmanship, have been disinterred. Statues also have been found in these tumuli, sculptured in the purest white marble, and in a style worthy of the best days of Grecian art. Many of these now ornament the Museum at St. Petersburg, while others are allowed to be retained in the Museum at Kertch, near where they so long lay concealed.”

The old Tartar capital, and its antique palace, may be classed under the head of antiquities; for the town itself is still what it was ages gone by, and everything in it now reveals what existed in the days of the khans of Crim-Tartary. Although the extract is long, we cannot refrain from making it, so graphic and well drawn is the picture the authoress and traveller last cited gives us:—“Leaving the Alma, we traverse a large plain, which extends as far as the top of the narrow valley in which Bagtché Serai, the ancient Tartar capital, lies concealed. But how shall I convey to the reader an idea of the situation of this singular-looking town? Suppose the middle section of a hill swept away by a torrent passing through it, leaving the banks on either side sloping outwards; and suppose that along these banks are a number of excavations and huge misshapen stones, as if the torrent had swept away the surrounding earth in which they were imbedded, leaving them so balanced that they look as if a touch would send them rolling into the valley; and suppose the bottom of the ravine, through which runs a streamlet, packed full of houses without any

seeming plan, and you have the picture of Bagtché Serai. It seems as if it had secluded itself on purpose to be out of the way of the modern march of intellect, and certainly it has succeeded. Centuries have made no change in the manners, customs, appearance, and intelligence of the natives, and generations have come and gone, and yet it is exactly the same town that it ever was. The principal street, which runs parallel with the little streamlet, the ‘Djourouk Sou,’ for nearly a mile, is so narrow that two carriages pass with difficulty. In the town nothing is Russian; all is Asiatic. All along the streets, in little shops which close at night with wooden shutters, which, when folded down, serve as a counter by day, Tartars may be seen busy at their respective trades. At short intervals along the streets are fountains showering forth their clear and refreshing streams, at which are groups of Tartars washing their hands and feet, previous to entering the mosque. Further on are hungry Tartars eating their *shisliki*, equally unmindful of the eager gaze of the little ragged gipsy boys, who watch every mouthful with envious eyes, and of the passing glance of the traveller, who wends his way slowly along the rugged and uneven street. The ancient palace of the khans is situated about the centre of the town; and after entering a covered gateway, guarded by Cossacks, the residence of the former rulers, with its many gardens, its harem, and its marble baths, lies open to view. All the elegance of oriental architecture adorns the fairy-like dwelling. Groups of fantastic birds, fruits, and flowers, interspersed with talismanic inscriptions, ornament the panels, and stand out in bold contrast with the dazzling white of the walls. Among the most striking of the numerous apartments is a large reception-hall, where the khan held his councils, at the end of which is a trellised gallery for the use of his ladies, and also a small room, luxuriantly surrounded by a broad divan, in the centre of which a fountain is continually throwing up its showers of the purest water; indeed, this Palace of Gardens—as its name signifies—might have been called the Palace of Fountains, as water flows everywhere. Two beautiful fountains, artistically carved in white marble, and ornamented with gilding and light-coloured paint, welcome you with their trickling sound as you enter the large vestibule. One of these is called the Fountain of Tears, and commemorates the grief of the beautiful Christian Countess, Marie Potolsky, whose beauty so enamoured Krim Gheri, the khan, that he caused her to be kept a prisoner within these walls. It really drops tears, and the stone upon which they continually fall is hollowed out like a basin. Passing through a garden we reach the harem—silent, sad, and

gloomy, whose trellised windows, marble halls, and high surrounding walls, give no very pleasing idea of the gaiety of the life of its former inhabitants. To the left of the principal entrance to the palace is the mosque, with its domes and minarets. A private entrance from the palace leads to a gallery, which was expressly kept for the use of the khan; and beyond the mosque, within an enclosure, lie the turbaned tombs of the ancient possessors of this palace."

Any reader solicitous to study more closely the antiquities of the Crimea, may consult Dr. Koch's account of the remains of ancient cities traceable above Balaklava and Sebastopol, and on the site of Theodosia (Kaffa).

The history of the Crimea is full of romantic interest. The first highly civilised race of which we have any authentic record as peopling its shores, is the Milesian. That acute and polished people connected with ancient Greece, by commerce, colonies, and arms, the farthest shores of what in remote antiquity was called the "Axine," or Inhospitable Sea, but what the genius of their leader caused to be known as the "Euxine," or Hospitable Sea. Previous to its conquest by the Milesians, the Tauri, the Cimmerians, and other wild races overran it, and roamed throughout the neighbouring countries with the ferocity of savages. The Milesians subdued these tribes to regular government, and girded the shores of the Crimea and of the neighbouring countries with cities, populous, opulent, and refined. In the names of places may still be traced the language of that people, whose vigour and enterprise carried them not only to the Tauric Bosphorus, but to Gaul, Spain, and Ireland, there also to found settlements, and leave even to this day the traces of their lineage and their presence in the relics of a distant antiquity. The cities founded by the Milesians, both on the eastern and western shores of the Black Sea, may be identified by the student of ancient history: Sinope, Trebizond, and many others retain their sites, and some their names. On the western shores the cities founded by the Milesians antedated those on the eastern coasts, contrary to the general impression now entertained. Odessus was built on the site of Varna; the modern Odessa, much farther north, has been fantastically called Odessa by the Russians, who are fond of giving the names of the great and flourishing cities of antiquity to their own arsenals and ports, whether established upon the same site or not. Near the mouth of the Dnieper was situated Olbio, or Olbiopolis (the Wealthy City). Next to Olbio was Cherson, just above where Sebastopol now stands. Some ruins of the ancient Cherson may still be traced. The city of Panticapæum finally surpassed in opulence and splendour all the Milesian cities.

This was situated on the opposite extremity of the peninsula. Kertch is now the poor substitute for the glories of the once mighty Panticapæum. Vast ranges of mounds, the silent resting-places of the remarkable people who once filled Panticapæum with opulence and taste, now testify how great the population of the Milesian Tauric capital. Gold coins, painted vases of exquisite workmanship, gold ornaments tastefully and richly chased, medals, bracelets, and numerous other remains of a people of high civilisation, and who cultivated a luxuriant taste, are still excavated from these sepulchres and buried houses.

From the Tauric Bosphorus this people penetrated through the Sea of Azoff to the mouth of the river Don, and established there commercial relations with the wild tribes of the interior. Then as now, corn was the chief produce of these countries; and the Greeks for ages maintained this commerce, until Athens became the granary for the cereal crops gathered from beyond the Cimmerian Bosphorus. Many hundreds of years before the Christian era the Milesians flourished where now, in the allied hosts, their Gallic and British descendants display a valour not unworthy the noble race from which they sprung. It is also a curious circumstance that those of the allies who are of Gothic origin find in the Crimea a people of the same race, who have resided there for centuries beyond a thousand years, and who hate the yoke of the barbarous Roxilani. After centuries of opulence and peace, these colonies had to contend against the perpetual incursions of wandering tribes from the north of the Caucasus, and from the vast steppe north of Perekop; and finally the great Mithridates, the world-famed king of the Bosphorus, held his sway in the Tauric Chersonese. With the death of that indomitable man, who defied the arms of Rome in the greatness of its power, fell for a long period the glories of the Cimmerian Bosphorus.

The space we can devote to this subject allows us not to follow the adventurous Greeks in their commercial enterprises, founding cities and subduing peoples. On the eastern shores of the Euxine, the Emperor Justine built a city, which he called Sebastopolis; the Russians, in building an arsenal near the ancient Chersonesus, borrowed the name from the famous city of the opposite shores to grace their ambitious designs. The ancient Sebastopol was on the Circassian coast, where Dioscurios, now desolated, afterwards stood. Hence Goths, and innumerable other hordes of barbarians, eventually swept over the classic realm. The monuments of genius, taste, and enterprise were swept away, and the rude foot of the desolating northman and Asiatic trod down the fair work which brave and tasteful

hands had consolidated and adorned. So early as the tenth century the Russians made a conquest of the Crimea, under the sanguinary hypocrite Vladimir, fit prototype of the blood-thirsty and ambitious Nicholas. That tyrant did not know how to preserve his conquest: the Tartars overran the whole of the regions proximate to the Crimea, and conquered the Russians, almost extinguishing them as a race. The Genoese made a distinguished figure upon this ever-changing theatre of conquest, and once more great and flourishing cities arose. This people were, however, too selfish to establish a civilisation as refined as the Milesians conferred upon these regions so many centuries before. When we come to notice various cities and military positions in the course of this History, we shall have occasion to refer to the Genoese, and therefore pass over for the present a more minute notice of their historical connection with the Crimea. Peter the Great commenced the modern career of Russian aggrandisement. When he ascended the throne, there was no maritime outlet except the icy shores of the Northern Ocean. In 1721, the land now occupied by St. Petersburg was acquired. In three years afterwards, accessions of territory from the Turks began rapidly to be made—a large tract of country north of the Crimea was ceded by the sultan. In 1783, the Crimea and the country between the Sea of Azoff and the Caspian, were wrested from the Porte. In 1792, the country round Odessa; and in 1812, the territory of Bessarabia, south of the Crimea. From Turkey and Persia territory was rapidly wrested on the Asiatic shores of the Black Sea from 1802 to 1829; and thus the Crimea became the advanced post of the Russian armies and fleets in the czar's designs upon Constantinople, while the shores all around it were under the shadow of his eagles.

England witnessed this progress with more or less of apprehension, according as Russia appeared to exercise her power in alliance with British policy, or in opposition to it. But no means were taken by successive governments to guard against the perils to which western Europe was at last aroused by the haughty mission of Prince Menschikoff.

In the examination before the Sebastopol Committee, it appeared from the evidence of Sir James Graham and the Duke of Newcastle that the government could glean no certain information as to the strength of Sebastopol, or the Russian forces quartered in the Crimea, before the expedition set out from Varna. Lord Raglan and Admiral Dundas sent home diverse accounts, and the government received from other quarters accounts differing from those supplied by its officers. At the very time this ignorance prevailed as to the strength and character of the fortifications, perfect plans

lay at the Admiralty, which it appears to have been no one's business, from the First Lord down to the junior clerk, to know anything about! Certainly, such plans had been deposited there, and ought to have been treasured as most precious documents until the hour arrived, which was sure to come, for their use. Dr. Clarke, the traveller, gives the following description of the stronghold, and makes the startling statement that he had himself deposited in the Admiralty complete plans which he brought away under imminent risk of detection and death:—

“The great Bay of Aktiar, upon which the Russians, in the time of Catherine II., bestowed the fantastic name of Sebastopol, also bears the name of *The Roads*, and here the Russian fleet is frequently at anchor. It is the Ctenus of Strabo.\* The harbour upon which the town was built, about twenty years ago, has been appropriated to the reception of Russian ships of war. There are other ports, such as the Carening Bay, the Bay of Quarantine, &c. The Crimea does not afford timber for building ships, although there is always a sufficient supply for repairs. The fleets of the world might ride secure, and have convenient anchorage in the great harbour; and in any of the ports vessels find from twenty-one to seventy feet depth of water, and good anchorage. To the Russian navy it is one of the most important possessions, yet such was the surprising ignorance or carelessness of their government, that for some time after the capture of the Crimea the advantages of this place were not discovered. The plan of the harbour somewhat resembles that of Malta.”

The following note is appended to the text above quoted:—“Had the English fleet made a visit to Aktiar (Sebastopol) during the expedition to Egypt, which I have reason to believe was part of the instructions given to the commander-in-chief, they might have struck a blow which would have prevented all the subsequent treachery experienced from Russia, almost without firing a gun. Such was at that time the state of the peninsula. I presented to the British ambassador and to Lord Keith an accurate survey of the coast, with all the soundings in the Bay of Aktiar (Sebastopol) and the entrance to the roads, as well as the situation and quality of the magazines, artillery, and storehouses. This document was confided to my care by one who wished well to the British interest, and I brought it from the Crimea at the hazard of my life. Such a stroke at that time had been amply merited on the part of Russia; but the affairs in Egypt did not terminate soon enough to allow of its being carried into effect. I have, therefore, deposited the papers in the Admiralty-office,

\* Strabo, Geog. lib. vii.

and only engraved the principal chart as a communication for the subject of these papers."

It will interest the reader to add to the foregoing description one from the pen of the world-renowned Heber, Bishop of Calcutta:—"Aktiar, so called from its white rocks. The old town stood, as we were told, on the north of the harbour, where there are no remains of any consequence. No vessels are built here, as the timber must all be floated down the Bug or Dnieper. A regulation had been made, prohibiting merchant vessels the entrance into the harbour, unless in positive distress—a strange way of proceeding, when compared with the general policy of European governments. The reason assigned was the embezzlement of the public stores, which were sold to the merchants by the government officers, almost without shame. The effect has been to check entirely the prosperity of the town, and to raise every foreign commodity to a most extravagant price. Even provisions cannot be brought by sea without a special licence. This information I derived from the port-admiral, Bandakof, and from an English officer in the Russian service. The natural advantages of the harbour are truly surprising; and the largest vessels lie within a cable's length of the shore. The harbour is divided into three coves, affording shelter in every wind, and favourable situations for repairs, buildings, &c. On a tongue of high land, between the two southern creeks, stand the Admiralty and storehouses, and on the opposite side is the town. The principal arm of the harbour runs east, and is terminated by the valley and little river of Inkerman. There are some formidable batteries, and the mouth of the harbour is very easy of defence. The old and unserviceable cannon are broken into small pieces, by being raised to a great height, and suffered to fall on a bed of masonry, and then sent, as we were told, to Lugan, to be new cast. To build a ship in the Black Sea costs half as much again as to construct it at Cronstadt, the wood coming from so great a distance."

A minute account of its fortifications is reserved for a more appropriate page. The names of places glanced at in the above sketch of the Crimea will all occur again in the progress of the war, and it will better diversify the subjects of each chapter if occasion be taken then to describe them.

Having given a general outline of Crimean history, it remains on this subject only to show how the Crimea came into the possession of Russia, and the general spirit in which it has been governed by that power.

In the third chapter, the occasion upon which the Crimean khans were proclaimed independent of the sultan was pointed out. The

acquisition of their independence was associated with a Russian protectorate. The *modus operandi* on the part of Russia was the same as in the case of Georgia subsequently, and the results similar; and in both cases the policy, and the mode of carrying it out, resembled the policy and proceedings of the Emperor Nicholas in his negotiations with Turkey concerning Wallachia and Moldavia, and his usurpations in those territories. After the Crimea became independent of the Porte, Russia exercised furtively and gradually more and more influence in her character of protector, until Potemkin, the nefarious agent, minister, and favourite of Catherine, planned and executed the seizure of the peninsula by Russian arms. It would be impossible for any brand of infamy to mark sufficiently to the world the base, bad character of Potemkin. There seemed no deed, however diabolical, too bad for his mind to entertain, or his hands to execute. Where a course of procedure less glaringly wicked and revolting would as well have answered the purposes of his own and his sovereign's ambition, he seems to have preferred the more evil course: and thus proceeded on his career, until, personal and political, the number of his crimes were beyond computation, and their character beyond description. Dr. Clarke records in fewest words, and with most impressive effect, the success of Russia in her designs upon the Crimea:—"By the last treaty of peace which Russia made with the Turks, prior to the conquest of the peninsula, Shahin Ghireh, of the family of the khans, who had been a prisoner and a hostage at Petersburg, was placed on the throne of the Crimea. This was the first step towards the overthrow of that kingdom. From the moment of his accession, the Russian minister in the Crimea, an artful and designing foreigner, well chosen from Potemkin's list to execute the plans he had in view, began to excite the Tartars against the khan, raising commotions among them, buying over the disaffected, and stimulating the people to frequent insurrection. In the meantime he insinuated himself into the good graces of the khan, teaching him to do whatever might be most unpopular in the eyes of his subjects. Among other dangerous absurdities, he prevailed upon the khan to place everything in his establishment upon a Russian footing; to discipline his troops after the Russian manner; to build frigates on his coast, filling his head with preposterous ideas of the navigation of the Black Sea. Thus he incurred enormous expenses, which compelled him to drain his subjects of their money, and increased their murmurs. The Russian minister, equally active on both sides, lost no opportunity to encourage the follies of the khan, or to augment the disaffection of the

nobles. The work succeeded to his utmost wishes, a revolt took place, which soon became general; and the terrified khan was persuaded to fly, first to Kaffa, and afterwards to Taman. Then it was that the last master-stroke of political intrigue was effected. The khan was prevailed upon to call in the assistance of the Russian troops, who were eagerly waiting the proposal, and as eagerly acceded to it. Thus a Russian army was suffered to enter, unmolested, into the heart of the Crimea. Under pretext of punishing those who had rebelled against the khan for a revolt they had themselves excited, they put to death whomsoever they thought proper, took possession of the strongholds, and practised their usual excesses. The Tartars, some by compulsion, others by entreaty, and a still greater number by terror, were driven from their country, and compelled to seek elsewhere a residence. The khan returned to Karasubazar, where the Russian army was encamped, and there, in the presence of the Russian troops, was persuaded to order his nobles to be stoned to death; his pretended allies feasting their eyes with the slaughter of men whom they first induced to rebel against their sovereign, and afterwards caused to be butchered for having complied with their desires. Thus the deluded khan, and his still more deluded subjects, alike the dupe of designing wretches whom they had allowed to take possession of their country, began at last to open their eyes, and endeavoured to rid themselves of an alliance so fatal in its consequences. It was too late; the khan was himself a prisoner in the very centre of the Russian army: and the rest of their conduct towards him exceeds in depravity all that had preceded. A proposal was made to him to resign the crown of the Crimea, to quit the peninsula, and to attest, by his sign-manual, that the individuals of his family, in which the throne was hereditary, were for ever rightfully deposed. The khan received the insolent proposal with the astonishment and indignation which it merited; but he was reminded, that being indebted to the Russians for his kingdom, he ought to resign it whenever it might accord with their wishes. The reasoning was arbitrary, but very effectual when it is enforced at the mouth of a cannon, and an unfortunate prince, to whom it is addressed, remains prisoner in the camp of his enemies. In addition to this proposal, conditions were annexed, that instead of being deprived of his dignities by compliance, the khan should have his residence in Petersburg; that he should hold a court there of much greater splendour and magnificence than he had known in the Crimea; that he should be allowed an annual pension of one hundred thousand roubles, be enriched by all manner

of presents, enjoy the luxuries of that great capital, and partake in the amusements which the magnificence of Catharine constantly afforded; that no restraint whatever should be put upon his person, but that he should be at full liberty to act as he might think proper. The khan saw the snare into which he had fallen, but there was no method of liberating himself. He retained, however, sufficient firmness to persist in a refusal; in consequence of which force completed what entreaty was unable to accomplish. He was dragged a prisoner to Kaluga, a wretched hamlet upon the river Oka, yet ranking as the capital of a government of the same name, and a thousand versts distant from Petersburg, from which place he was not permitted to move. In this miserable condition, finding that neither his pension was paid to him, nor any single engagement fulfilled which the Russians had made, he insisted upon going to Petersburg, but was told it could not be permitted. At last, giving himself over entirely to despondency, he exclaimed, 'Let me be delivered a victim to the Turks; they will not refuse me, at least, the privilege of choosing the manner of my death, since my enemies have resolved on my destruction.' The unparalleled cruelty of the Russians suggested the propriety of acceding to this request: they rejoiced to hear it made, because it offered an easy method of getting rid of one whom they had pillaged, and whose presence was no longer either necessary or desirable. They placed him, therefore, upon the Turkish frontier, where he was taken, and, being afterwards sent to Rhodes, was beheaded. If it be now asked what the Russians have done with regard to the Crimea, after the depravity, the cruelty, and the murders by which it was obtained, and on that account became so favourite an acquisition in their eyes, the answer is given in few words. They have laid waste the country; cut down the trees; pulled down the houses; overthrown the sacred edifices of the natives, with all their public buildings; destroyed the public aqueducts; robbed the inhabitants; insulted the Tartars in their acts of public worship; torn up from the tombs the bodies of their ancestors, casting their relics upon dunghills, and feeding swine out of their coffins; annihilated all the monuments of antiquity, breaking up alike the sepulchres of saints and pagans, and scattering their ashes in the air."

Having presented to our readers the characteristics and history of the theatre upon which the armies of Russia and the allies were destined to meet in a strife so terrible, the opportunity is suitable for giving a general view of the condition and resources of the enemy which we were about to combat.

We are at war with the largest empire

upon the face of the earth; not indeed the most populous, but covering a total area of the greatest magnitude, containing the greatest variety of unworked resources, and assuming the most menacing attitude. There existed great ignorance of this empire, of its history, and of its people, among us. We were never at war with any power of which we, as a people, knew so little. Of Nepaul, Burmah, and China, we knew far more when engaged in hostilities with them than we did of Russia at the beginning of this war, or when our armies landed upon her shores. Something has been done to dispel this ignorance, so far as the character and power of its government is concerned, but we have not even yet measured the colossus in its proportions, nor examined with sufficient care the territory it bestrides. We have been alike accustomed to overrate and underrate the power of Russia: to overrate it as to its capacity for remote conquests, and to underrate it as to its capacity for developing itself upon contiguous territories, and effecting sudden swoops beyond them, always absorbing within itself some portion of the country upon which it overflowed, as the retiring wave carries back into the ocean some portion of the soil over which in its emergence it so rapidly swept. We, as a nation, certainly overrated the means of Russia as to the "sinews of war." Although her partisans in England have written and spoken so perseveringly to make us believe them more considerable, our present experience proves that, contrary to the prevailing opinion, we have also overrated Russia as to her resources in men. The men of Russia are property; the emperor cannot exhaust them without a direct impoverishment of their owners; as much so as if a slave-owner in Virginia were despoiled of his negroes, and they were driven to market for some one else's benefit, or consumed in the ranks of war for the interest of the general government. To be rich in men was far more important to a state in other generations than it is now—important although it ever must be. The Huns, Goths, and Tartars were rich in nothing but men, and such resources availed for the overthrow of Europe, and the appropriation of all other forms of wealth. The distinguished Arab captive lately liberated by the French emperor was mainly struck in his journey through France by the number of men, and exclaimed, "Had I all these men, I would do anything; I would conquer the world." The experience derived from the wars of his race and creed taught him this, and all the ravages of the heathen nations taught the same lesson; but numbers do not now bear the same relation to the means of conquest as when the art of war was ruder. All other things being equal, numerical superiority is of course deci-

sive; but, without a proportion in other warlike resources commensurate with numbers, they cease to be formidable, and may become an element of weakness and an occasion of defeat. No barbarous nation can now run over civilised territories and subdue civilised peoples, where superiority of material, and capacity to wield it, are on the side of greatly inferior numbers. The enemy we combat is not so great in available numbers as we were wont to think; and these are not composed of independent warriors, such as wandering Arabs or predatory Huns: they are serfs of the soil, and cease to wield the mattock when they take the lance—thus leaving behind them untilled fields and untended lands, impoverishing the country from which supplies must be derived, if they go forth at all. Unless Russian war issue in a speedy conquest, defeat most terrible is the result; the baffled armies of the czar fall back upon reserves, themselves without the necessities which make armies; and, even within the confines of their own land, they become a mere military mob, or at least an irregular force, like their own wild Cossacks, fit only for a desultory defence. If this view of the case be correct, then Russia is dangerous to Germany, Turkey, Persia, and the Scandinavian nations; and must, in the nature of things, absorb their territories, as they are weakened by natural wars, bad government, or internecine divisions, such as Russian policy is ever promoting; but in the face of any great nation, really united to resist her, and possessing an enlightened system of finance, she is powerless. Even Austria, were her people patriotic, her government popular, and her resources made available, would prove an overmatch for Russia, and be more likely to wrest territory from her than to become the victim of her encroachments. Another delusion under which we have laboured is, that in that vast empire there was unity. We knew that it was made up of subdued races to a great extent; but we presumed that the policy of denationalisation pursued by Russia had been effectual, and that even Poland was crushed in heart as well as fettered in limb; that the most hopeful son of that bleeding land could sing no more—

"Thou wilt not yet, dear Poland, perish!"

But recent events are teaching us that deep in the soul of all the down-trodden nations which Russia calls her provinces, there is a hatred to her yoke. Poland gasps for one more struggle—

"Too blest to be  
Even for one bleeding moment free."

The Finlander rejoiced to see the flags of western Europe floating over the waters of the Baltic; the Russo-German hates the Slave

with all the hereditary antipathy of the German to that hapless race; even the Tartars of the Crimea were ready to embrace the ranks of the allies the moment they appeared on their strand; and the Cossack, the very name which we identify with everything essentially Russian, sits uneasy in his saddle with the eagle of Russia for a banner—from the Hetman to the savage who crouches on his wild horse behind his spear, the Cossacks—especially the Cossacks of the Don—hate the central government of St. Petersburg. Nor are the Russ united among themselves. The Kremlin scowls upon the newfangled glories of St. Petersburg; the genuine Muscovite regards with suspicion the mixed race of St. Petersburg; he looks upon that capital as a Germano-Russian city—and to be Germanised in any way is the one thing a true Russian would hate, if he could do more than despise it. In contending with the czar, therefore, the enemy we were about to combat was not at the head of an innumerable host; had not in his hand the treasures of a great nation; was not in his military system formidable for protracted warfare; and did not rule an empire of united and contented races. We have but to conduct the war with spirit, enterprise, dignity, and skill, and the *prestige* of his name and of his glory must vanish, to deceive and beguile the nations of the earth no more.

At the period of the expedition, the *Constitutionnelle* contained an article in harmony with these views, in which the case was thus forcibly put:—"One of the pretensions of Russia is to possess an effective military force of at

least 800,000 men, and which, according to some official returns, would even reach the figure of 1,200,000 men. It can easily be conceived with what idea the Russian government puts into circulation such figures. But if history be considered, it will be at once seen that this force never existed except on paper. At the period when Russia was attacked on her own territory, when her nationality was at stake in 1812, she had scarcely 200,000 men on foot. In 1813, she had great difficulty in sending 151,000 men into Germany, and in 1815, all the Russian troops that had passed the Rhine, concentrated at the camp of Vertus, only gave 120,000 men. It was, therefore, only under the influence of the gravest circumstances that Russia, for the last half century, succeeded in once getting into the field 200,000 men; and even then, as we have said, it was when she was attacked in the very heart of her territory. In her enterprises abroad, she has never disposed of more than 150,000 men. That is about the number, we believe, of the army charged to act in Turkey, and to meet events on the shores of the Black Sea; and as Russia is obliged to defend herself beyond the Caucasus and on the Baltic, at the same time that she is obliged to augment her forces in Poland, we doubt that the army of the Danube can easily repair its losses. Let no one, consequently, be deceived by the exaggerations of a government which is colossal only in the extent of its territory, and which is, on that very account, obliged to scatter its forces on various points to resist powers who dispose of the sea."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### EMBARKATION OF THE EXPEDITION FROM BULGARIA.—LANDING AT OLD FORT.

"War tries the strength of the military framework; it is in peace that the framework itself must be formed."—SIR WILLIAM NAPIER'S *Peninsular War*.

THE period agreed upon in the councils of the chiefs for the embarkation of the armies at last arrived; but the frequent postponements had been attended with the greatest peril, for the equinoctial gales blow fiercely over the Black Sea from the middle of September for nearly a fortnight, and while they prevail, no fleet can ride the troubled waters of that sea, nor can any description of naval operations be performed. Even during calm, it is frequently as foggy on the Euxine as in the British Channel, or the Irish Sea, when the season is far advanced.

The wisdom or folly of undertaking so great an enterprise at that season of the year has been much discussed ever since the committee of inquiry, called for by Mr. Roebuck in the House of Commons long afterwards, embraced

this among the number of subjects which it investigated. The cabinet ministers who planned the expedition were examined. They all concurred in their testimony that the cabinet at the time believed that the expedition was wise and necessary, and its objects feasible. Sir James Graham, the First Lord of the Admiralty, always dogmatical, was very emphatic in declaring his persuasion that the right time had been chosen, and that everything was conducted in the right way. The Earl of Aberdeen, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, were all of opinion that had the attempt upon the Crimea been abandoned on account of the advanced period of the season, Sebastopol would have been greatly strengthened before spring, and the whole of the coasts of the Crimea placed in a state of most formidable

able defence. Their impression was that the land defences of Sebastopol were so weak that a *coup de main* on the part of the allied commanders would succeed; that the troops to defend it were numerically much weaker than the allies; and that while yet the autumn weather lasted, there was time enough to take Sebastopol. It was their intention that the armies should find winter quarters there, or so many of the troops as might be necessary to garrison it, while the remainder could be withdrawn by the fleets to the Bosphorus, and there winter.

The ignorance, infatuation, want of general concert, and of serious concern for the great interests depending, which the cabinet displayed during their examination by the Roebuck committee, is a fearful exemplification of the saying that "it is surprising with what little wisdom the world is governed." It appears to us that the expedition was necessary, and that, although late in the season, it would have answered all reasonable expectations had the army been properly supplied with the material of war, commissary, medical, and engineering requisites. Had the contingencies of a protracted siege and a winter encampment been considered by the Western governments as they ought to have been, there would have been earlier success and greater glory. It is also our opinion that the Crimea was the right place in which to strike the blow. So long as the mighty arsenal of Sebastopol existed, to protect the vast fleet which found shelter behind its granite defences, the enemy would never give in, even although Bessarabia and Podolia were wrested from him, and the Russian armies of Asia were driven back from Fort Nicholas to Tiflis; for independent of the strategical importance of cutting off the Crimea from Russia, the moral influence of such a conquest would be felt in the very heart of the Russian population, as there is no conquest of which they are so proud, nor from which they hope so much for future aggrandisement and glory. We concur with Dr. Koch when he observes, "The allies have now recognised the value of the Crimea in a political as well as a strategical sense. Severing the Crimea from the Russian Empire, in spite of its slight value in a mercantile or agricultural respect, is like cutting through the artery by which she maintains her preponderance in anterior Asia. Russia's efforts are directed to the south, and Peter the Great was the first to recognise this fact. To gain ground there, Catherine II. undertook expensive and dangerous wars. It is known only too well in St. Petersburg that the empire of the East was once offered to a Russian grand-duke."

For a short time before the embarkation, the troops were busily employed making fascines

and gabions. The brushwood which so thickly abounds along the shores of the lake, and the banks of the river near to which the troops had been encamped, supplied them with ample material for that purpose. Vast piles of these had been heaped up near Varna. The Sappers had run out piers of a temporary nature to enable the troops and material to embark with more facility. Transports were ordered up from the Bosphorus, and numerous detachments of troops, which had been still quartered there. The Bulgarian peasantry came in groups, with their wives and daughters, to look upon the spectacle; for the tidings had spread from Varna to Shumla, and along the line of the Danube to Hirsowa, among the humblest of the people, that the mightiest armament the world had ever seen was about to leave their shores to act against Odessa or Sebastopol. The problem was to be solved, which, in the opinion of these people, was a most abstruse one, whether the czar, the great political chief of the orthodox Church, was not altogether omnipotent. Preparations of a personal nature by the soldiery and their leaders might be noticed in every division; and both men and officers began to speak of the brave companions in arms which in such numbers fell upon the pestilential slopes of the encampments, and to whose graves they were about to bid a last adieu. Seventy-two of these graves were near the encampment of the brigade of Guards; the rest of the army was decimated. The cholera still lingered about the host, breathing upon the face of the sleeper, who would awake to endure the last agony; and touching with the cold finger of death the brave, active, and vigorous in the full glow of life. The tidings of embarkation checked the pestilence, the excitement of the troops had a salutary effect, and notwithstanding weakness and sickness, never was an army more eager to encounter an enemy. A distinguished Cavalier, exiled from his country, once said, that although he hated the Roundheads, he was proud of his country when he looked upon their fine line of battle, and heard their joyous shouts when they faced the enemy. The old British blood still throbbed through the veins of the pestilence-stricken soldiers of the army of Bulgaria; and the announcement that they were going in quest of the enemy thrilled through their ranks with an electric animation.

It was on the 23rd of August that the first division moved towards the sea, and they were speedily followed by all the other divisions.

The state of the army as to its health and its general fitness for a campaign on an unknown and hostile shore, may be judged by the following account of the troops as they appeared to a civilian upon the eve of their embarkation:—"On Wednesday last, the 2nd brigade of the



light division marched in, and proceeded to embark at the piers on the south side of the bay. Of the regiments composing it, the 19th seemed to be the strongest and most in working order. Many of the 88th were still suffering from illness, and dropping out of the ranks or almost tottering under the weight of their kits, but they would come on in spite of their weakness. The regiment suffered another heavy loss on the march from Aladyn to Varna. Major Mackay was seized with cholera on the route, and died in a few hours. The deceased officer was a great favourite with the regiment, and they carried his body with them on the march till they could inter it with a little decent solemnity after their halt. His remains rest in a field by the wayside, about three miles from Varna. The 19th embarked on board the *Courier*; the 88th on board the *Orient*. The Rifle Brigade, 2nd battalion, is broken up, and distributed among the various vessels carrying the regiments of the division—one company to each of the eight ships. Soon after the Guards embarked in the *Simoon*, Captain Tatham, a few cases of cholera appeared among the men, and, as some of her crew and her former captain had died of that disease, it was deemed expedient to shift the Guards to other vessels. Two companies were sent on board the *Vengeance*, and orders were given to Lord George Paulet to prepare for the reception of 500 more on board the *Bellerophon*."

The process of embarkation displayed the abilities of the generals of divisions and brigades, and also of other staff officers. Among all, General Sir De Lacy Evans was honourably conspicuous. An eye-witness relates, "The 2nd division embarked in excellent order. Sir De Lacy Evans, his brigadiers, Pennefather and Adams, and his staff, were on the beach before nine o'clock. The first brigade, the 30th, 55th, and 95th regiments, and the second brigade, the 41st, 47th, and 49th regiments, constitute a very fine division, which has suffered less from sickness than any other division of our army. They moved with great regularity down to the rude piers, and embarking regiment after regiment, on board the long steamers, were soon put on board their respective transports."

The troops were well supplied with milk, eggs, butter, fowls and other products of the farm as they arrived at the bay and embarked; these were eagerly bought up and paid for—the country people comparing the British very favourably in this respect with both their French and Turkish allies. As the British embarked, they sailed directly for Baltschick Bay, where the principal part of the allied fleet awaited them. The cholera was again ravaging the fleets, and the troops experienced renewed visitations of the pestilence as the transports came up with the royal navy.

What had occurred at an early period of the ravages of the disease at Varna was now common at Baltschick: the dead bodies cast into the sea, with shot tied to their feet, rose to the surface—the feet downward because of the weight, but the ghastly heads floating upon the surface of the sea, and presenting an appearance the most appalling. Some of these hideous carcases floated about the accommodation-ladders of the transports, as if watching the embarkation of the soldiers, and foreboding the doom to which so many of them were hastening. It was on the 5th of September that the blue jackets of the navy and the red jackets of the army began to mingle, and cordial were the greetings with which the wearers of the former received their more gaily-apparelled comrades of the sister-service. The 6th was occupied as the 5th had been—in arranging, embarking, and arriving at Baltschick. During this short time, sailors and soldiers in great numbers perished in that bay: the slopes of Aladyn were not more fatal to the men than ship-board within the waters of that picturesque inlet.

The French marched from Varna to Baltschick, defiling along the hills which overlooked the winding and devious strand, and embarked directly from their boats. The Turks followed the French, proceeding on board their own squadron. The feeling of all departments of the allied armies was an intense impatience to move on to their destination, and exchange the monotony and sickness which hung over and around them, for active campaigning and feats of arms. Moribund although the czar considered the Turkish empire to be, none of the troops of the allied hosts were more eager to meet the enemy than those of the Ottomans. On Thursday, the 7th of September, the day dawned in beauty and brightness—a day presaging hope and victory. Adverse winds had prevailed on the 6th, and the night of the 6th and 7th, but with the morning sprung up a favourable breeze, and the mighty armament made sail. Splendid was the scene upon which the autumn sun of that morning arose, as the white sails fluttered in the wind, or the smoke emitted by the steamers sailed aloft, as it signalling adieu to the empire of the sultan from the argosies of his allies seeking the coasts of his aggressor.

More numerous armies may have crossed the Euxine, but never such a fleet, and never such a host as fleet and army united presented on that day. Each steamer towed two transports; a squadron of men-of-war led; each flank was guarded by a martial squadron; the other vessels followed, crowded with troops of high courage and high hopes. The transports were ships of large tonnage and splendid build, unrivalled in the world. The East Indianan, the old frigate, some old seventy-fours, and craft

of every size and name, formed the great naval crowd which hurried over the yielding and silent Euxine. It was a day of serene beauty, the breeze sufficient to accelerate the movements of the ships, but not to agitate the water, which seemed to repose in tranquil majesty, as if proud of the ensigas of power it bore upon its bosom. The author of *A Trip to the Trenches* thus writes concerning the Black Sea:—"It is supposed by the learned that in Homeric days, or even later, the Aral and Caspian Seas formed an immense lake, joined to the *Πόντος Εὐξείνιος*, or Hospitable Sea, which was then entirely excluded from the Mediterranean by a narrow isthmus formed by the Cynæan Isles across the entrance of the Bosphorus. An irruption of these volcanic isles is supposed to have opened this passage through to the Sea of Marmora, and at once to have considerably deepened the Mediterranean, and lowered the Black Sea, so as to have isolated the Palus Mæotis, or Putrid Sea, and separated the Aral from the Caspian. According to Strabo and Eustathius, this occurred about 1500 B.C. That it did occur can scarcely be doubted; but the exact date is, I should suppose, imaginary."

On the 9th the armament anchored off the Isle of Serpents, the place previously appointed for a general rendezvous. "The Isle of Serpents" is situated off the mouth of the Danube. When the vast fleet was at anchor there, the sight was most imposing, whether by day or night. The 10th of September was a Sunday, and the fleet remained at anchor. The sea was smooth as glass, not a wave rippled its surface. Never was Sabbath stillness felt more tranquilly amidst the rural scenes of peaceful England than throughout that armed host. The sun shone brightly over the mustered squadrons, and from the decks of the ships that composed them its light was reflected from many a gay and brilliant uniform. There were assembled in naval array ten English sail of the line, sixteen French, eleven Turkish, 100 frigates and smaller vessels of war of these navies, 200 steam-ships and sailing transports. Other craft attended upon them, making an armada of 700 ships. Religious service was conducted during the forenoon of the 10th on board the various ships, after which there was much visiting, and the sea seemed alive with boats passing and repassing throughout the fleet. In the evening the bands played, and as the air and water were singularly still, the music softly floated over the whole area covered by the armament, producing an effect at once soothing and exciting, and awaking associations the most opposite in the breasts of the brave men who listened and thought of homes they might never see, and future triumphs they might never realise.

At night the scene was more striking still. Lights gleamed from the portholes of the war ships, and the postern lights, hoisted at the main and fore throughout the transport service, shed over the sea a strange influence. Most writers have compared the scene to a great city, with its thousands of lamps gleaming. The comparison is unhappy, for during the night a gentle breeze sprung up, and the vessels were all more or less in motion. The lights seemed to pass and repass before the eye, to ascend and descend with most fantastic motions, as if strange meteors played around the spot, attracted by some power in the sea beneath. This meteor-like glancing and glimmering to and fro were aided in the general effect by sudden flashes of light gleaming from the decks of the ships as signals, or as aiding the occupations of those on board. On the 11th the fleet made way, the tall spars pointing to the heavens as the ships glided off upon the still, smooth waters.

There existed at this time considerable difference of opinion as to the proper place for landing. It is even alleged that the allied chiefs were not unanimous in the opinion that a landing was practicable anywhere, or that if a landing were effected, anything could be done to satisfy the expectations of Europe, or to humble the enemy. "The timid counsels" so emphatically alluded to subsequently by the French emperor certainly existed, not as some insinuated from personal fear, but from an overwhelming sense of responsibility, in view of the magnitude of the stake and the hazard of the undertaking. A conference had been held on board the *Caradoc*, between the generals-in-chief and admirals, at which it was determined that they should proceed to examine the coast of the Crimea from Cape Chersonese to Eupatoria, in order to determine where a landing was practicable. The *Caradoc* steamed forth upon this reconnaissance, carrying the council of war. So near did she sail to Sebastopol and other portions of the coast that the Russian officers were seen in front of their troops, bringing their glasses to a focus, in order to inspect the ship and the wearers of the brilliant naval and military uniforms on her quarterdeck. The British officers raised their hats, which courtesy was returned with an air of constrained formality. When the council of chiefs returned, they kept their opinions very much to themselves, for even admirals and general officers were uninformed of their intentions or speculations.

In the afternoon of the 11th, the fleet were signalled to rendezvous off Eupatoria; but its progress was much slower, as squalls arose, and a sharp head-wind impeded the advance. It is generally represented, in descriptions of the progress of the fleet, that from Varna until the troops landed the weather was uninterruptedly

calm. This is an error; the whole of the 11th of September, from early in the afternoon, was squally and threatening; the smoke from the steamers hung low above the ships, or was carried eddying away fitfully, as the gusts rose or fell, forming a new and curious spectacle to the observers. The French did not make the same steady way as the British, their squadrons fell out of sight on the 11th until towards sunset, and on the 12th at sunrise they were again invisible. Our allies managed matters on land very much better than they did at sea. Their services on shore were often opportune and important to the British, but on "blue water," the latter were able to return adequately any favours thus received.

The sunset of the 12th was particularly lovely, as that time of the day generally is in the Black Sea. No variety of colour can be well imagined comparable with those which tinted the western horizon as, from the masts and rigging, men and officers gazed upon the glorious prospect, until night gradually wrapped its mantle over all. The advanced squadron arrived on the night of the 13th off Eupatoria Point, and anchored until the morning of the 14th, when the place was taken possession of. Eupatoria is a name borne by the place so designated from a remote antiquity. It is called *Genlev* by the Tartars, *Kosloff* or *Korsloff*, by the Russians. The population consisted of Kairite Jews, Tartars, Armenians, Greeks, Russians, Cossacks, and Germans, principally, however, of the first two nationalities named; it amounted in numbers to about 10,000. It is a very pleasant little place. To the south, low hills add to the picturesque effect, although there is but little foliage on their slopes. Northward there is a low plain, covered with rank pasturage; a good road extends across northward to *Perekop*; another passes southward a short distance by the sea, and then winds around the low hills that are clustered to the south, and takes the direction of *Simpheropol*. The town itself looks pretty from the sea. The houses are either built of a soft white stone, or of wood painted white; the tiles of the roofing are painted a bright red colour, but do not resemble the tiled roofs of *Shields* or *Newcastle*, in England, begrimed with smoke. Minarets, always effective in aiding the picturesque in eastern cities, shoot up into the skies; and away on the low hills beyond, not less than fifty windmills were counted, giving an aspect of busy life and comfort to the place, unusual to the towns on the shores of the Black Sea.

On the 14th, early in the morning, Lord Raglan sent a flag of truce on shore; and the 20th British regiment, and detachments of marines, were ordered to prepare to land. The flag of truce demanded that the garrison lay

down their arms and surrender the place. The reply was, that there were no arms to lay down; and as to the place, there it was for his excellency to do what he pleased with. It was at once taken possession of, and thus the British flag was the first of the allied standards planted on the Crimea. It has been generally represented that our French friends had that honour at *Old Fort*; but *Eupatoria* was first taken possession of by Lord Raglan, and the British flag floated above its domes and minarets. The people seemed pleased with the change; they crowded the beach to behold the squadrons, and welcomed the troops cordially. All marketable commodities were freely disposed of at fair prices, and the Muscovites beheld with rage and envy the good understanding at once established between the invaders and the Eupatorians. This easy conquest was merely intended by Lord Raglan to divert the attention of the enemy from the place in which he had concerted with the other chiefs to make the debarkation. He did not foresee how important *Eupatoria* might become in the future conduct of the war. Were it not for the want of water in the great steppe between it and *Simpheropol*, and between it and *Perekop*, *Eupatoria* would appear to be the best basis of operations for the conquest of the Crimea; and we cannot but feel persuaded that if the contest continue until force cause one of the contending parties to evacuate the peninsula, *Eupatoria* will occupy a more prominent place in the plans of the allies, and assume a very great strategic importance in the decision of the struggle. On the 14th, the movements of the fleet began at a little after two in the morning; as they proceeded along the coast the sunrise was singularly beautiful. At that season a peculiarly soft and rich sunrise betokens storms in the climate of the Crimea. A stormy day, also, frequently follows a more than usually gorgeous sunset. Such a sunset the allied fleets witnessed the previous evening. It was well described by an officer in a letter to his friends in the following terms:—"It was one of those rich calm evenings, clear and golden, like the masterpieces of Claude, bright and surpassing in its loveliness. Like the close of day in all unhealthy climates, not a breath stirred—not a sound broke the intense stillness. To judge by the heavy silence, every one throughout the vast fleet seemed absorbed in the beauty of the scene, till the quick heavy booms of the sunset guns re-echoed in a thousand tones from cliff to cliff, dispelled the illusion, and among the long loud notes of cavalry trumpets and infantry bugles, the flags of all the ships were struck; the striking of the 'watches' kept up a constant chime of bells throughout the fleet, now swelling into a heavy toll, now

dying away into a mere tinkling, as the French transports to leeward took up the signal, and marked how the hours flew which yet intervened between the death-struggle of the allies and the enemy. At nine, infantry bugles, in vessels three miles at sea, blew lustily to recall stragglers, and at midnight the silver trumpets from cavalry transports wound clear and long their melancholy notes, proclaiming to the assembled squadron that none of their men were absent. So the night passed on, the wind in the meantime freshening, and going round more in our favour every hour."

About ten o'clock on the morning of the 14th the debarkation commenced. The place chosen for it has been described very differently, except as to its main features; having examined a number of different accounts, and compared them carefully with maps of the line of coast, we pronounce the following to be by far the most correct as well as interesting:—"The place thus selected for our landing is a low strip of beach and shingle, east up by the violence of the surf, and forming a sort of causeway between the sea and a stagnant salt-water lake, one of those remarkable deposits of brackish water so frequent along this shore of the Crimea, and which abound close to our present quarters. The lake is about one mile long and half a mile broad, and when we first arrived, its borders and surface were frequented by vast flocks of wild fowl. There is another sheet to the south of us, and there is another to the north, between our camp and Eupatoria. The causeway is not more than two hundred yards broad, and it leads, at the right or southern extremity of the lake, by a gentle ascent, to an irregular tableland, or plateau, of trifling elevation, dotted with tumuli or barrows, such as are seen in several parts of England, and extending to the base of the very remarkable chain called, from their shape, the Tent Mountains. Towards the sea this plateau presents a precipitous face of red clay and sandstone, varying in height from 100 to 150 feet, and it terminates by a descent almost to the sea level, at the distance of nearly two miles from the shores of the lake. Thence, towards the south, there is a low sandy beach, with a fringe of shingle raised by the action of the waves above the level of the land, and saving it from inundation. This low coast runs as far as the eye can reach, till it is lost beneath the base of the mountain ranges over Sebastopol. The country inland, visible from the decks of our ships, is covered with cattle, with grain in stack, with farmhouses, and seems capable of producing enormous quantities of live stock and fodder. The stubble fields are now covered with wild lavender, southernwood, and other fragrant shrubs, which the troops are busily collecting for fuel, and which fill the air with an aromatic perfume. As we cruised down

towards Eupatoria, we could see the people driving their carts and busy in their ordinary occupations."

Before the landing was attempted, Cossack videttes, with a mounted officer, were seen upon the shore, the officer carefully sketching the forces of the invaders, and apparently noting down the positions of the fleet in a memorandum-book. He was frequently within range of the ships' guns, but no shot or shell was thrown, and he quietly, and apparently without apprehension, continued his notation. The morning and day of the 14th were extremely favourable to the landing, which was effected by the French in great order and rapidity, who, as they landed, planted the tricolor, and sent out skirmishing parties to their front. Our allies debarked about two miles lower down the coast than the British; their naval means of effecting a good debarkation were very inferior to those of the English, but such was the skill and organisation with which everything was conducted by them, that their work was rapidly accomplished, and in the most beautiful order and complete security. On the part of the English the landing was managed, up to the point of placing the troops and material on shore, still more efficiently than by their French neighbours, but there the comparison in their favour ended. On shore there was much confusion and disorder, and had the enemy offered resistance, the British would have been placed at a great disadvantage as compared with the French. The maritime portion of the arrangements were confided to Admiral Lyons, and nobly did he execute what was committed to him. The entire responsibility rested upon him, the Admiral-in-chief, Dundas, and the General-in-chief, Lord Raglan, quietly looking on. Sir George Brown ably seconded Sir Edmund Lyons, and these two indomitable men seemed to be gifted with ubiquity, so wondrously did their presence seem to pervade every department. Sir Edmund Lyons proved himself a man of the highest order of capacity for arrangement and command, from the first signal for sailing from the Bay of Baltchick until the last soldier was placed ashore at Old Fort.

While the French were anticipating the British in the general landing, a squadron of the ships of the latter effected an important diversion off the mouth of the Katcha. The *Sampson*, *Fury*, and *Vesuvius*, which had been so active throughout the operations of the Black Sea fleet, supported by a French squadron, stood in where a camp of 6000 Russians crowned a height. The *Fury* and the *Vesuvius* opened fire, but the camp being a mile distant from the sea, and the draught of the steamers being too heavy to allow them to get close in, the shot and shell fell short. The *Sampson*, however, succeeded in throwing shell after shell

among the tents of the camp, and the officers of the squadron could perceive through their glasses that great execution attended the bursting of these missiles; several of the shells exploded among the horses, causing great confusion and destruction. Having thus engaged the attention of the enemy, as if a landing were contemplated, the squadron withdrew; meanwhile the allied armies were ascending the sandy beach at Old Fort.

A small detachment of men, in a boat of the *Britannia*, commanded by Captain Vasey, first landed under a low cliff, where they remained; while a company of the 23rd Fusiliers,\* with the commanding officer of their regiment, and the general of their division, Sir George Brown, landed further up. Of this party, Sir George was the first to jump on shore. He was speedily followed by his staff, and by the quartermaster-general, and at once proceeded to reconnoitre the surrounding country. While he was doing so, a curious scene presented itself to those who were on board some of the ships. The *Times*' commissioner witnessed it, and thus graphically portrays it:—"Suddenly a Cossack crouched down, and pointed with his lance to the ascent of the cliff. The officer turned and looked in the direction. We looked too, and, lo! a cocked hat rose above the horizon. Another figure, with a similar headdress, came also in view. The first was Sir George Brown, on foot; the second we made out to be Quartermaster-general Airey. The scene was exciting. It was evident the Russian and the Cossack saw Sir George, but that he did not see them. A piequet of Fusiliers and riflemen followed the general at a considerable interval. The Russian got on his horse, the Cossacks followed his example, and one of them cantered to the left to see that the French were not cutting off their retreat, while the others stooped down over their saddle bows and rode stealthily, with lowered lances, towards the Englishmen. Sir George was in danger, but he did not know it. Neither did the Russians see the piequet advancing towards the brow of the hill. Sir George was busy scanning the country, and pointing out various spots to the quartermaster-general. Suddenly they turn, and slowly descend the hill—the gold sash disappears—the cocked hat is eclipsed—Cossacks and officers dismount, and steal along by the side of their horses. They, too, are hid from sight in a short time, and on the brow of the cliff appears a string of native carts. In about five minutes two or three tiny puffs of smoke rise over the cliff, and presently the faint cracks of a rifle are audible to the men in the nearest ships. In

a few minutes more the Cossacks are visible, flying like the wind on the road towards Sebastopol, and crossing close to the left of the French lines of skirmishers. When we landed, we heard that Sir George Brown had a near escape of being taken prisoner. He was the first to land, and pushed on without sending videttes or men in front, though he took the precaution, very fortunately, to bring up a few soldiers with him. The Cossacks, who had been dodging him, made a dash when they were within less than a hundred yards. The general had to run, and was only saved from capture by the fire of the Fusiliers. The Cossacks bolted. The first blood spilt in this campaign was that of a poor boy, an arabjee, who was wounded in the foot by the volley which dislodged them."

As the troops landed, they were at once marched up from the sandy shore to the plateau above the lake, except the 4th division, who bivouaced for the night on the shingly beach.

Seldom have men suffered more than the British troops did on that night of rain and storm. They had no shelter. Many of them had but recently recovered from cholera, dysentery, or fever; they had but little refreshment, and no tents. Sir George Brown lay down under a waggon, and the Duke of Cambridge, who had been in ill health, but insisted on accompanying the expedition, found shelter beneath a gun-carriage. Seldom was an army less fit to encounter an enemy than the British on that dreadful night. The French had their tents all pitched, and whatever comforts may cheer the soldier's bivouac during inclement weather were brought ashore. The Turks even were handy enough, and had sufficient organisation to bring their tents; and both the allied forces were encamped with regularity and order. The sufferings to which the British were exposed cost many lives. Officers and men incurred illness and disease from which many never recovered, and perhaps there was no regiment in the army but lost some men from cholera or fever that night or the ensuing day. The men stood or lay drenched to the skin, for no ordinary covering could protect against the descending deluge. Officers of experience, and accustomed to the severest privations which old campaigners could relate, declared that the sufferings of that night exceeded them all.

The hardships and dangers were not confined to those on shore. An officer whose detachment had not landed thus describes the duty he was called upon to perform, and the perils to which he was exposed:—"At night the rain came down in torrents, and the troops on the beach were drenched. Bad as their situation was, I envied it. At eight in the evening I had left the transport with another officer in a man-of-war's boat, which, assisted by two others, towed astern a large raft,

\* The *Times*' correspondent, and several others copying him, represent the regiment first landing as the 7th Fusiliers. Lieutenant Peard, and other military writers cognizant of the fact, affirm it to have been the 23rd Fusiliers.

formed of two clumsy boats boarded over, on which were two guns, with their detachments of artillerymen, and some horses—two of my own among them. The swell from the sea was now considerable, and made the towing of the raft a work of great labour. As we approached the shore, a horse swam past us, snorting, and surrounded by phosphorescent light, as he splashed rapidly by. He had gone overboard from a raft which had upset in attempting to land. The surf was dashing very heavily on the sand, though it was too dark to see it. Fires, made of broken boats and rafts, were lit along the beach, and a voice hailed us authoritatively to put back, and not attempt to land, or we should go to pieces. Unwillingly the weary oarsmen turned from the shore. The swell was increasing every moment, and the raft getting more and more unmanageable. Sometimes it seemed to pull us back, sometimes it made a plunge forward, and even struck our stern, while the rain poured down with extraordinary violence. It was a long time before we reached the nearest ships, which were tossing on the swell, and not easily to be approached. The first we hailed had already a horseboat alongside, with Lord Raglan's horses, and needed assistance; and two or three others which we passed were unable to help us. By this time the raft was fast filling with water, and the men on it much alarmed; and our progress was so slow, that we took at least ten minutes pulling from the stern to the stem of the *Agamemnon*. At length a rope was thrown us from a transport near, whose bows were rising on the swell like a rearing horse; and getting the artillerymen who were on board her out of bed, we hoisted in our horses and guns—but the gun-carriages, too heavy for our small number of hands, were lashed down to the raft, which was allowed to tow astern of the ship, and which presently sank till the water was up to the axles, when the *Agamemnon* sent a party and hoisted them on board, and the raft shortly went to pieces. A horse, which had been swimming about for two hours, was also got safely on board. It was a grey, said afterwards to have been given by Omar Pasha to Lord Raglan. The next morning the surf abated, and we were all landed without accident, as were a great many other guns and horses, under the superintendence of Captain Daeres of the *Sanspareil*, who was indefatigable in carrying out the arrangements of Sir Edmund Lyons, and who was warmly thanked by Lord Raglan for his exertions. Assembling from the beach to the level of the common, we saw the allied army spread along the plains in front, the French on the right. Plenty of country waggons, full of forage, driven by peasants in fur caps, with their trousers stuffed

into their boots, were ranged alongside of the artillery camp, some drawn by oxen, some by large two-humped camels."

The same author gives the following useful information:—"The army being thus landed, it will be well to describe shortly its composition and material. A division of infantry, under Major-general Cathcart, had joined us from England just before we sailed from Varna. The English army in the Crimea then consisted of four divisions of infantry, each division consisting of two brigades; each brigade of three regiments. To each division of infantry was attached a division of artillery, consisting of two field batteries; each battery of four 9-pounder guns, and two 24-pounder howitzers. The brigade of light cavalry was also embarked, the heavy brigade remaining at Varna. With the cavalry was a 6-pounder troop of horse artillery. In all, the British mustered 26,000 men, and fifty-four guns; the French 24,000 men, and I believe, about seventy guns; the Turks 4500 men, with neither cavalry nor guns. The food supplied to the English troops by the commissariat was of very good quality. A ration for an officer or soldier was 1 lb. of meat, 1 lb. of bread, 2 ozs. of rice,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of sugar, 1 oz. of coffee, and half a gill of rum, for which  $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. was paid. The ration of meat was at one time increased to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb.; but when provisions became scarcer this was discontinued. The ration for a cavalry, artillery, or staff horse, was 10 lbs. of corn, and 12 lbs. of hay or straw; for a baggage animal 8 lbs. of corn.

"A number of carts of a peculiar construction had been provided at Woolwich, to contain small-arm ammunition in reserve for the infantry. These, being found too heavy, were left at Varna, and the cartridges, packed in boxes or barrels, were carried on pack-horses, a great number of which had been purchased for the British government in Tunis, Syria, and Turkey. An ambulance corps, provided with light spring-waggons, containing layers of stretchers and seats for the sick and wounded, was also left behind; and disabled men were either carried on stretchers by hand, or in arabas, the common carts of Turkey and the Crimea."

The condition in which the British army found itself when the embarkation was completed, and the march in an enemy's country began, was pitiable in the extreme. There were no tents; the officers had no horses, except a few ponies, bought by them at a nominal price from sailors, marines, Zouaves, and Turks,—all of whom, it is to be feared, procured them in marauding excursions, and by depriving the poor Tatars who owned them of their property without any compensation. These ponies were very serviceable,

not only on the march, but long afterwards at Sebastopol, when they carried ammunition and food from Balaklava to the trenches. They were shaggy stout little creatures, sure-footed, and possessing wonderful spirit and energy, they seemed never to tire. The soldiers were without their knapsacks; the medical men without proper supplies of medicine, bandages, or other adequate means of either medical or surgical treatment. Destitution and disorder reigned in the British camp, so far as any arrangements were concerned that were not directly military; while the French exhibited an organisation nearly perfect.

The main cause of all the deficiencies was an incompetent staff. Scarcely any of the staff officers had a complete military education, the great majority of them no military education whatever. They were for the most part relations or friends of the general officers, and appointed to staff situations because an easy opportunity of promotion was by that means secured. Throughout the combats and battles that succeeded, rewards were lavished upon these staff officers, who suffered little privation, and saw but little real service; while the hard-worked regimental officers, many of whom distinguished themselves nobly on the field and in the trench, were not even mentioned in the despatches. The British commander-in-chief himself set the example of nepotism and favouritism. In his recommendations for promotion, he placed the favoured staff officers high on the roll of merit, some of whom had literally rendered no service; while the most brilliant achievements of the humbler commissioned and the non-commissioned officers were frequently neither recommended for reward, nor their heroism so much as named. Even when General Evans called attention to a certain sergeant of his division, as deserving the protection of the commander-in-chief, and the favour of his sovereign, the commander-in-chief did not think proper so much as to name him in his despatch. Five of Lord Raglan's own nephews were on his staff, and all of course received rapid promotion.

Even if the system in the camp and on the field of battle did not operate unfavourably in the promotion of the deserving, and the general care for the poor soldier, whether sick, wounded, or in health, the spirit which prevails at the Horse Guards would obstruct the melioration of the soldier's condition, and the just distribution of the honours and emoluments which the country is willing to bestow. Never did unfairness predominate more at the office of the commander-in-chief than since this war commenced. When, at a later period, Lord Panmure became war-minister, that single-minded man did much to correct abuses, and

to direct the stream of royal patronage in the right direction; but even his influence, and the power vested in his office, have not been sufficient to overrule, or even extensively to counteract, the fatal bias of Horse Guards' officialism.

Lord Hardinge, the present commander-in-chief at home, has the reputation of being a gallant soldier, and of great presence of mind in the field. He merits this opinion. At Corunna, Sir John Moore died in his arms; and Captain Hardinge had on that day won the notice and confidence of his chief. The battle of Albuera was gained by Colonel Hardinge. A happy disobedience of command on his part saved for us the honour of the field; his directions to Colbourn's brigade, so well executed by Colonel Colbourn (now Lord Seaton), turned the fortunes of the day. In the Belgian campaign of 1815, he was attached as British commissioner to the Prussian army, with the rank of brigadier. He displayed intelligence, military parts, great physical endurance, devotion to the service, and a dauntless contempt of danger. In India, in the first Sikh campaign, as second in command to Lord Gough, he exhibited courage and address of the highest order, and obtained the most eloquent eulogy ever pronounced by Sir Robert Peel upon any officer. As a man of business his merits are high. His Irish secretaryship and his paymastership of the forces were additional claims to the confidence of his party, if not additional laurels to his wreath. But with all this, Lord Hardinge has one blemish which is a blot upon his fair fame—he is essentially a party-man. He has belonged to that section of the cabinet constituted by the Peelites, but is a far less liberal politician than any of them. Sometimes we notice public men who, although not liberal politicians, are liberal men, and the converse of that is often seen; but Lord Hardinge is neither a liberal man nor a liberal politician. He has the soul of a hero, and the heart of a red-tapist. He will do the most glorious deeds for his clique, his faction, his profession, exemplifying sorrowfully the line,

“And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.”

The disparagement, morally and politically, which has befallen him by his sanction of poor Perry's persecution, cannot be obliterated by deeds of arms or official efficiency. It is plain that the public has nothing to hope from him, whatever his military *clat* may be. If our soldiers are to be fed and clad, tended in sickness, and rewarded for gallantry—if officers without fortune are to rise in the grades of their profession, because of fitness, the British people must themselves effect all this, by causing their voice to be so heard in the legis-

lature as to make it unsafe for any man, whatever his rank, to dispense to favourites and men of personal or political connexions what right and justice claim for others.

At the outset of the Crimean campaign an opportunity is presented of placing before our readers the state of military education in England,—the relation it bears to the general condition of the army,—the discouragement which educated officers meet with from the government and the Horse Guards, unless they happen also to have money or connexions,—and the almost uselessness of the expenditure hitherto incurred by the country for its military schools. An officer who has seen active service for six years in the cavalry, and six years also in the infantry, thus writes upon this subject:—

“Until the commencement of the present century England possessed no public school for the education of infantry and cavalry officers; neither had she an efficient staff, nor the means of creating one. To supply the first of these deficiencies a military school was, in the year 1810, established at Great Marlow; while to provide for the second a similar institution was, in the year 1799, founded at High Wycombe, and subsequently removed to Farnham. These two schools, now united at Sandhurst, constitute the junior and senior departments of the Royal Military College. The governor of this college is invariably a general officer; and to him, under the control of a supreme board, are entrusted its interior economy, discipline, and general direction. The supreme board consists of the commander-in-chief, the heads of the principal military departments, and such general officers as her majesty may appoint. The senior department is stated in the royal warrant to be established ‘for the purpose of instructing officers in the scientific part of their profession, with the view of enabling them better to discharge their duty when acting in command of regiments—the situation in which they can best recommend themselves to us, and be entitled to hope for advancement in the higher stations of our service, and, at the same time, of qualifying themselves to be employed in the quartermaster-general and adjutant-general’s departments.’ In earlier times the senior department had its own military staff; General le Marchant and Sir Howard Douglas were attached to it, and General Jarry—who had been on the personal staff of Frederick the Great, who had served during the Seven Years’ war, and who was a most distinguished officer—acted as scientific instructor. Professors for fortification, mathematics, and languages, were also attached to the school. At the present moment there are but two professors attached to the senior department. M. Narien, the senior professor of

mathematics, teaches, in addition to his own proper branch, fortification, gunnery, tactics, and castremetation. The other professor teaches military surveying. Languages are taught by the professors of the junior department, provided for and paid by the cadets, though there is full scope and ample demand for their undivided exertions in the junior school. The number of officers studying at the same time in the senior department was originally limited to thirty, which limit was, in the year 1820, reduced to fifteen, and each of them paid £30 per annum for their education. The conditions required of a candidate for admission are, that he shall not be under twenty-one years of age; that he shall have served with his regiment three years abroad, or four years at home; and that he shall be thoroughly versed in the tactics of that branch of the service to which he belongs. He must also be familiar with the elements of algebra and mathematics, and of the Latin, French, or German language. Those students who have been educated at the junior department of the college, are expected to complete their course of study in three terms of six months each. Those who have been educated elsewhere are allowed an additional term. Every student is examined at the end of each term, and if his progress be unsatisfactory, he is recommended to join his regiment. The final examination is held before the supreme board, at the end of the pupil’s term of residence. Those who succeed are presented with certificates, to the effect that they are duly qualified to undertake the duties of staff officers.”

Here then is an institution founded expressly to educate our officers for that all-important branch of the army, the staff. In its earlier years it sent into the service many most valuable officers who served with distinction; and during the Peninsular war, when the general staff was most efficient, the officers appointed to the quartermaster-general’s department were almost invariably chosen from those who had received the benefit of this education. Why then was the staff of our army so disgracefully inefficient at the commencement of the present war? Why did not that army benefit by the efficiency of the men thus trained for such appointments? and why did it happen that out of 221 officers thus employed in the British army in 1854, two months after we had declared war against Russia, fifteen only had been trained in the senior department of Sandhurst? The answer is disgraceful alike to our military system and to those who direct it. To the system, because, although we provide the school and educate the officers, we do not insist upon their being afterwards employed on those duties for which they have especially qualified themselves—their claims are futile and



their time is wasted, because the commander-in-chief and the generals in the field may appoint on the staff whomsoever they choose, without reference to qualification or service. To those who direct the system, because favour and interest count for everything when they should count for nothing; and because the raw lad, who has just been gazetted, is certain of winning the race against the best officer Sandhurst ever produced, if he have interest at the Horse Guards, the cabinet, or even with the general officer commanding a division or brigade.

"The officers of the staff enjoy all the advantages of the army, such as higher pay, greater promotion, distinction, superior comfort, and lighter as well as more agreeable duties. It would therefore be but fair that its appointments should be held out as prizes, to be bestowed on officers of the greatest merit, or those who have rendered the most distinguished services, and above all on those only who are fully qualified. If the staff were so constituted, no other portion of the army would grudge the advantages it must possess, and merit would be certain of meeting with its due reward. But so far is that from being the case, that although 216 officers obtained certificates of qualification at the senior school at Sandhurst, in the period from 1836 to 1854, only twenty were employed on the staff during the whole of that time, and of these twenty, many, *ex. gr.*, Sir W. Goram, Lord Hardinge, General Bainbridge, obtained their certificates long before the first-named year. In the year 1852, there were but seven officers on the whole staff of the British army who had passed through the senior school;—when such encouragement was held out to military genius and successful industry, what wonder is it that the senior school has fallen rapidly into a state of decadence, and that, at the present moment, there are but six officers availing themselves of its advantages? Let me give two instances of the benefit afforded by the senior school during the Peninsular war, as appeared in the evidence before the Sandhurst Committee. General Bainbridge, who lately commanded in Ceylon, was sent some time before the battle of Salamanca to make a survey of three or four square miles. He surveyed this country galloping from point to point, either dismounting or not, and 'stop pointing,' and taking 'shots' as they are called on his paper by the eye alone, without any instrumental survey. In two hours and a half he had completed the survey. It was all extremely rough but sufficiently clear. He brought it to Lord Wellington, explained to him the various stops, and the plan was approved. During some portion of the time he was making the sketch he was under fire from the French skirmishers. The position was not actually taken up, but it was very near the spot where the battle of

Salamanca was shortly afterwards fought. In what position would the gentlemen of Lord Raglan's family staff have been placed had a similar service been required at their hands? When a military force was preparing for foreign service in the year 1808, a general officer, a friend of Sir Howard Douglas, then director of the senior department, came to him at High Wycombe, and said that he had been appointed to the command of a brigade, and knew not what he might have to do in the course of service; perhaps in the operations of a siege, with the nature of which he was quite unacquainted. He knew infantry might be called upon to cover the opening of the trenches, to cover the formation of parallels, to guard the trenches, to furnish working parties, to oppose and drive back sorties, and to assault the enemy's works; but he was totally ignorant how he should act in such cases, and entreated Sir Howard Douglas to give him at least some general notion of approaches, parallels, and formation of gabions and fascines, saps, and the other processes of attack and defence. Sir Howard instructed an intelligent carpenter to make one of the large models which are now at Sandhurst, in constant use for the lectures on the attack and defence of a half hexagon of Vauban's first system. He then gave his friend a very useful and considerable idea of such matters, illustrated by reference to the model. The friend soon afterwards served at a siege, and when afterwards he met Sir Howard, he told him that he should never forget the few days he was shut up with him in the model room; and that it was impossible to conceive the confidence which that instruction gave him, from a feeling that he understood something of the operations in which he was engaged. That such knowledge might have been obtained with advantage by many who have served before Sebastopol, may be inferred from Sir Howard Douglas's curt and pithy reply to a question of Colonel Dunne, who asked, 'Have not a great many of those men who have gone out without any previous knowledge of fortification acquired practical knowledge under fire in the trenches?' Answer—'Yes, and many lives have been lost in consequence.' But the whole question is virtually set at rest; the superiority of Sandhurst officers for the staff, and the practical neglect of them in time of peace, are admitted by General Wetherall, adjutant-general, the Horse Guards' witness, and himself a pupil of the senior school. He says (I put the questions and answers into a narrative form) that latterly a very great preference has been shown to staff officers educated at Sandhurst; that this preference was on account of the supposition that they were better fitted for staff appointments, which supposition arose from their having had a better education; that

this supposition was as correct ten years ago as it is now, only the Sandhurst pupils did not get the benefit of it. Surely comment on such an admission is superfluous. Thus do our military authorities neglect to form the framework of the staff during peace. What wonder that when war tries its strength it tumbles to pieces."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### THE MARCH FROM OLD FORT UPON THE ALMA.—BATTLE OF THE ALMA.—SCENES AFTER THE BATTLE.

"Was it a soothing or a mournful thought,  
Amid the scene of slaughter as we stood,  
Where armies had with recent fury fought,  
To mark how gentle nature still pursued  
Her quiet course, as if she took no care  
Of what her noblest work had suffered there?"—SOUTHEY.

THE French, as already recorded, debarked about two miles lower down the coast than the place at which the debarkation of the British took place. Having thrown out skirmishers, they advanced across the plain until their left and the British right came into proximity. The light division was on the extreme right of the British position; next them the first division, and the second to the head of the marshy lake already noticed. Behind these divisions, on the ground enclosed by the lake and the sea, the remaining divisions of the British army were encamped, and the stores and material of war behind all, nearest to the beach. About two miles in front of the British line there was a handsome Russian villa, surrounded by clumps of trees and some green plots, with considerable outbuildings in the rear. The first movement of the British was to secure this range of buildings, and a detachment of the rifle brigade occupied them, supported by some French light infantry with guns. The British light cavalry bivouacked by this place, which was well suited for the purpose; they immediately threw out detachments in skirmishing order, and the officers made reconnaissance of the surrounding country. To the left of the army, beyond the lake, another outpost was promptly established by the rifle brigade, supported by some of the Fusiliers of the same division. This outpost commanded a Tartar village, and the inhabitants received their martial neighbours with every token of good will. The Tartars of the surrounding country came down fearlessly to the encampment with oxen and arabas for hire; camels and ponies also, to carry either packs or riders. It is unaccountable how little use the commander-in-chief or the commissariat made of these advantages ready to their hand. Doves of sheep, and honey, butter, milk, and eggs, were brought in abundance by the people, who made an extempore bazaar along the lines of the allies.

On the 18th a troop of the 11th Hussars advanced some distance into the country, for

the purpose of a reconnaissance previous to the march. Seven troops of Cossacks were engaged also in observing the movements of the allies; the Hussars, preserving skirmishing order, slowly retired before them. It left no favourable impression of the valour or efficiency of the Cossacks, when so small a detachment of British light cavalry retired from the presence of so large a body with impunity. The Hussars, thanks to the liberality of Lord Cardigan, and not to "the regulation price" of British cavalry horses, were admirably mounted; and they literally played with the Cossacks, as the latter, on their rough-looking but strong and agile little horses, attempted a pursuit. These Russian irregulars sat their horses with perfect ease, and managed their fiery little steeds dextrously. They were compact, short, sturdy-looking fellows, and carried lances of fourteen or fifteen feet in length. Had all our light cavalry been mounted like the 11th Hussars, their services would have been more useful both in the Dobrudscha, when reconnoitring the corps of Luders, and in the advance of the allied armies to the lines of Alma. But amongst all the other mal-arrangements of our army, the men of the light cavalry are too large and too heavy generally for that branch of the service, and the horses are too small, and not sufficiently fed. The following paragraph from an "Ex-Hussar" embodies in a short space the reforms in dress, accoutrements, and mounting, required in our light cavalry:—"1. For the pantaloons, as at present worn, must be substituted the pantaloons buttoning or tying at the ankle, with the Hessian drawn over it. 2. The substitution of the helmet for the present shako and Busby. 3. Either getting rid altogether of the present steel scabbard, or lining it with wood in such a manner as to protect the edge of the sword from being blunted, discontinuing, at the same time, all needless drawing of it. 4. Taking away the stocks. 5. Discarding the Hussar pelisse. 6. Discarding the lance. 7. Getting rid of everything that requires much cleaning,

such as polished steel and brass, and pipeclayed belts, substituting for the latter brown or black belts. 8. Diminishing in every possible way the weight a horse has to carry—even our light cavalry ride from seventeen and a half to eighteen stone. No horse can work to advantage under such a weight. Those only who have practical experience know what marvellous things a horse can do when put to it under a fair weight, and how little he can do when overweighted even by a few pounds. Every horse in the cavalry ought to be above his weight—a margin to make up for bad food, &c. The reverse of this is the case; most of them have three or four stone too much on them. 9. The present Hussar and Light Dragoon saddle must be exchanged for one sitting closer to the back—more in the form of the common hunting saddle. The present saddles gall the horses sadly.”

The late Captain Nolan probably attained to greater perfection in the discipline and handling of cavalry, especially light cavalry, than any officer in either of the allied armies, and his suggestions have, as far as they have been carried out in the British service, done much good; for while our men are not to be surpassed as swordsmen or horsemen, the system and its administration in that branch of the army still require much improvement.

During the few days that elapsed between the landing and the march, the men suffered exceedingly from an insufficient supply of water. A solitary spring supplied them; the water was brackish; and the soft margin was trodden down by the innumerable feet which frequented it, almost turning the water into mud. Dysentery and diarrhoea were extensively created by this cause, especially after the exposure of the troops on the inclement night of the 14th. During the three days before marching from Old Fort many of the men died of cholera. The dews at night were heavy; the sun was fierce by day; and the men as ill-prepared as an army could well be for these sudden transitions, so unlike the climate of their own lands. The men generally bathed in the sea during the hottest part of the day, and in many cases cramp or cholera speedily followed; the medical men do not seem to have interposed to prevent this pernicious practice. At midnight, on the 18th, orders were given for the army to be prepared to move by daybreak on the morrow. An officer of the 20th regiment records in the following terms his experience on coming into camp the next morning:—“We now marched into camp, and when we arrived, we found all hurry, bustle, and confusion. *Uncooked* rations were served out to the men, which some were unwilling to carry, while others, in the hurry to stand to their arms, were unable to obtain their portion. This

was a great pity; for I believe half the men of our regiment started without water in their kegs, to which in a great measure must be attributed the number who fell out during the march. The well was too far from the camp to allow them to fetch it that morning before they commenced their march; and considering the total absence of water in our line of march, *it should have been provided, and boats sent ashore with it from the ships, a very few of which would have been sufficient for their wants.* Our men thus started uncomfortably, and without their breakfasts, *for which no time was allowed them.* I fortunately had a small piece of cold boiled pork and bis-uit in my haversack; this, and a pull at my water-barrel, composed my *déjeuner*. On arriving at head-quarters, we found our general, Sir George Cathcart, waiting for us, and were all much inspired by his active and soldier-like appearance. As soon as the waggon-train and commissariat carts arrived, and had passed on to some little distance, we marched. It was a very hot sultry morning, and the sun struck down on our poor heads with unusual violence. Our pace in marching was obliged to be regulated with great judgment, as we were on a vast plain, without even a drop of water, or shade of any kind. A more monotonous country I never beheld, and we had fifteen miles of it. It was nine o'clock before the whole of the army was prepared to march, *being delayed by the inadequate transport provided for the stores, baggage, &c. Many of our men fell down in the ranks, attacked by cholera, or from becoming faint and exhausted for want of water.* If they recovered shortly, they followed us with the rear-guard; but if not, they were left to the tender mercies of any passer-by. It was certainly much to be lamented that we had no ambulance waggons for these poor sick fellows who fell out on the march; for had they been carried a mile or two, or had a drink of water, I have no doubt half of them would have rejoined their companies. Ambulance-carts ought surely to have attended each brigade, and each should have carried some medicine, particularly when the cholera was likely to affect the army. The medical officers in general carried a small bottle of brandy and flask of water, which they gave the men, and were thus enabled to do much good. Some of our poor fellows actually came to me, and on their knees besought me for a drink out of my flask; and I am happy to say that I managed to relieve a few of them. I found in our brigade that the men of the other regiments fell out almost ten to our one.”

When, at a later period of the campaign, the government appointed a commission to inquire into the causes of so much suffering and loss of life as befell the British army from Old Fort to the end of the first winter before Sebastopol,

Sir John McNeil and his brother-commissioner could extract no answers from Quartermaster-general Airey, and his assistant, the Honourable Colonel Gordon, son of Lord Aberdeen, in reference to these and similar disasters, except that the rules of the service only required such and such distribution of camp utensils, apparel, &c.; that the men were not, in their opinion, so badly off; and that the transport of necessaries was no business of theirs. The chief of an army, and his quartermaster's staff, who could move the men upon such an enterprise, in such a climate, without water in their flasks, medicines, conveyances for the wounded, or almost any necessary, might well be incapable of proceeding against the greater difficulties before Sebastopol.

If the opinion of Marshal Saxe be sound, that "the best general is he who best feeds his soldiers," the test will be a severe one for the reputation of the British chief. A late general of the East India Company's service, well known as a political economist, and who had seen many campaigns, once said to the author, "The first duty of a general is to provide supplies for his men; British soldiers will always fight if their generals will see that they are fed. The officer chief in command of an army should leave nothing to commissaries or contractors; he should *command* everything, and bend all circumstances to the proper supply of his soldiers with food, shelter from the weather, and prompt medical assistance in sickness and in the field. No ability for military command can ever, in the long run, make up for neglect of these duties and precautions."

The following was the order of march:—

CAVALRY—8th, 11th, 17th.

LIGHT DIVISION. ARTILLERY. SECOND DIVISION.  
FIRST DIVISION. ARTILLERY. THIRD DIVISION.  
CAVALRY. COMMISSARIAT TRAIN.  
FOURTH DIVISION. FOURTH DIVISION.

REAR GUARD.

The divisions were composed as follows:—

LIGHT DIVISION (commanded by Sir George Brown), 7th, 19th, 23rd, 33rd, 77th, and 88th regiments.

FIRST DIVISION (commanded by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge), the Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, Scots Fusilier Guards, 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Highlanders.

SECOND DIVISION (commanded by Sir De Lacy Evans), 30th, 41st, 47th, 49th 55th, and 95th regiments.

THIRD DIVISION (commanded by Sir Richard England), 1st, 4th, 28th, 38th, 44th, and 50th regiments.

FOURTH DIVISION (commanded by Sir George Cathcart), 20th, 21st, 46th, 57th, 63rd, 65th, and 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade.

CAVALRY DIVISION (commanded by Lord Lu-

can), 4th, and 5th Dragoon Guards, 1st, 2nd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 13th, 17th Dragoons and 11th Hussars.

The sight of the advancing hosts was most imposing. The men marched by double columns of companies from the centre of divisions, the artillery on their right. Never did a finer day beam upon the march of a great army; not a cloud could be descried within the horizon, and the whole heavens were of the softest azure; the morning sun shone as if in sympathy with the glorious spectacle that moved beneath his smile. The steppe was studded with grassy hillocks, and many of the officers of the advance guard and of the general staff assembled there, and beheld with surprise and delight the proud military array. On it swept over the dotted plain, as if in a grand review: it seemed a holiday spectacle for kings to gaze upon. The camps at Boulogne or Aldershot could present no such scene of military pomp: for this army was invested with all the grandeur that is connected with the association of a great host advancing to battle. There was a strange stillness, which was an element in the sublimity of the scene. No military music smote the ear with the boldness of its strains; no shrill trumpets challenged the warlike spirit of the listeners—hardly a tap of the "discordant drum" broke the uniform quietness; no tramp of warlike march, or rumble of rolling guns, resounded over the plain; for wheels, and hoofs of cavalry, and tread of men, all seemed muffled in the tall wild grass that flourished on the steppe. The great host seemed as if impelled by some mighty instinct to pursue a common course to a destination where events awaited it, so momentous that nature suppressed every utterance until she should find vent for her pent-up emotions in the cheer, the charge, the shout of defiance to the foe, and at the moment of glorious victory in

"The wild hurrah, that rattled o'er the plain."

The march continued without any appearance of an enemy, except a few Cossack videttes, until the army arrived at the Baganak, which is a sluggish stream, easily fordable, and presenting no obstacle to the advance of troops. The army filed across by a bridge, the light division, as had been usual in the campaigns of the Iberian Peninsula, taking the lead of the other infantry divisions; the cavalry forded the stream in various directions, and galloped on to a rising ground which might have concealed the proximity of the enemy. Scarcely had the light cavalry ascended the acclivity, when Cossacks showed themselves on the ridge, who precipitately retreated as they saw the British approach; the Hussars quickened their pace, which assumed the rapidity of a pursuit as they mounted the crest of the rising ground,

and charged down its southern slope. The horse-artillery, perceiving this movement, a troop hastened to join the cavalry, and soon afterwards the guns opened upon the Russians. The light division, advancing at a run, crested the ridge of the ascent, and drew up in line as spectators of the scene in the wide steppe below. Two thousand Cossacks, with a numerous and well-appointed horse-artillery, drew up as if to dispute the progress of the advanced guard of the allies; their guns opened, which were replied to by the few 6-pounders which had arrived at the front, and our cavalry, just half the number of the enemy, offered battle. Some shot and shell fell among our guns and cavalry; seven men were wounded, and several horses were rolled over upon the plain. It was afterwards ascertained that twenty-five men and thirty-five horses belonging to the enemy were hit. The carbines of the 11th Hussars principally inflicted this loss, for being so well mounted, they rode in small detachments very near to the Cossacks, and fired, retiring with impunity. Lord Raglan ordered a halt, and the Cossacks kept at a distance from the guns and carbines of the British. The army took up a position behind the slopes of the slight acclivity which the light division had surmounted, the cavalry were recalled, and the troops bivouacked. Patrols of cavalry were again sent forward, and observed the Cossacks slowly ascending another acclivity, upon the ridge of which the enemy showed himself in strength. Towards dusk, the right of the Russian line extended itself cautiously; and a movement against his flank being apprehended by Lord Raglan, the divisions on his extreme left had to abandon their bivouac fires, and fall back until that wing rested upon the Bulganak, presenting a front upon the left of the line sufficient to give a satisfactory reception to any meditated attack.

The first night of the march southward was spent quietly. The soldiers on the extreme left again piled up such materials as they could collect for watch fires. Groups gathered round them until a late hour, and talked of home, and kindred, and country, of the enemy, and the morrow. Some died by those bivouac fires on that calm and lovely night, as its dews fell upon the sleepers; for the British had no tents—they lay upon the bare earth, wrapped in their greatcoats, such as had the good fortune to possess them. At this time there were good blankets in store, of which the government had provided a liberal supply, but a small portion of which ever reached the soldiery: Quartermaster-general Airey, and his assistant, the Honourable Colonel Gordon, being of opinion that the men could keep themselves warm by huddling together, and did not require extra supplies of blankets. Rugs of an excellent

quality had also been supplied by the home government, but the men never got them, for the sapient reason that there was nothing said about rugs in the regulations of the service. The next morning many men had to drop behind from sickness, and as there were no ambulances, and no arrangements for their safety, a portion of them must have perished on the steppe. This would have been the fate of others, perhaps of all, but for the generous sympathy of our allies, not only French but Turks.

The advance of the army in the way it now proceeded was a violation of all the old rules of war, but an innovation justified by all the circumstances of the case. In war it is an axiom that an army must not advance without establishing points of support, with which the communications must be sedulously preserved. The place for the debarkation of stores should, by precedent, have been entrenched and occupied in force while the army proceeded. A body of troops should also have been detached to the extreme left, to prevent the enemy from outflanking the advancing army, and throwing themselves upon its lines of communication. In the present march, the attendance of a powerful steam navy obviated the necessity of these precautions. The army had a *movable* point of support in its fleet, and therefore did not require a place of arms in its rear. Its line of communication was in fact the coast; its basis of operations was the sea. If the enemy had attacked the left wing in overpowering force, it would have fallen back, so that the army might form a line parallel with the sea, and under cover of the guns of the fleet. If a general action were fought in such a position, the vertical fire of the ships would prove destructive to the enemy, as no force of field-artillery could compete with them. Our French allies rested their right wing upon the sea, while the extreme left of the British extended upon the wild steppe; and the whole army operated in perfect confidence that it could advance or re-embark as the fortune of war, and the exigencies of its condition, might determine.

On the morning of the 20th, as day dawned, columns of smoke were seen ascending in different directions from Tartar villages burnt by the receding Cossacks; and not only were the villages destroyed, but the peaceful people were plundered and maltreated by their ostensible protectors. Colonel Beckwith, an officer of merit, was borne through the camp at early dawn to the sea-shore, and placed on board a boat belonging to the *Orinoco*, in which ship he died; cholera attacked him soon after he lay down by his watch-fire. Officers as well as men arose from the damp long grass stiffened and chilled, and the troops, officers and men,

looked haggard and worn, as if they had undergone the hardships of a protracted campaign. The first sounds, on the morning of the 20th, were those of the tools of the sappers, miners, and pioneers, as they levelled the banks of the Bulganak, to make a passage for the artillery; the hum of voices crept along the line as the men stood to their arms; rumours that a general action might in a few hours be expected ran through the divisions, and all were busily discussing its probability when Marshal St. Arnaud appeared in front of the British. He had been to the Russian post-house, where Lord Raglan held his quarters, to confer upon the expected operations, and as he rode along the British front he was enthusiastically cheered. He appeared to inspect the appearance of the troops with deep interest, and seemed struck by the sickly and chilled aspect which they bore. His own soldiers had comfortable tents, their rations well cooked, and served out with regularity and system; the British were in nearly as much confusion as the morning before, in the preparation of their hasty repast, and many marched on without any refreshment whatever. Lieutenant Peard, of the 20th regiment, returning from a picket by the banks of the Bulganak, relates that, but for a pot of coffee shared with him by the quartermaster of the regiment, he believes that he must have sunk down exhausted at the beginning of the march. Marshal St. Arnaud seemed much pleased with the reception given him by the English soldiery, and it appeared also to gratify Lord Raglan, for his fine countenance was lighted up with a glow of confidence and pleasure. Passing the 88th regiment (the Connaught Rangers), the marshal exclaimed, "English, I hope you will fight well to-day!" the expression seemed to grate upon the ears of that fire-eating corps, and a voice half angry loudly exclaimed from the ranks—"Sure, your honour, we will; do we not always fight well?"

At length the allies began their march, over ground similar in character to that which they had already traversed; the horizon, however, being more frequently bounded by the ridges of elevations gradually ascending from the steppe, but not deserving the appellation of hills. The scene of the advance was even more picturesque and brilliant than the day before; the long lines of bayonets glistening in the sun were most imposing, the sabres and lances of the cavalry flashing above them, and, out at sea, the fleets moving onward to afford support when required: the whole presented a sight most gorgeous—it was a grand moving panorama, never to be forgotten by any whose fortune it was to be spectators. As one solitary grassy ridge after another was overtopped, and the line of the river Alma approached, the

excitement of the host increased, for it was whispered throughout the army that the Russians had resolved to defend the passage of the Alma, and had occupied its overlooking heights in formidable force. The French moved along a good road by the sea-shore; the Turks marched partly in reserve of the French, and partly in advance of the British right, for the line presented an oblique front as it moved, the coast line being the most direct. A little before noon the Turks in advance of the British right approached a jutting elevation, where a sharp, steep cliff descended to the shore. Suddenly a steamer opened fire, sweeping the edge of the cliffs with its guns; there was no enemy in sight, but the vigilance of the sister-service was thus exercised, lest a concealed force might there dispute the advance of the Turks from a favourable position. The troops moving upon the Alma by its disemboisement here passed it, and took up a position upon the left flank of the enemy. Soon afterwards the British topped the last of those grassy ridges which we have already described, and the scene of the approaching conflict was at once presented to view in its natural beauty and the artificial array of war. The plain from the slopes of this ridge was level for more than a mile, where the ground dipped towards the river, forming a valley rich in vegetation, and clothed with orchards and vineyards.

On the opposite side of the river arose a double line of heights. The first were high, steep, green hillocks, covered with plateaux, upon which masses of Russian troops were posted, and powerful batteries commanded the whole of the low grounds on the southern banks of the Alma. Behind these fortified plateaux rose another range of elevations, steeper and more rugged, but communicating by paths and tracks with the smooth knolls on the range below. On this second range reserves of infantry were posted, and some batteries. Masses of cavalry occupied the knolls in support of the infantry, who were ranged behind the batteries. Along the whole front of the British this was the character of the Russian position.

From the French lines the aspect of the enemy's position was different. The double range of elevations were there also to be seen, but the lower range was more precipitous, naturally stronger, and requiring less assistance from art to resist an attack. From the steepness of the sides of these knolls, guns could not well be placed in battery by their defenders; but they occupied the plateaux with fieldpieces and infantry, without cavalry, for which the nature of the ground was not so suited as on the line opposed to the British. On the second range of heights reserves of infantry were also posted, as in front of the

English. The two ranges merged as they approached the sea, where the bank terminated in a cliff almost perpendicular, traversed only by a narrow path, up which it was impossible to pass except in single file. Along these paths the Turks crept, and found no enemy, as the Russians either deemed the summit inaccessible, or knowing that any troops posted there would be attacked by the guns of the fleet, they did not occupy it. The enemy had for three weeks been leisurely preparing these lines for a desperate defence; they were the Torres Vedras of Prince Menschikoff, the Russian commander-in-chief. He fortified to the utmost a position which nature had, as we have shown above, made most formidable to an assailing army, whatever its numbers or quality. The Russian batteries were generally armed with 24 and 32-pounders, which were supported by howitzers. The declivities to the river's bank were occupied with skirmishers, armed with two-groove rifles, carrying a solid conical ball seven or eight hundred yards. Trees were felled and laid across the track over which the troops must advance when storming the positions; and piles of wood were set on fire as soon as the action commenced, drifting clouds of blinding smoke into the faces of the assailants. How troops could conquer such a position may well excite the astonishment of all who make themselves acquainted with it. How any general of skill could lose such a position before an army storming it in front, is also justly a matter of astonishment. We feel convinced that had the allied armies been placed upon those heights, the whole force of Russia could not have expelled them.

It was remarkable that the Russians displayed no colours, as our army afterwards learned lest a single stand should by any chance be borne off by the allies. The British and French displayed their standards, and the fire of the Russians was incessantly directed upon them; hence many officers felt who had the perilous honour of carrying their country's ensigns on that bloody day. The confidence of the Russian chief and of his troops was so high, notwithstanding that he was so careful of his colours, that he had invited parties of friends from Sebastopol to witness how his batteries would sweep the enemy from the level banks of the northern side of the river. Many ladies were actually at the head-quarters of the Russian army, and witnessed the approach of the allies, which was described as magnificent from that point of view. The celerity of movement on the part of the French, and the compact and solid appearance of the red masses of the British contrasted, so as to make up the picture as a whole with the more impressive effect. When the ladies saw that the allies

were not swept from the field by Prince Menschikoff's batteries, but were pressing with determined resolution over the boundary which separated the contending hosts, they thought it time to retire and consult their safety, which soon rendered a rapid flight necessary, contrary to all the vain-glorious promises of the redoubtable Menschikoff, and the cherished but delusive expectations of protection from the holy Vladimir.

About noon the French light division came in sight of the village of Almatamak, and soon after the British light division sighted the village of Busliak, both situated on the right bank of the river. The advance of the British, as they arrived upon the ridge from which they first beheld the enemy's position, was in this order: It came on in columns of brigades; on its left the cavalry, and detachments of artillery; on its right was the extreme left of the French army: an area of five or six miles was occupied. The light and second division led; the first (the Guards and Highlanders) and third followed; the fourth was in reserve. The leading division was about a mile in advance of the heads of columns of the fourth division. The action may be said to have commenced about noon, by the French fleet cannonading the heights, which they continued to do for an hour and a half without any loss, but inflicting considerable injury upon the Russians, the shells bursting among the masses of the Russian infantry. This enabled the French light infantry to scale the heights and take the enemy in flank; and for a considerable time their advance was but little impeded by his fire. A body of Russian infantry formed in a hollow was unseen by the French, and was just about to open fire upon them, under circumstances which would have given them great advantage, when a succession of shells from the ships burst over and among them, and in their hurry to escape from the position, they were exposed to a desultory but still deadly fire from the ascending tirailleurs. So rapidly did the Zouaves clamber up the steep precipices, that the enemy was outflanked before any well organised resistance could be made to the daring intruders. Accustomed in Africa to make war among the Arab fastnesses, the Zouaves seemed quite at home in the peculiar duty that devolved upon them, and displayed in its performance the most dauntless courage. They had to encounter one very formidable obstruction. On the top of the ascent there was a small building, used by the Russians as a signal station, and which was not completely built, the scaffolding standing against the walls and near the roof. It afforded an excellent position for the defence; from the scaffolding and the eaves, from every aperture, and from behind the walls of the

fabric, the Russian riflemen kept up an incessant fire. Many of the Zouaves fell around that building as they made one desperate attempt after another to storm it. After several destructive repulses, the place was gained; it was carried by the bayonet, the Russians remaining and maintaining their fire until the Zouaves, entering the building, and climbing the scaffolding, by hand-to-hand encounter terminated the struggle in victory. The Zouaves continued to mount upward, sending before them their leaden heralds, until at last the highest point was gained, the tricolour floated over sea and cliff, and the imperial eagle of France looked proudly over the still contested heights. The appearance and costume of the conquerors have been thus described:—"The Zouave wears a sort of red fez cap, with a roll of cloth at the base to protect the head; a jacket of blue cloth, with red facings, decorated with some simple ornaments, and open in front so as to display the throat, and a waistcoat or under coat of red comes down to the hips. Round his waist a broad silk sash is folded several times, so as to keep up the ample pantaloons and to support the back. The pantaloons of scarlet cloth fit close over the hips, and then expand to the most Dutchman-built dimensions, till they are gathered just below the knee in loose bagging folds, and almost look like a kilt. From the knee to the ankle the leg is protected by a kind of greaves made of stout yellow embroidered leather, laced (with black stripes) down the back, and descending over the shoe. The whole costume is graceful, easy, and picturesque. The men (natives of France, and not Arabs, as many suppose) are young smart fellows, about five feet six inches in height, burnt to a deep copper tint by the rays of an African sun, and wearing the most luxuriant beards, moustaches, and whiskers; it is, however, hard to believe these fierce-looking warriors are Europeans."

While General Bosquet and his Zouaves were storming the face of the cliff, so as to take the Russian army in flank, other divisions of the French were fording the river, to form a junction with him, as his division soon became hard pressed on the plateau, to which they had forced their way. Canrobert, with his own division, and a brigade from General Forey's, crossed the river, where the boats of the French fleet had ascertained in the morning that it was fordable, near the village of Almatamak. Opposite the ford, as the boats' crews had also ascertained in the morning, there was a path by which men or mules could ascend, but only in single file. Up this steep Canrobert's division gallantly made their way, dragging their guns up with incredible toil, being all the while exposed to the fire of the

Russian sharpshooters, and occasionally to that of the Russian fieldpieces on the lesser plateau. Prince Napoleon's division, which was still more to the left, nearer to the British, found another ford, with a similar path ascending immediately from it, but more devious, and winding round nearly to the same spot on the heights to which the track conducted by which Canrobert pressed his ascent. General Canrobert and the Prince making good their ground, driving the Russian riflemen through the cover, Marshal St. Arnaud sent the remaining brigade of Forey's division nearer to the mouth of the river, where crossing they ascended the cliffs from the sea-shore, supporting Bosquet's fatigued and overtasked soldiers. Thus, from three different points, all converging, the Russian left flank was assailed; and, in spite of batteries, the unremitting fire of the rifles from the ravines and cover of the rocks, the volleys of musketry from the infantry drawn up in line, and the demonstrations of heavy cavalry and lancers in support of the other arms of the defence, Canrobert and Prince Napoleon made their upward progress; while Forey's second brigade, unopposed, quickly gained the summit, and poured in upon the Russian flank volley after volley of musketry; the scattered Zouaves of General Bosquet's division were enabled to reform upon the brigade of Forey: and thus the left wing of Prince Menschikoff, taken in front and flank in the most masterly manner, had but little chance of securing a victory, even if the British had been less successful. The Zouaves were still fighting around the telegraph when the first battalions of Canrobert's division arrived to their assistance; and the telegraph was stormed at the moment these battalions made their way, over piles of dead and wounded, to the assistance of their comrades. Farther on to the left, the French bravely seconded the actions of their extreme right; the river was forded, the Russian rifles were driven from beneath the shelving rocks, grape and canister showered into the gullies within which they found shelter; and up the hillsides, exposed to the fire of some splendid batteries of brass guns, 32 and 34-pounders, the French, under the immediate command of St. Arnaud, forced their way. No praise could exceed the merits of the French staff. Too ill to take a more active part himself, St. Arnaud gave clear instructions, which his staff saw executed with punctilious accuracy. These gentlemen rode among the divisions, giving directions, and preventing the slightest irregularity; so that the French moved with the celerity of deer, and with the regularity of clockwork, in the accomplishment of every order given by their chief.

According to the plan of battle agreed upon



between the allied commanders, the attack by the French upon the Russian flank and left wing was to precede, in order, the attempt of the British to storm the heights of the enemy's right and right centre. When Boscquet should make good his ground, and the footing he might secure upon the heights be followed up by larger masses of the French, so as to engage seriously and anxiously the Russian left, putting Prince Menschikoff in alarm from being outflanked, then the British were to profit by the confusion and alarm of the Russians, and storm the heights in their front. Before the British moved to the attack, Prince Menschikoff attempted to execute, in reference to them, the same manœuvre which, on his left flank, the French practised upon him. He detached a powerful force of cavalry and artillery, in fact, the whole of his reserves, for the purpose, upon the left flank of the British. To counteract this danger, Lord Raglan directed the cavalry and a strong detachment of horse artillery to hold them in check; but the light division, and the Guards and Highlanders, were not entirely free from apprehension in that direction, as the enemy's cavalry were four to one in relation to the force under Lord Lucan, and the Russian artillery also possessed a great comparative preponderance. The Earl of Cardigan displayed great activity and excellent management during this operation. Captain Nolan also rendered great services by his superior proficiency in cavalry tactics. To his judicious suggestions it was mainly due that so small a force kept at bay a force so large at a conjuncture so critical. His personal courage was conspicuous; riding out sometimes unattended, or accompanied only by a single orderly dragoon, he reconnoitred the enemy, and vigilantly anticipated every movement.

We have already shown how the action gradually crept along from the sea to the centre of the allied line. While the last movements of the French which we have described were taking place, the British right, advancing, came under fire of the batteries on the knolls which formed the first range of heights in the defence. General Pennefather's brigade of General Evans's division first felt the fire of the enemy. Throwing out the light companies, the enemy's skirmishers retired, setting fire in their retreat to the hamlet which was in front of the Russian centre, but on the right or northern bank of the river. The smoke of the burning hamlet concealed the Russian position, preserved it from the more accurate fire of the British artillery, and prevented the infantry from carrying into effect with certainty any plan they might have formed for storming the heights in that direction. The enemy's artillery having previously secured the range, had

only to fire through the accumulating smoke. General Pennefather caused his men to lie down behind the burning dwellings, and by this means secured them from the overwhelming fire which was directed along the plain sloping to the river. It was the design of General Evans to pass through the village, and ford the Alma at that point; but the conflagration frustrated this plan, and the brigades, separating to the right and left, passed round the flaming hamlet, and took the stream. Pennefather took the right, nearest to the French left, dashed bravely through the eddies which at that point deepened the current, and commenced the terrible ascent under showers of destructive missiles of every sort. General Evans in person wheeled round the left of the burning houses with the other brigade of his division, stimulating the men by that display of heroic courage for which, during fifty years of active service, this most distinguished officer is renowned. The light division passed into the valley, to General Evans's left; this division moved furtively forward, making every cover available, after the manner of light troops, and springing forward when there was the least lull in the roar of the enemy's artillery. Directly in front of the light division was a terrible battery of eighteen brass guns, which had practised the range for days before, and which literally swept the approaches to the river, tearing up the ground in every direction, and sending balls through the ranks of the battalions, which now cautiously but eagerly pressed forward to the struggle. They forded the river in the most difficult place that could have been selected; the bank was abrupt, so that the men had to drop into the water, and, as they did so, sunk to the shoulders; some had to swim, and the wounded, in many instances, sunk to rise no more in life. To the left of the light division, the first division, under the Duke of Cambridge, came up in support at the juncture when the struggle was fiercest. Sir Colin Campbell, who commanded the Highland Brigade, and Sir George Brown, who commanded the light division, displayed great courage, and put forth prodigious exertion; indeed, all the generals of division and brigade rode in front of their men, waving their hats, and intrepidly encouraging the advance, their horses foaming with toil and excitement as their riders spurred them up the perilous ascent. Yet on they go—

“The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain  
Up the repelling bank.”

Both Sir George Brown and Sir Colin Campbell had their horses killed; but both heroes, although contused, led their men, like Ney at Waterloo, sword in hand and on foot, amidst

storms of fire such as seldom has been directed against an attacking host.

The contest in front of the light division assumed a most sanguinary and even doubtful character. The battery before them was covered with an epaulment, the only battery except one other on the rear of the extreme right which was so protected (a thick low bank of earth is thus technically termed). This battery swept the whole British line, and was most skilfully worked. There was not a British regiment in action that did not suffer from its fire. A wide road, lined on either side by a stone wall, separated the first and second divisions (those of the Duke of Cambridge and General Evans). This road led to a bridge, near which also a ford gave facility for the passage of the river. Upon this spot the crossing fire of the Russian batteries converged, showering incessant destruction all around; nor could the troops of either division which reached that spot have lived a moment there, had it not been that the ground suddenly slopes upward in a direction opposite to the Russian line of fire, so that the balls glanced off in the angle of accident, smiting only those who were immediately near the spot where they fell. This formidable fire was counteracted to some extent by the British batteries, under Captains Franklin and Turner, which were brought up behind the village. But few men of either battery escaped the struggle. Their fire was marked by the most splendid precision, every shot falling into the 18-gun battery, and causing its fire to slacken. While the struggle was maintained by the second and light divisions, and the Russian batteries were mowing down our men as the sickle of the reaper removes the corn, Lord Raglan, whose personal courage throughout the day reflected upon him the highest honour, crossed the river between the French left and the British right, whence he could see the Russian batteries in reverse. To that position he ordered two guns to be moved, and opened upon the Russian batteries and the infantry of their centre. This occurred just as the Russian left was driven back by the united efforts of Bosquet, Canrobert, and Prince Napoleon. The effect was most telling: these two guns were worked with consummate skill, and great rapidity of fire; every shot told. Lances were literally opened through the Russian battalions, causing the artillerymen to flinch; and the batteries also suffered, several of the guns being quickly dismounted. Two British field-batteries, stationed on the left, were brought up to the second division; and unlimbering on the side of the road already described, also opened upon the 18-gun battery, and the infantry stationed to support it.

The position of the Russians on that part of

the defence now became desperate. Assailed in front by four British batteries, served in the perfection of artillery practice, taken in reverse by the guns under the immediate direction of Lord Raglan, and the French pressing forward on the left flank with a destructive fire of artillery and musketry, they began to retire. While yet they were preparing to remove the cannon from the 18-gun battery, Brigadier-general Codrington led his brigade to the epaulment under a terrible fire of musketry, and bursting in, charged the enemy with the bayonet. Captain Bell had the honour of capturing the first gun. The masses of Russian infantry in support poured in volleys of musketry; and after the brigade lost 600 men, it was forced to retire from the unequal conflict. At this critical juncture the Duke of Cambridge, with his division, arrived, and Codrington's brigade, forming under cover of its attack, advanced again to the charge. The Guards and Highlanders divided, the one entering by one flank of the battery, and the other at its opposite side. Each brigade seemed eager for the honour of the danger, but Sir Colin Campbell, waving his hat, cried aloud to his men, "We'll hae nane but Hieland bonnets here!" and his brave Highlanders, as if the words were an inspiration, dashed onward with a deafening cheer; and as the Guards secured the recaptured guns, the Highlanders, bringing their bayonets to the charge, rushed upon the Russian infantry, who turned and fled before they felt the steel. It was afterwards said by the prisoners that they took them for cavalry, because of their strange dress; and not being able to form to receive cavalry, turned and fled. Codrington's brigade was again upon the track of the enemy, and passing over the spot where so many of their gallant comrades fell, they opened a destructive fire upon the Russian infantry; and other regiments coming up, a line was formed upon the ground by the brigades of Guards, and those of Codrington and Pennefather. The Highlanders, more to the left, were menaced by cavalry. At this period the Russian infantry reserves, which had earlier in the action attempted to outflank the British left, now advanced upon the tired troops who stood panting and exhausted upon the bloody slopes their matchless valour won. The moment was critical; Lord Raglan observed it, and anxiously inquired from the commandant of artillery if some guns could not be brought up the slope so as to open fire upon the Russian column. Being answered in the affirmative, the order was given, and skilfully executed. Just as the dark compact Russian column descended the slopes where the decimated and toil-struck brigades were ready to receive it, and contend for the maintenance of the position they had won, the

guns ordered up by Lord Raglan played upon it with destructive energy, rendering it impossible for any formation to be preserved; the column ultimately turned, and, covered by the cavalry, withdrew. Another dense mass of Russian infantry seemed resolved upon an obstinate defence, when it halted in a ravine upon the British right, close to the outflanking French. This body of troops halted, as was afterwards learned, not from gallantry, but stupidity; their commander became bewildered, as he was in imminent risk of being placed between the French and British. He was not only puzzled himself, but he puzzled his enemies by the simplicity of his conduct; for Sir De Lacy Evans, who was upon the extreme right of the army, twice commanded the British guns to be silent, fearing that they were firing upon our allies. The Russians, taking heart, delivered a volley of musketry, and received in return shot and shell from the English cannon, causing terrible havoc among them. They fled, pursued by the artillery—the infantry was too much fatigued to follow; but as the body of the enemy's infantry retired from the scene of battle, they lost great numbers of men from the fire of our guns. The Russians were now swept off their positions along the whole line from their extreme left; but they made front on the rear of their extreme right, being greatly favoured in the operation by the aid of their cavalry. Our own cavalry, so useful in the earlier stages of the action, in guarding the British left flank, made no effort to harass the enemy at the close of the struggle. The honour of finishing the battle of the Alma fell to the lot of the Highland brigade; they stormed a battery of seven guns in the rear of the Russian right. This battery, referred to before as being covered by an epaulment, opposed to the Highlanders a heavy and death-dealing resistance; but it was carried by Sir Colin and his blue bonnets at the point of the bayonet. The last stand made by the Russian infantry was in front of the Highlanders, after they had stormed the 7-gun battery; it was an unfortunate attempt to redeem a lost day, for the whole brigade threw in a close volley upon them, which covered the field with the fallen where the stand was so vainly made. Yet notwithstanding the signal success of our infantry, the Russians carried away all their guns but three; this they were enabled to effect by the numbers and efficiency of their cavalry. Lieutenant Peard complains, in his interesting narrative, "that we had plenty of cavalry, but not where they were wanted." Marshal St. Arnaud, in a private letter, bitterly deplored the want of a few squadrons. The 1000 British horse might have harassed the enemy, especially as the horse-artillery pursued until

they were themselves in danger from the Cossacks. Too much was expected from Lord Lucan's weak division of troopers by his critics, but beyond doubt too little was attempted. Guns and prisoners might have been captured, and if not to any very great extent, yet the beaten foe would have been still more disheartened if any show had been made of a cavalry pursuit.

Lieutenant Edwards, of the artillery, captured a Russian general at the close of the day, who was hiding himself, crouched beside his horse, which had thrown him. Lord Raglan rode up and addressed the general, who admitted that the Russian army numbered about 50,000 men at the beginning of the action. He said no man in the Russian army believed that the position could have been stormed by the allies; and then pausing, as if to account for their success, he added, "But we came to fight men, and not devils!" The principal trophy was the carriage of the Russian commander-in-chief, Prince Menschikoff. The St. Petersburg papers have since denied that the commander had any carriage, alleging that the equipage captured belonged to a civil servant of distinction, sent with despatches to the military chief. Be this as it may, Prince Menschikoff's papers were found in it. In a copy of a despatch to the emperor, discovered amongst them, the prince assures his majesty that if his position on the heights of Alma were not altogether impregnable, it would at least detain the allies three weeks.

The battle was seen from the fleet, and the descriptions given by those who beheld it from that point of view represent the scene as magnificent. There seemed no ebb of battle; the tide rose upward until its resistless wave swept every impediment away. Mr. Layard, the distinguished Eastern scholar and antiquarian, and not less distinguished as a patriotic member of the House of Commons, was on board the *Agamemnon* while the heights were stormed. The author of *Lothian* rode with Lord Raglan's staff throughout the day; Mr. Russell, the *Times*' correspondent, and other literary gentlemen of note, also shared the dangers of the field, as military amateurs, or in the performance of their duty as correspondents to the press.

Prince Menschikoff retired from the field much chagrined and humbled, but with exclamations of furious hatred to the allies, and thirst for revenge. This bigoted and tyrannical man, in his selfwill and over confidence, committed great military faults, and thereby lost a position one of the easiest to maintain which an army ever occupied. Long after the military and naval career of the prince had closed, and that of his autocratic master had also terminated, the succeeding czar,

Alexander II., bitterly upbraided the obstinacy of judgment and general incompetency of the humiliated chief. The occasion of giving a brief notice of the Menschikoff family here presents itself. We quote an American serial of superior reputation for the literature of war and politics:—"The first Menschikoff has now been more than a century dead, yet there are those alive who can say that they have seen him face to face, fresh in colour, and in form as when he lived. After the death of Catherine I., he, with his whole family, was banished to Siberia. He died in exile at Berezov, in 1729. No stone, not even a wooden cross, marked the place of his last abode. But tradition preserved a record of it, and in 1821 the curiosity of a governor of Tobolsk caused his remains to be disturbed. At Beresow (in nearly 64 degrees of north latitude), beneath a few feet from the surface, the ground never thaws; and Menschikoff's body having been deposited in this region of perpetual ice, was found, after he had been ninety-two years entombed, perfectly unchanged. The greater part of his apparel, his eyebrows, and his heart, were transmitted to his descendants. If they could have reanimated the brain of the *ci-devant* pieman, and bestowed it upon his princely descendants, the gift might have been of some value. The first Menschikoff had some features in common with his descendant, who was lately used as an instrument to set the world together by the ears. It seems generally admitted that the rude seaman sent to Constantinople is a sincere bigot, and that craftier men, relying upon his bigotry and rudeness, employed him on a mission where such qualities were sure to provoke a quarrel. The first Menschikoff preserved, amid all his changes of fortune, the deep devotion of the Russian *mujik* to his church. During his exile at Berezov he was incessant in his endeavours, by acts of voluntary humiliation, to make atonement for the more questionable acts of his prosperous days. He worked with his own hands at the erection of the first small wooden church reared at Berezov; he officiated as sexton in it after it was finished; and, at his own request, his body was deposited before its door, where every worshipper must tread over it on entering, without any mark to show where it had been placed."

The strategic and tactical conduct of the Russian forces at the Alma, and the general incompetency of the Russian officers, have been thus criticised by another American publication of note:—"The Russian army has among its officers the very best and the very worst men, only that the former are present in an infinitesimally small proportion. What the Russian government thinks of its officers it

has plainly and unmistakeably shown in its own tactical regulations. These regulations do not merely prescribe a general mode of placing a brigade, division, or army corps in action, a so-called 'normal disposition,' which the commander is expected to vary according to the ground and other circumstances, but they prescribe different normal dispositions of all the different cases possible, leaving the general no choice whatever, and tying him down in a manner which, as much as possible, takes all responsibility from his shoulders. Any army corps, for instance, can be arranged in battle in five different ways, according to the regulations; and at the Alma the Russians were actually arrayed according to one of them—the third disposition—and, of course, they were beaten. The mania of prescribing abstract rules for all possible cases, leaves so little liberty of action to the commander, and even forbids him to use advantages of ground to such an extent that a Prussian general, in criticising it, says—"Such a system of regulations can be tolerated in an army only the majority of whose generals are so imbecile that the government cannot safely entrust them with an unconditional command, or leave them to their own judgment."

On the part of the allies the battle was conducted with equal skill and valour. Perhaps less loss of life might have occurred if the British had not attacked quite so soon. The arrangements between the two generals-in-chief required that the French should make good their ground upon the left flank of the enemy, so as to engage him in a contest of such a nature as would greatly lessen his capacity to resist the British upon his right and centre. Before the French had perfectly accomplished the task assigned to them in these arrangements, Lord Raglan, becoming impatient, ordered the troops to advance. The object of his lordship was to diminish the probability of loss of life, as the men were suffering much, where they lay upon the ground for cover from the fire of the Russian batteries, when this order was given. It is likely that had the order been delayed, the second and light divisions might have been spared many of their braves who fell in crossing the turbid Alma, and in ascending the fortified steeps beyond. The allies were greatly favoured by the weather; never did a finer day show light to warriors. Had not the morning been so serene, the boats would not have been able to go in and sound the fords and examine the cliffs, nor the ships to direct so steady a fire upon the steeps which faced the sea. The whole field of action presented facilities for the attack, the ground being hard and dry, which conduced to success. This was strikingly exemplified by the narrative of Colonel Hamley, in the following

reference to the fact, when at a subsequent period he compared the various events and circumstances of the campaign:—"A review of the past convinces me that with the means we had the course taken was a right one, and that we may consider ourselves fortunate in having been impelled into it. Throughout the war very little foresight is apparent, if any has been used. There has been little opportunity for free action, and once begun, all seems the result of sheer necessity, like the descent of a *Montagne Russe*. The chance character of the campaign is notably illustrated by the state of the weather on the day and hour when I write this—noon, on the anniversary of the Alma. Last night, the anniversary of our bivouac on the Bulganak, was a night of winter's cold, storm, and rain; and to-day the dreary drenched plains are thick with mud, while over them still whistles a chilling wind, driving sharp showers before it. Had that season been as this, we should have advanced upon the foe, not as then, with a bright sun and a firm soil, but over boggy plains, our limbs, cramped by the stresses of the previous night, scarcely enabling us to lift our mud-laden feet to the margin of the Alma, where we should have found a turbid, swollen flood, instead of a clear stream, while the vineyards on its overflowed banks would have been a vast swamp. Such circumstances might well have changed the fate of the day and the war."

The sun set on the 20th of September upon sorrowful scenes on the banks of the Alma. The whole field of combat was strewn with the wounded and the dead. On the right bank most of the wounded British had been borne to the rear during the engagement, but in the vicinity of the stream, and close around the ruins of the burned hamlets, killed and wounded men of the light and second divisions were numerous. Ascending the slopes the red-coats lay thickly, especially in patches where the range of the enemy's guns was sure, and around the contested batteries sad havoc had been made among our brave men. About the 18-gun battery and its epaulment there lay a heap of British fallen, and on the slope ascending to the most hotly-contested spot numbers of the men of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, the 23rd Royal Fusiliers, and the 33rd, or Duke of Wellington's Own, had fallen. In some of the ravines and gullies formed by the action of the rivulets which seek the current of the Alma, might be seen small groups of our soldiers who had died in every attitude of struggle, and surrounded by generally thrice their number of Russians. These British soldiers had been fallen upon by superior force, detached from their battalions, and sold their lives dearly, as the scene of conflict proved. To the far left of the British position, where

the Guards stormed the battery, which, like the 18-gun battery to the British right, had an epaulment, there was a line of shakos marking where a whole rank of the gallant Guards were swept down beneath grape and canister as they advanced to the storm. Farther to the left, a few Highland bonnets marked the spot where the brave Scots had closed the fight, pouring the final volley upon the wavering foe. If the appearance of the field testified that the British had won a difficult victory, it also proved the severity of the Russian loss. The Russians mainly fell by round-shot and the bayonet. Our musketry did comparatively little execution, the infantry having pressed on through storms of shell and shot, relying on the bayonet, our artillery covering their approach, and tearing asunder the dense columns of the enemy's infantry when attempting to support his batteries. There was no part of the field where the British had left their killed and wounded, except the right bank and the left margin of the river, where the Russian dead, dying, and wounded, were not far more numerous. The 18-gun battery was choked with piles of Russian slain; the resistance here was desperate, and in and around this blood-stained spot the British bayonet had inflicted extensive slaughter. In one of the ravines or gullies already referred to there lay a heap of the enemy, where it would seem as if they had been caught as in a trap, and had fallen under heavy discharges of musketry. On the plateau to the extreme right of the enemy's position, where the heavy column had formed which was so opportunely broken by the guns directed against it under the immediate orders of Lord Raglan, a very great number lay about the field horribly mutilated by round-shot; and to the extreme Russian right about fifty lay dead in line, who had fallen under the last volley of the Highlanders.

Near the sea the aspect of the field was similar, except that the proportion of Russians who had fallen before the arms of our allies was not by any means so large; but on one spot—the telegraph station—the dead of both French and Russians lay thickly strewn. The entrance was barred by fallen Russians, and in every compartment of the building they covered the floor. Some hundreds of killed lay in a hollow near at hand, presenting a sight which might appal the stoutest heart. The French set up a large stone on the plain beyond the signal tower, on which they inscribed "*Victoire de l'Alma*."

The 21st and 22nd were spent in removing the wounded, or dressing their wounds where they lay. The French removed their wounded with the greatest care, in ambulances suitable for such a purpose; every surgical and medical

appliance was available; the most perfect order and organisation marked everything. In fact, our allies were ready to march in pursuit of the Russians on the morning of the 21st; Marshal St. Arnaud being of opinion that it was desirable to do so, in order to prevent them taking up a still stronger position on the heights of the Katcha river; but Lord Raglan was unable to move until the 23rd, as his army was nearly entirely destitute of all that an army ought to have in such circumstances. There seemed to have been no foresight, no organisation; many perished of their wounds upon the field where they fell, and many died on board ship, because of the delay in attending to them, and the miserable condition in which they were placed when surgical aid was at last provided. Richer in the resources of peace or war than our ally, our army felt poverty-pinched and wretchedly provided in every way, and the result was delay at a moment when, had the enemy been followed up as Marshal St. Arnaud was prepared to follow him, he would have entered Sebastopol disheartened and broken, and our army might possibly have entered with him. Lord Raglan, in a despatch subsequent to the engagement, gave the following unsatisfactory reason for the destitution of his army:—

“My anxiety to bring into the country every cavalry and infantry soldier who was available, prevented me from embarking their baggage-animals, and these officers have with them at this moment nothing but what they can carry, and they, equally with the men, are without tents or covering of any kind. I have not heard a single murmur. All seem impressed with the necessity of the arrangement; and they feel, I trust, satisfied that I shall bring up their bat-horses at the earliest moment. The conduct of the troops has been admirable. When it is considered that they have suffered severely from sickness during the last two months; that, since they landed in the Crimea, they have been exposed to the extremes of wet, cold, and heat; that the daily toil to provide themselves with water has been excessive; and that they have been pursued by cholera to the very battle-field, I do not go beyond the truth in declaring that they merit the highest commendation. In the ardour of attack they forgot all they had endured, and displayed that high courage, that gallant spirit, for which the British soldier is ever distinguished, and, under the heaviest fire, they maintained the same determination to conquer as they had exhibited before they went into action.”

It would be difficult to conceive of anything more absurd than the first sentence of the above extract. In order to bring every available man into the field, all are brought there in such a plight, as to field equipage, that a large number cannot be expected to be “available” after

the first day of hard weather, and so totally unprovided with means to succour the wounded that, upon the first field of victory, hundreds perished who would otherwise have lived to serve their country. The statement in the same extract, that no man murmured, was true as to any unmanly repining, or unwillingness to encounter the severest hardships which the service of their country required; but was far from being true as to the feeling men and officers entertained of the arrangements which left them to undergo such misery, while Frank and Turk were provided with tent and transport, and the ambulances of our careful ally showed what ought also to have been provided in the British army. If the anxiety of Lord Raglan to bring every available man into the field caused him to leave everything but men and arms behind, how deficient in zeal for his country and the allied cause Marshal St. Arnaud must have been, in taking care to secure means of transport, tents, ambulances, and medical stores! We have no hesitation in pronouncing which course was the more worthy of a great general and a zealous patriot,—the vast number of lives saved in the army of St. Arnaud, and the number of British lives saved by his assistance, sufficiently decides.

Many of the wounded Russians were conveyed to Odessa, Admiral Deans Dundas addressing to the governor of the place a letter, requesting that on the score of humanity they should be received as non-combatants until exchanged. The condition in which these poor wounded prisoners were delivered up to the governor was horrible beyond description. The St. Petersburg journals, not knowing that the British soldiers were no better off, denounced in angry and indignant terms the mock humanity of landing men whose wounds were bandaged with hay and straw, so that gangrene supervened in almost all cases, scarcely any having received any medical or surgical treatment that deserved the name. It was not, however, want of humanity on the part of the British nation, as the St. Petersburg authorities subsequently acknowledged, which caused the barbarous scenes witnessed at Odessa upon the landing of these wounded men; it was the incapacity of those to whom the British nation entrusted its affairs at home and abroad.

When the British army commenced its march from the Alma, Dr. Thompson bravely remained with the Russian wounded who lay behind upon the field, without a tent to shelter him, tending with unwearied assiduity his fallen foes. This heroic and humane man died of cholera soon after he reached Balaklava. The pestilence followed our armies to the Alma; it actually sought its victims upon the field of battle; and brave and useful men, high upon

the lists of authority and renown, perished from its stroke, who had escaped the carnage of the conflict. Among these was Brigadier-general Tylden, of the Engineers, one of the most useful officers in the British army. Numbers of the men fell victims to the pestilence on the night of the 20th, and on the two following days.

The moral influence of the victory was felt by all the armies engaged. The Russians were awed and astonished at the daring of the allies, especially of the British. The French were loud in their praises of the dauntless heroism of their English competitors for fame. St. Arnaud is represented to have said, "It was well you

English had to storm the heights in front; no other troops could have effected it in such a manner." Canrobert exclaimed, "Could I but have the honour of commanding an English division for a single campaign, I should attain my highest ambition!" These panegyrics were deserved; never men fought with finer courage, or sense of duty more stern. The contempt of danger was such, that were we to attempt to give any extensive narrative of its display, our records would read like pages of romance—

"Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
As fearlessly and well."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONGRATULATIONS OF THE COMMANDERS.—TIDINGS OF THE BATTLE BORNE THROUGH EUROPE.—THE DESPATCHES OF THE GENERALS.—EXPRESSIONS OF APPROBATION TO THEIR ARMIES BY THE ALLIED GOVERNMENTS.—SPIRIT OF THE BRITISH TROOPS, AS EVINCED BY THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MEN.

"Oh forget not the field where they perished,  
The truest and best of the brave."—MOORE.

THE congratulations of the commanders of the allied armies, of the generals of divisions, and the officers and men generally, formed an interesting episode in the events after the battle. Each host was full of admiration at the skill and bravery of the other. Perhaps the British were more struck with the skill than even the heroism of their allies, while the French expressed unbounded praise of the intrepidity of the English. In the previous chapter it was noticed that Lord Raglan anticipated the time agreed upon for the British attack. It is curious that just at that moment St. Arnaud became anxious for the division of Bosquet, and for the troops of Canrobert's and Forey's divisions which had been sent to support it, and directed one of his staff to urge upon Lord Raglan an immediate and vigorous advance, as the Russians were pouring down in support of their extreme left in numbers sufficient to overwhelm the French troops there opposed to them. Great was the satisfaction of St. Arnaud when he saw the divisions of Generals Evans and Brown rising from the ground, where they were recumbent, to escape the enemy's shot and shell, and, as he expressed it, "Like a sea of fire surging upwards against the batteries of the foe, destroying every obstacle to its course." Frequently did the French marshal revert, in conversation with the staff of both armies, "to the inspiring sight of the British advance." These encomiums were justified, especially when it is remembered that the troops were not veterans; for few of them had ever been in action before, although most of the generals and superior

officers, and many of the regimental officers, had been made acquainted with battle in India and at the Cape.

The divisions of Generals England and Cathcart (the third and fourth) having been kept in reserve, took little part, but had a complete view of the whole action; and the generals, officers, and men of these divisions, were filled with admiration at the valour displayed by their countrymen. They were also struck with the hardihood of many of the soldiers of the second, light, and first divisions, who, wounded early in the conflict, were carried to the rear, but when their wounds were dressed, limped back to follow their regiments into the thick of battle, or "falling in" with the reserve divisions, waited for the moment when they might again be brought to the charge. Several of these brave fellows crept far to the front of the third and fourth divisions, and lay on the grass watching the fight, and cheering as loudly as their weakness permitted when they saw their comrades rise from rock to rock, conquering their way up every steep, in the face of batteries and the dense columns of infantry by which they were supported. Marshal St. Arnaud, writing home to his government, expressed the highest opinion of British valour; he represented them as having fought "like gods;" the enemy represented them as having fought "like devils;" each in his own temper, and with his own view of the spirit that actuated them, bearing testimony to the fierce and indomitable courage which the English infantry and artillery displayed. The encomium passed by Marshal St. Arnaud upon

the British commander-in-chief was also deserved. "The bravery of Lord Raglan rivals that of antiquity; amidst an incessant shower of balls and bullets his coolness never forsook him." The estimate formed by the British chief of the French commander was thus expressed in a letter to the Duke of Newcastle: "I will not attempt to describe the movements of the French army—this will be done by an abler hand; but it is due to them to say that their operations were eminently successful, and that, under the guidance of their distinguished commander, they manifested the utmost gallantry, the utmost ardour for the attack, and the high military qualities for which they are so famed."

While the allies had thus new grounds for mutual admiration and esteem, the naval and military character of the enemy fell in the opinion of both. The plan of battle on the part of Prince Menschikoff was bad; the strong positions were only well defended so long as the Russian troops were under the impression, which their officers had before inculcated, that they were impregnable. As soon as they saw the indomitable spirit of the British conquering obstacles which Menschikoff deemed insurmountable, they removed their guns, to protect which they fought desperately,—as one of the maxims of the Russian army is never to lose a gun to the enemy, whatever number of men may be lost in its defence. As soon as the guns were brought off, under the protection of their powerful cavalry, the infantry became completely disorganised, and fled *en masse* at the approach of the British horse-artillery.

On the field, after the battle, the conduct of the wounded Russians was infamous. Many of our men and officers were murdered by them while engaged in assisting them by binding their wounds or offering them refreshment. A writer who made himself conversant with these circumstances, by collating a great number of different accounts, thus reviews the information furnished to him, both as to the generosity of the conquerors and the ingratitude of the vanquished:—"Nothing could exceed the kindness of the British officers towards the Russian wounded, which was in some instances responded to in the most ferocious way. One man fired at and deliberately wounded an artilleryman, who had just given him some water to quench his thirst; an indignant Guardsman immediately knocked his brains out. Another instance is mentioned of a Russian soldier, severely wounded, soliciting of a marine some water to drink, and whilst he was in the act of turning him round, the ungrateful wretch shot him dead; the marine's comrade instantly revenged it by killing him at once. But the most melancholy instance of

the sort was that of Sir A. Young, who was shot by a wounded Russian, to whom he was about to offer a cup of water. Of the Russians wounded, about 700 were placed in a vineyard near the river, and provisions were sent them by the English general, even when our men were dying from the want of proper attention."

The tidings of the battle excited the most lively joy as they were borne through Europe, except amongst the armies and in the courts of Germany, southern Italy, and the Netherlands. The officers of the Austrian and Prussian armies could scarcely be restrained from wearing some emblems of mourning. The courts of Berlin and Vienna in vain endeavoured to suppress their chagrin. In Munich, Dresden, and other petty capitals of Germany, the feeling produced among the royal circles was dismay. But in no cities in Europe did sympathy with the beaten Russ show itself so openly as in Athens, Naples, and Florence. Otho and his queen drooped in despair; "King Bomba" shut himself up, refusing to be seen even by his courtiers. The Duke of Tuscany could scarcely be restrained, by the Austrian minister reminding him of the consequences, from insulting such British subjects as were at Florence. At Brussels the court played a double game; congratulating the Western powers, but leaving the courts of Germany and Russia the impression that an imperious policy alone dictated these words of friendship, that in reality the disaster to the czar wounded deeply so discreet a monarch and admirer of legitimacy as Leopold. At the Hague a profound silence was observed by king and court, but both mourned over the misfortunes of the czar. The people of all these capitals, with one exception, rejoiced in the victory. In Germany, the Netherlands, and Italy, the courts were alarmed and scandalised at the ebullitions of enthusiastic sympathy with western Europe. At Athens the people shared the despondency of their prince, but gnashed their teeth upon the French and English in the spirit of assassins. In the defeat of Russia on the heights of the Alma they only saw the probable hopelessness of their expectations, that through Russia an intolerant ascendancy of the Greek Church in Europe and the East would be in time established.

When the news reached Constantinople, the seraglio seemed to lose its sullen aspect—its silent abodes echoed with joy. The gravity of the Turk yielded to the inspiring tale of victory, even when borne by a Giaour; and in the bazaars, and by the shores of the Bosphorus, eager groups listened while British and French detailed the events of the battle, and pointed out its results. As the wounded came



to Constantinople, they were treated with hospitality, and even reverence, almost realising Goldsmith's picture of

"The broken soldier kindly bid to stay."

The rejoicings at Stamboul were communicated to the Turkish provinces with unusual rapidity, and met with a similar response. At Alexandria, more especially, public manifestations were encouraged by the authorities; and the pasha skilfully adapted them to the tastes of Europeans. The Egyptian viceregal court, encouraged by the intelligence, sent renewed proffers both of men and money to the great padishaw; and all over the vast dominions of the sultan a revived loyalty arose upon the news of the victory of the Alma. Some dissatisfaction was felt that the Turks took no prominent part in the battle; but it was shown that not more than three-fifths of the British had been engaged, and a proportion of the French not much larger, and this satisfied the honour of the Turkish government and army.

At Malta, Corfu, Gibraltar, the Ionian Isles, in the fleets, and wherever throughout the Mediterranean, the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Euxine, a sailor or soldier of the allies was found, the victory of the Alma was celebrated, and the health of the men who won it toasted in terms of exuberant joy and eulogy. A graphic specimen of the feeling excited as the intelligence spread is given by the author of *A Month in the Camp*. "It was ten o'clock in the morning of the 30th of September; we had anchored in the Golden Horn, when a barge, full of red-fezzed, loose-trousered soldiers, was rowed by. 'Look at those lazy Turks!' cried somebody. 'Those are not Turks,' said a gentleman, who had just come up the ship's side; 'they are *Zouaves*, wounded at the Alma:' and, in a moment, he was telling us the glorious tale! I leave you to imagine the effect of such a recital in such a scene. There, with her rich argosies, her full-domed mosques, and spear-like minarets, lay Stamboul, coveted of czars—

Causa. . . 'Teterrima belli

Yet no one thought of her: every eye was fixed on the narrator, or followed the receding forms of those who had bled in the conflict he was describing; while the faces of the listeners burned as if they already felt the breath of war."

The rejoicings in France surpassed those in the East. Our mercurial neighbours celebrated the event, as they have always been accustomed to honour great victories, by reviews, illuminations, processions, music, and theatrical performances. Wherever the English appeared, in Paris or the French provinces, at the fêtes

which were given to commemorate this great success, they were welcomed with enthusiasm, and the highest compliments paid to the valour of their nation.

In the British Isles, the joy was not less heartfelt, if the manner of expressing it was less tasteful. Both Houses of Parliament honoured the mighty brave. The queen manifested deep feeling on the occasion, and the whole royal house of England wept for the fallen heroes while they exulted in victory. The distinguished courage of the Duke of Cambridge, the first time he was ever under fire, gave great satisfaction to the court and to the country, and congratulations and addresses, almost too numerous to receive, were presented at Cambridge Lodge, Kew, to their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary, the mother and sister of his royal highness, whose anxiety to hear of his safety was so happily followed, not only by the tidings they longed for, but also by accounts which proved that, in the hour of trial, their dear relative had shown himself an honour to his country. Her majesty, who shared deeply in the family anxiety for the safety of her royal cousin, also participated in the pride which his family and his country felt in the manner in which he had conducted himself upon his first field of battle. Seldom has a prince been placed, in his first feat of arms, in a situation so trying, or in a command so responsible, and his royal highness justified the confidence placed in him. Her majesty, no doubt, remembered the early morning when, from the windows of Buckingham Palace, she and her consort and children waved their kinsman and his gallant Fusileers a tender adieu; and thankful was her kind heart to know that he had passed unscathed through the bolts of battle, cheering on to victory and deathless fame the brave men to whom the recollection of her kind adieus was an incentive to heroic deeds when, far away, her honour was to be sustained. Linked in inseparable fate, her renown and theirs was interwoven, and the majesty of her name and the glory of her standards was not committed to her gallant Guards in vain. It has been represented by some writers, who seem eager to bring high rank into contempt whenever an apparent opportunity may be seized upon for so unworthy a purpose, that the Duke's courage faltered upon the field, and that he meditated a retreat, from which he was only prevented by Sir Colin Campbell momentarily assuming the command. This is a faithless perversion of what occurred. The line of the brigade of Guards was much broken in ascending the heights, to storm the epaulmented battery on the Russian right, and the Duke for a moment contemplated doing what Brigadier Codrington

had to do a short time before at the 18-gun battery, to retire and re-form, and what General Bosquet's division had to perform under the protection of the brigade of General Forey. Sir Colin Campbell perceiving that, as there were no immediate supports, such a policy would have been unwise, advised his royal highness to preserve the advance; and, addressing himself to his brigade in terms calculated to stimulate his Highlanders, he led them on, sword in hand, to the desperate assault. The experience of Sir Colin was of course much greater than that of his grace, who showed his discretion in attending to the counsel of such an adviser in so great an emergency; but Sir Colin himself could not have shown more personal courage than his royal highness, who, hat in hand, cheered on his men with the most dauntless bearing in the face of every peril.

The metropolis and the provinces vied in alacrity to bestow honour upon the achievement, and the men who performed it. The civil authorities proclaimed the victory in the chief places of public resort in the City; the Duke of Newcastle communicated with the London daily papers, furnishing the telegraphic despatch in the first instance, and afterwards the more detailed intelligence. In the several cities, groups of men were gathered at every public place of resort, to hear what any had to tell or to read of the great event. The area of the Liverpool Exchange had never before been so crowded on occasion of the intelligence of a victory. The metropolitan cities of the sister countries displayed similar eagerness for the news, and exultation in the joy it brought. In the Dublin Theatre, boisterous cheering indicated the popular satisfaction. It was natural that the Dublin and Edinburgh populations should join their acclamations to those of the great metropolis, as the most conspicuous heroes among the generals were from Ireland and Scotland: Evans and Pennefather are Irishmen; Brown and Campbell, Scotch. This circumstance also gave pleasure in England, as it tended to equalise somewhat the honour of the three countries, and soften down any little jealousies which the superior power and wealth of England may create in the sister lands.

Pervading the congratulations and rejoicings throughout the British Isles, there was a religious feeling that did honour to the country. While due homage was rendered to British courage, there was universal acknowledgment of the providence of God, and on the Sabbath which succeeded the arrival of the telegraphic announcement of victory, thanksgivings were offered up in the churches of every, or almost every, denomination of Christians. No appointment of a day of thanksgiving was required—the spontaneous gratitude and religious feeling of the churches made one. We cannot but

believe that the prayers offered and the public addresses delivered on that Sabbath had great influence in causing the people to feel that the war was a just one, and ought to be prosecuted with fortitude, self-sacrifice, and an humble dependance upon the approval and assistance of God. This feeling of thankfulness throughout the country, as well as the sense of triumph, was sustained and increased upon the arrival of the despatches, in which the magnitude of the victory was made more apparent than it had been by telegraphs, or other fragmental and desultory news. The first despatch written was by the commander of the French army, who, pitching his tent upon the spot where the earriage of Prince Menschikoff was captured, dated his report from the field of battle. The next day the marshal sent a more full and complete despatch, dated from the bivouac of the Alma; and the day following supplemented this intelligence by another despatch from the head-quarters at Alma. These accounts were received in England with intense satisfaction. The brilliant tone of the marshal, his warm tribute of praise to his British coadjutors, and the fact that these graphic and spirited compositions were written by a man dying of a torturing disease, drew the attention of all classes to them. The following are accurate copies of these most interesting papers, followed by the scarcely less interesting despatch of Admiral Hamelin, Commander-in-chief of the French Black Sea fleet. As Admiral Hamelin is commonly represented to have been born a British subject—a native of the county of Louth, in Ireland, our readers will take the more interest in the distinctions he so honourably won in the service of our ally, and in the accounts transmitted by him of the operations of the allied forces:—

*Field of Battle of Alma, September 21.*

SIRE,—The cannon of your majesty has spoken; we have gained a complete victory. It is a glorious day, sire, to add to the military annals of France, and your majesty will have one name more to add to the victories which adorn the flags of the French army.

The Russians had yesterday assembled all their forces, and collected all their means, to oppose the passage of the Alma. Prince Menschikoff commanded in person. All the heights were crowned with redoubts and formidable batteries. The Russian army reckoned about 40,000 bayonets, from all points of the Crimea; in the morning there arrived from Theodosia 6000 cavalry and 180 pieces of heavy and field artillery. From the heights which they occupied, the Russians could count our men, man by man, from the 19th to the moment when we arrived on the Bulganak. On the 20th, from six o'clock in the morning, I carried into operation, with the division of General Bosquet, reinforced by eight Turkish battalions, a movement which turned the left of the Russians and some of their batteries. General Bosquet manœuvred with as much intelligence as bravery. This movement decided the success of the day. I had arranged that the English should extend their left, in order at the same time to threaten the right of the Russians, while I should occupy them in the centre, but their troops did not arrive until half-past ten. They bravely made up for this delay. At half-past twelve the line of the allied army, occupying an extent of more than a league, arrived

on the Alma, and was received by a terrible fire from the tirailleurs.

In this movement the head of the column of General Bosquet appeared on the heights, and I gave the signal for a general attack. The Alma was crossed at double-quick time. Prince Napoleon, at the head of his division, took possession of the large village of Alma, under the fire of the Russian batteries. The prince showed himself worthy of the great name he bears. We then arrived at the foot of the heights, under the fire of the Russian batteries. There, sire, commenced a real battle along all the line—a battle with its episodes of brilliant feats of valour. Your majesty may be proud of your soldiers: they have not degenerated: they are the soldiers of Austerlitz and of Jena. At half-past four the French army was everywhere victorious. All the positions had been carried, at the point of the bayonet, to the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" which resounded throughout the day. Never was such enthusiasm seen; even the wounded rose from the ground to join in it. On our left the English met with large masses of the enemy, and with great difficulties, but everything was surmounted. The English attacked the Russian positions in admirable order, under the fire of their cannon, carried them, and drove off the Russians. The bravery of Lord Raglan rivals that of antiquity. In the midst of cannon and musket shot, he displayed a calmness which never left him. The French lines formed on the heights, and the artillery opened its fire. Then it was no longer a retreat, but a rout; the Russians threw away their muskets and knapsacks in order to run the faster. If, sire, I had had cavalry, I should have obtained immense results, and Menschikoff would no longer have had an army; but it was late, our troops were harassed, and the ammunition of the artillery was exhausted. At six o'clock in the evening, we encamped on the very bivouac of the Russians. My tent is on the very spot where that of Prince Menschikoff stood in the morning, and who thought himself so sure of beating us that he left his carriage there. I have taken possession of it, with his pocketbook and correspondence, and shall take advantage of the valuable information it contains. The Russian army will probably be able to rally two leagues from this, and I shall find it to-morrow on the Katcha, but beaten and demoralized, while the allied army is full of ardour and enthusiasm. I have been compelled to remain here in order to send our wounded and those of the Russians to Constantinople, and to procure ammunition and provisions from the fleet. The English have had 1500 men put *hors de combat*. The Duke of Cambridge is well: his division, and that of Sir G. Brown, were superb. I have to regret about 1200 men *hors de combat*, three officers killed, fifty-four wounded, 253 sub-officers and soldiers killed, and 1033 wounded. General Canrobert, to whom is due in part the honour of the day, was slightly wounded by the splinter of a shell which struck him in the breast and hand, but he is doing very well. General Thomas, of the division of the prince, is seriously wounded by a ball in the abdomen. The Russians have lost about 5000 men. The field of battle is covered with their dead, and our field hospitals are full of their wounded. We have counted a proportion of seven Russian dead bodies for one French. The Russian artillery caused us loss, but ours is very superior to theirs. I shall all my life regret not having had with me my two regiments of African chasseurs. The Zouaves were the admiration of both armies; they are the first soldiers in the world.

Accept, sire, the homage of my profound respect and of my entire devotedness.

MARSHAL A. DE ST. ARNAUD.

*Head-quarters, Bivouac of the Alma, Sept. 21.*

M. LE MARÉCHAL.—My telegraphic despatch of yesterday gave you a brief summary of the results of the battle of the Alma. The accompanying sketch, hastily done as it is, will give you a more complete idea of it. From it you will be enabled to judge of the difficulties which we have had to overcome in the capture of those formidable positions. The course of the river Alma is winding, with steep banks, and with fords few and difficult of passage. The Russians had posted in the bottom of the valley, covered with trees, gardens, and houses,

and in the village of Boulouk, masses of sharpshooters, who were well covered, armed with rifles, and who received the heads of our columns with a galling and continuous fire. The flank movement of General Bosquet, commanding the second division, and which that officer executed on the right with much intelligence and vigour, had fortunately prepared the forward and direct march of the two other divisions, and of the English army. Nevertheless, the position of that general officer, who for a long time found himself alone on the heights with a single brigade, might be endangered, and General Canrobert had, in order to support him, to make a vigorous turn in the direction indicated in the sketch. I had him supported by a brigade of the fourth division, which was in reserve, while the other brigade of the same division, following General Bosquet, proceeded to support him.

The third division marched right to the centre of the position, having the English army on its left. It had been arranged with Lord Raglan, that his troops should make on their left a flank movement, analogous to that which General Bosquet effected on his right, but, incessantly menaced by the cavalry, and with great numbers of the enemy's troops posted on the heights, the left of the English army had to give up the execution of that part of the plan.

The general movement began at the moment when General Bosquet, protected by the fleet, appeared on the heights. The gardens, from which an incessant fire of Russian sharpshooters poured, were before long occupied by our troops. Our artillery moved in turn up to the gardens, and began to cannonade the Russian battalions which were *echeloned* along the declivities in support of their retreating sharpshooters. Our troops, pressing on with incredible boldness, followed them along the slopes, and I lost no time in moving my first line across the gardens. Each man passed where he could, and our columns ascended the heights under a fire of musketry and of cannon which was powerless to arrest their march. The crest of the heights was crowned, and I sent out my second line to the support of the first, which dashed onward to the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The reserve artillery was in turn carried along with a rapidity which the obstacles presented by the river and the steepness of the ascent rendered extremely difficult. The battalions of the enemy, driven back upon the plateau, soon opened their guns and musketry on our lines, but which terminated in their definitive retreat, effected in very bad order. A few thousand cavalry would have enabled me to convert that retreat into a regular rout. The night came on, and I prepared to establish my bivouac with water in our neighbourhood. I encamped on the field of battle, while the enemy was disappearing from the horizon, and leaving the ground strewn with his dead and wounded, besides the large number he had already taken off. While those events were passing on the right and centre, the lines of the English army crossed the river in front of the village of Boulouk, and advanced to the positions which the Russians had fortified, and where they concentrated considerable masses, for they had not judged that the steep declivities comprised between that point and the sea, and covered by a natural ditch, could be occupied in force by our troops. The English army encountered therefore a strong and well organised resistance. The combat which it opened was of the warmest, and does the highest honour to our brave allies. In short, M. le Maréchal, the battle of the Alma, in which more than 120,000 men, with 180 pieces of cannon, have been engaged, is a brilliant victory, and the Russian army would not have recovered from it if, as I have already observed, I had had cavalry to pursue the disorganised masses of infantry who were retiring from before us loose and scattered. This battle proves, in the most striking manner, the superiority of our arms at the very commencement of this war. It has in a great degree weakened the confidence of the Russian army in itself, and especially in the positions long previously prepared, and on which they awaited us. That army was composed of the sixteenth and seventeenth divisions of Russian infantry, of a brigade of the thirteenth, of a brigade of the fourteenth division of reserve of the foot chasseurs of the sixth corps, armed with rifles throwing oblong balls, of four brigades of artillery, two of which were mounted, and of a battery drawn from the reserve park of

siege artillery, comprising twelve pieces of large calibre. The cavalry was about 5000, and the whole force might be estimated at about 50,000 men, commanded by Prince Menschikoff in person. It is difficult for us to estimate the loss of the Russian army, but it must be considerable, if we may judge by the killed and wounded that they could not take off, and who remained in our hands. In the ravines of the Alma, on the plateaux in front, on the ground forming the position taken from the enemy by the English troops, the earth is strewn with more than 10,000 muskets, haversacks, and other articles of equipment. We devoted the whole day to burying their dead in all directions where they were found, and in attending to their wounded, whom I have ordered to be transported with our own men on board the ships of the fleets, to be conveyed to Constantinople. All the Russian officers, generals included, were clothed in the coarse great-coat of the soldiers; it is, therefore, difficult to distinguish them in the midst of the dead or of the few prisoners we have been able to make. Yet it appears certain that there are two general officers among the prisoners made by the English.

The battle of the Alma, in which the allied armies have reciprocally given pledges which they cannot forget, will render closer and more solid the bonds which unite them. The Ottoman division, which marched to the support of General Bosquet's in its turning movement, performed prodigies of rapidity to reach the line along the road on the sea-shore, which I had traced out for them. It was not able to take an active part in the battle which was going on in front of it, but these troops exhibited an ardour at least equal to our own; and I am happy to be able to tell you the hopes I found on the co-operation of those excellent auxiliaries.

Every one has gallantly done his duty, and it would be difficult for me to make a selection between bodies of troops, officers, and soldiers, who have shown most vigour in action, and who deserve to have particular mention made of them. I have already noticed the important part taken by the division of General Bosquet in its turning movement, during which his first brigade, established alone on the heights, remained for a long time exposed to the fire of five batteries of artillery. The first division mounted the heights by the steepest ascents with an ardour of which its chief, General Canrobert, gave it the example. This honourable general officer was struck in the chest by the bursting of a shell; but he remained on horseback till the close of the action, and his wound will have no disagreeable consequences. The third division, led on with the greatest vigour by his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, took the most brilliant part in the combat fought on the plateau, and I have had the pleasure of addressing to the prince my congratulations in presence of his division. General Thomas, commanding the second brigade of this division, was severely wounded when leading on his men to the attack of the plateau. The second brigade of the division of General Forey, when advancing to the support of the first division, under the orders of General d'Aurelle, nobly figured in the combat. Lieutenant Poitevin, of the 39th regiment of the line, placed on the telegraph building, which formed the central point of the enemy's defence, the colours of his regiment. He met a glorious death at his post. He was struck by a cannon-ball. During the whole of the battle the artillery performed a principle part, and I cannot sufficiently praise the energy and intelligence with which that select corps conducted it. In a future report, the materials of which I am now collecting, I shall lay before you the names of the officers, the sub-officers, and soldiers, who have merited the honour of being mentioned in general orders. I shall append to it a prayer for the rewards which you will certainly find to be merited.

Accept, M. le Maréchal, the expression of my respectful sentiments.

A. DE ST. ARNAUD, *Marshal*,

Commanding-in-chief.

*Head-quarters at Alma, Field of Battle of the Alma, Sept. 22, 1851.*

M. LE MINISTRE.—My official report gives your excellency the details of the glorious day of the 20th, but I cannot allow the courier to leave without saying a few

words about our brave soldiers. The soldiers of Friedland and of Austerlitz are still under our flag, M. le Maréchal. The battle of the Alma has proved that fact. We witness the same impetuosity, the same brilliant bravery. One can do anything with such men whenever you inspire them with confidence. The allied armies have taken positions that were truly formidable. When examining them yesterday I saw how favourable they were to resistance, and, in truth, if the French and English had occupied them, the Russians never could have taken them. Now that we are more calm, and that the information which reaches us by means of deserters and prisoners becomes more precise, we are enabled to ascertain the loss inflicted on the enemy. The loss of the Russians is considerable. The deserters speak of more than 6000 men. Their army is demoralised. On the evening of the 20th it was cut in two. Prince Menschikoff, with the left wing, marched on Bagtché Serai; the right wing moved on Belbek. But they were without food, their wounded encumbered them, and the road is strewn with their wounded. It is a glorious success, which does honour to our troops, adds a fine page to our military history, and gives to the army a feeling worth 20,000 more men. The Russians have left on the field of battle near 10,000 haversacks, and more than 5000 muskets. It was a regular rout. Prince Menschikoff and his generals were loudly boasting on the morning of the 20th, in their camp, which I now occupy. I believe that they are rather crestfallen by this (*qu'ils ont un peu l'oreille basse*). The Russian general had demanded at Alma rations for three weeks. I suspect that he will have stopped the convoy on its way. Your excellency will be able to judge how much display there is in all Russian affairs. In three days I shall be before Sebastopol, and I shall be able to tell your excellency its just value. The feeling and spirit of the army are admirable. The ships which are gone to Varna for reinforcements of troops of all arms have left since the 18th. They will reach me at Belbek before the end of the month. My health is still the same. It keeps up, between suffering, crises, and duty. All this did not prevent my remaining twelve hours on horseback on the day of battle; but will not my strength betray me? Farewell, M. le Maréchal. I shall write to your excellency from before Sebastopol.

Adieu, M. le Ministre,

A. DE ST. ARNAUD, *Marshal*.

Commanding-in-chief the army of the East.

#### FRENCH NAVAL DESPATCH.

*Ville de Paris, Sept. 23rd.*

On the 21st of September I hastened to send you a telegraphic despatch of the brilliant victory which our troops have gained over the Russians on the river Alma. I have it in my power to-day to add some further details, and, in order that you may understand them, I enclose you two sketches. The first explains the intended plan of attack of the combined armies decided on the 19th for the following day; the other shows the positions on the Alma where our troops attacked the left and centre of the Russian army in sight of the fleet, which movement was supported by shells from the steamers. Your excellency has only to glance at the first drawing in order to appreciate the value of this plan in a military point of view. Accordingly, it was agreed on that the second division should march along the sea-shore, cross the Alma at the ford, which had been sounded by the boats in the morning, and carry the heights of the extreme left of the enemy, protected at the same time by eight steamers that I had placed in a position to bear on this point; whilst the first and third divisions, under the marshal's orders, were to attack in front the enemy's centre, and the entire English army was to turn the extreme right. This operation was executed almost as it had been planned, although our troops, after crossing the Alma, had to climb cliffs almost perpendicular, where our African soldiers gave extraordinary proofs of agility and daring. It was chiefly owing to these wonderful acts of intrepidity and speed, and, I must also add, to the terror caused by the shells from the steamers among the enemy's cavalry on the extreme left, that General Bosquet's division operated with such brilliant success, and was able to

attack the centre an hour after the commencement of the action. On the other hand, the marshal's two divisions, after a very sharp action with the enemy's rifles on the banks of the Alma, were ascending with the same boldness those natural ramparts where the enemy's centre was posted in the greatest security. In the meantime the English army, instead of turning, as at first intended, the extreme right, made a vigorous attack on the strong intrenchments of the right. The Russians, besides numerous fieldpieces placed in battery along their lines, had also on this spot twelve 32-pounders, which our brave allies succeeded in capturing after a terrible loss. In short, the attack commenced at half-past twelve, and all the positions were carried at half-past three; the Russian army was in full retreat, and the several corps of which it was composed were in the utmost confusion, covering the positions which had just been taken with their dead and wounded. The want of cavalry prevented our taking thousands of prisoners and a great number of cannon. The casualties in the allied armies were, I regret to say, very serious, in consequence of the strong positions which they had to carry; our loss, in killed and wounded, amounts to about 1500, and that of the English from 1500 to 2000. The road between the Katcha and the Alma was nearly covered with the enemy's dead, not to mention the thousands which remained on the field of battle. Three of our steam frigates have been dispatched to Constantinople with our wounded, having also on board some of the enemy, who are treated like our own soldiers. To-day we accompany the army, who are marching on the Katcha.

I am, with profound respect,  
Your excellency's obedient servant,  
HAMELIN.

It was not until the 23rd, when the army had begun its march upon Sebastopol, that Lord Raglan wrote his despatch, when his head-quarters were established upon the Katcha river. He was anticipated by the commander-in-chief of the British fleet, who dated his on board the *Britannia* the morning after the battle. The communication of Admiral Dundas, although dated before Lord Raglan's, is in reality supplemental, as the admiral had chiefly to do with events after the conflict was over; we therefore present first that of the military chief. There is one passage in it which we quoted and commented upon in a previous page, but which it is necessary, in order not to mar the completeness of the despatch, to preserve. His lordship refers to an enclosure of the nominal lists of killed and wounded, which we omit, as unnecessary to the records of history, and occupying an amount of space which our pages cannot afford. The orders of the day, of both the French and British chiefs, and the minor divisional reports, we also omit, so as to preserve for a more general record of events, the space which we can command. The despatch of the British general is longer than such documents usually are in the British army. It is, however, a masterly *exposé* of the plan and general character of the conflict, and it is said that the Emperor Nicholas pointed it out to his generals as a model. Happily their victories were not sufficiently numerous to give them occasion for its use. The despatch of Admiral Dundas, written on the 21st, was followed on successive days by others, which furnish much light as to the

movements of the allied armies, and the *rationale* of their proceedings. On the 23rd, Admiral Dundas dispatched intelligence from on board the *Britannia*, while off the Katcha, which contained the important observations of Captain Jones, of the *Sampson*, made the previous day at the entrance of the harbour of Sebastopol. The reader is presented with correct copies of all these important papers, in the order indicated above.

*Head-quarters, Katcha River, Sept. 23rd, 1851.*

MY LORD DUKE,—I have the honour to inform your grace, that the allied troops attacked the position occupied by the Russian army, behind the Alma, on the 20th inst.; and I have great satisfaction in adding that they succeeded, in less than three hours, in driving the enemy from every part of the ground which they had held in the morning, and in establishing themselves upon it.

The English and French armies moved out of their first encampment in the Crimea on the 19th, and bivouacked for the night on the left bank of the Bulganak, the former having previously supported the advance of a part of the Earl of Cardigan's brigade of light cavalry, which had the effect of inducing the enemy to move up a large body of dragoons and Cossacks, with artillery. On this first occasion of the English encountering the Russian force, it was impossible for any troops to exhibit more steadiness than did this portion of her majesty's cavalry. It fell back upon its supports with the most perfect regularity under the fire of the artillery, which was quickly silenced by that of the batteries I caused to be brought into action. Our loss amounted to only four men wounded. The day's march had been most wearisome, and under a burning sun; the absence of water, until we reached the insignificant but welcome stream of the Bulganak, made it to be severely felt.

Both armies moved towards the Alma the following morning, and it was arranged that Marshal St. Arnaud should assail the enemy's left by crossing the river at its junction with the sea, and immediately above it, and that the remainder of the French divisions should move up the heights in their front, while the English army should attack the right and centre of the enemy's position. In order that the gallantry exhibited by her majesty's troops, and the difficulties they had to meet may be fairly estimated, I deem it right, even at the risk of being considered tedious, to endeavour to make your grace acquainted with the position the Russians had taken up. It crossed the great road about two and a half miles from the sea, and is very strong by nature. The bold and almost precipitous range of heights—of from 350 to 400 feet—that from the sea closely border the left bank of the river, here ceases, and formed their left; and, turning thence round a great amphitheatre or wide valley, terminates at a salient pinnacle, where their right rested, and whence the descent to the plain was more gradual. The front was about two miles in extent. Across the mouth of this great opening is a lower ridge at different heights, varying from sixty to 150 feet, parallel to the river, and at distances from it of from 600 to 800 yards. The river itself is generally fordable for troops, but its banks are extremely rugged, and in most parts steep; the willows along it had been cut down in order to prevent them from affording cover to the attacking party; and, in fact, everything had been done to deprive an assailant of any species of shelter. In front of the position on the right bank, at about 200 yards from the Alma, is the village of Boulouk, and near it a timber bridge, which had been partly destroyed by the enemy. The high pinnacle and ridge before alluded to were the key of the position, and, consequently, there the greatest preparations had been made for defence. Half-way down the height, and across its front, was a trench of the extent of some hundred yards, to afford cover against an advance up the even steep slope of the hill. On the right, and a little retired, was a powerful covered battery, armed with heavy guns, which flanked the whole of the right position. Artillery, at the same time, was posted at the

points that best commanded the passage of the river and its approaches generally. On the slopes of these hills (forming a sort of table-land) were placed dense masses of the enemy's infantry, while on the heights above was his great reserve, the whole amounting, it is supposed, to between 45,000 and 50,000 men.

The combined armies advanced on the same alignment; her majesty's troops in contiguous double columns, with the front of two divisions covered by light infantry and a troop of horse-artillery; the second division under Lieutenant-general Sir De Laey Evans, forming the right, and touching the left of the third division of the French army, under his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon; and the light division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, the left; the first being supported by the third division, under Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England, and the last by the first division, commanded by Lieutenant-general his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.

The 4th division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Cathcart, and the cavalry, under Major-general the Earl of Lucan, were held in reserve, to protect the left flank and rear against large bodies of the enemy's cavalry which had been seen in those directions.

On approaching near to the fire of the guns, which soon became extremely formidable, the two leading divisions deployed into line and advanced to attack the front, and the supporting divisions followed the movement. Hardly had this taken place when the village of Boulouk, immediately opposite the centre, was fired by the enemy at all points, creating a continuous blaze for 300 yards, obscuring their position, and rendering a passage through it impracticable. Two regiments of Brigadier-general Adams' brigade, part of Sir De Laey Evans' division, had, in consequence, to pass the river at a deep and difficult ford to the right under a sharp fire; while his first brigade, under Major-general Pennefather, and the remaining regiment of Brigadier-general Adams, crossed to the left of the conflagration, opposed by the enemy's artillery from the heights above, and pressed on towards the left of their position with the utmost gallantry and steadiness.

In the meanwhile, the light division, under Sir George Brown, effected the passage of the Alma in his immediate front. The banks of the river itself were, from their rugged and broken nature, most serious obstacles, and the vineyards through which the troops had to pass, and the trees which the enemy had felled, created additional impediments, rendering any species of formation, under a galling fire, nearly an impossibility. Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown advanced against the enemy under great disadvantages. In this difficult operation he nevertheless persevered; and the first brigade, under Major-general Codrington, succeeded in carrying a redoubt, materially aided by the judicious and steady manner in which Brigadier-general Buller moved on the left flank, and by the advance of four companies of the Rifle Brigade, under Major Norcott, who promises to be a distinguished officer of light troops. The heavy fire of grape and musketry, however, to which the troops were exposed, and the losses consequently sustained by the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd regiments, obliged this brigade partially to relinquish its hold.

By this time, however, the Duke of Cambridge had succeeded in crossing the river, and had moved up in support, and a brilliant advance of the brigade of foot-guards, under Major-general Bentinck, drove the enemy back, and secured the final possession of the work. The Highland brigade, under Major-general Sir Colin Campbell, advanced in admirable order and steadiness up the high ground to the left, and in co-operation with the Guards; and Major-general Pennefather's brigade, which had been connected with the right of the light division, forced the enemy completely to abandon the position they had taken such pains to defend and secure. The 95th regiment, immediately on the right of the Royal Fusiliers in the advance, suffered equally with that corps an immense loss.

The aid of the Royal Artillery in all these operations was most effectual. The exertions of the field-officers and the captains of troops and batteries to get the guns into action were unceasing, and the precision of their fire materially contributed to the great results of the day.

Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England brought his division to the immediate support of the troops in advance, and Lieutenant-general the Honourable Sir George Cathcart was actively engaged in watching the left flank.

The nature of the ground did not admit of the employment of the cavalry under the Earl of Lucan; but they succeeded in taking some prisoners at the close of the battle.

In the detail of these operations, which I have gone into as far as the space of a despatch would allow, your grace will perceive that the services in which the general and other officers of the army were engaged were of no ordinary character; and I have great pleasure in submitting them for your grace's most favourable consideration.

The mode in which Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown conducted his division, under the most trying circumstances, demands the expression of my warmest approbation. The fire to which his division was subjected, and the difficulties he had to contend against, afford no small proof that his best energies were applied to the successful discharge of his duty. I must speak in corresponding terms of Lieutenant-general Sir De Laey Evans, who likewise conducted his division to my perfect satisfaction, and exhibited equal coolness and judgment in carrying out a most difficult operation.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge brought his division into action in support of the light division with great ability, and had, for the first time, an opportunity of showing the enemy his devotion to her majesty, and to the profession of which he is so distinguished a member.

My best thanks are due to Lieutenant-general Sir R. England, Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, and Lieutenant-general the Earl of Lucan, for their cordial assistance wherever it could be afforded: and I feel it my duty especially to recommend to your grace's notice the distinguished conduct of Major-general Bentinck, Major-general Sir Colin Campbell, Major-general Pennefather, Major-general Codrington, Brigadier-general Adams, and Brigadier-general Buller.

In the affair of the previous day, Major-general the Earl of Cardigan exhibited the utmost spirit and coolness, and kept his brigade under perfect command.

The manner in which Brigadier-general Strangeways directed the artillery, and exerted himself to bring it forward, met my entire satisfaction.

Lieutenant-general Sir John Burgoyne was constantly by my side, and rendered me, by his counsel and advice, the most valuable assistance; and the commanding royal engineer, Brigadier-general Tylden, was always at hand to carry out any service I might direct him to undertake. I deeply regret to say that he has since fallen a victim to cholera, as has Major Wellesley, who was present in the affair of the previous day, notwithstanding that he was then suffering from severe illness. He had, during the illness of Major-general Lord de Ros, acted for him in the most efficient manner. I cannot speak too highly of Brigadier-general Esteourt, Adjutant-general, or of Brigadier-general Airey, who, in the short time he has conducted the duties of the Quartermaster-general, has displayed the greatest ability as well as aptitude for the office.

I am much indebted to my military secretary, Lieutenant-colonel Steele, Major Lord Burghersh, and the officers of my personal staff, for the zeal, intelligence, and gallantry they all, without exception, displayed.

Lieutenant Derriman, R.N., the Commander of the *Caradoc*, accompanied me during the whole of the operation, and rendered me an essential service by a close observation of the enemy's movements, which his practised eye enabled him accurately to watch.

I lament to say that Lieutenant-colonel Lagondie, who was attached to my head-quarters by the Emperor of the French, fell into the enemy's hands on the 19th, on his return from Prince Napoleon's division, where he had obligingly gone, at my request, with a communication to his imperial highness. This misfortune is deeply regretted, both by myself and the officers of my personal staff. The other officer placed with me under similar circumstances, Major Vico, afforded me all the assistance in his power, sparing no exertion to be of use.

I cannot omit to make known to your grace the cheer-

fulness with which the regimental officers of the army have submitted to most unusual privations. My anxiety to bring into the country every cavalry and infantry soldier who was available prevented me from embarking their baggage animals, and these officers have with them, at this moment, nothing but what they can carry, and they, equally with the men, are without tents or covering of any kind. I have not heard a single murmur. All seem impressed with the necessity of the arrangement, and they feel, I trust, satisfied that I shall bring up their bat-horses at the earliest moment.

The conduct of the troops has been admirable. When it is considered that they have suffered severely from sickness during the last two months; that, since they landed in the Crimea they have been exposed to the extremes of wet, cold, and heat; that the daily toil to provide themselves with water has been excessive, and that they have been pursued by cholera to the very battlefield, I do not go beyond the truth in declaring that they merit the highest commendation. In the ardour of attack they forgot all they had endured, and displayed that high courage, that gallant spirit, for which the British soldier is ever distinguished, and under the heaviest fire they maintained the same determination to conquer as they had exhibited before they went into action.

I should be wanting in my duty, my Lord Duke, if I did not express to your grace, in the most earnest manner, my deep feeling of gratitude to the officers and men of the royal navy for the invaluable assistance they afforded the army, upon this as on every occasion where it could be brought to bear upon our operations. They watched the progress of the day with the most intense anxiety, and as the best way of evincing their participation in our success, and their sympathy in the sufferings of the wounded, they never ceased, from the close of the battle till we left the ground this morning, to provide for the sick and wounded, and to carry them down to the beach—a labour in which some of the officers even volunteered to participate; an act which I shall never cease to recollect with the warmest thankfulness.

I mention no names, fearing I might omit some who ought to be spoken of; but none who were associated with us spared any exertion they could apply to so sacred a duty.

Sir Edmund Lyons, who had charge of the whole, was, as always, most prominent in rendering assistance, and providing for emergencies.

I enclose the return of the killed and wounded. It is, I lament to say, very large; but I hope, all circumstances considered, that it will be felt that no life was unnecessarily exposed, and that such an advantage could not be achieved without a considerable sacrifice. I cannot venture to estimate the amount of the Russian loss. I believe it to have been great, and such is the report in the country. The number of prisoners who are not hurt is small; but the wounded amount to eight or nine hundred. Two general officers—Major-generals Karganoff and Shokanoff—fell into our hands. The former is very badly wounded.

I will not attempt to describe the movements of the French army—that will be done by an abler hand; but it is due to them to say that their operations were eminently successful, and that under the guidance of their distinguished commander, Marshal St. Arnaud, they manifested the utmost gallantry, the greatest ardour for the attack, and the high military qualities for which they are so famed.

This despatch will be delivered to your grace by Major Lord Burghersh, who is capable of affording you the fullest information, and whom I beg to recommend to your especial notice. I have, &c.,

*His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.*

RAGLAN.

#### ATTACK OF THE RUSSIAN INTRENCHMENTS ON THE ALMA BY THE ALLIED ARMIES.

*Britannia—off the Alma, Sept. 21st.*

SIR,—In my letter of the 18th inst. I reported to you, for the information of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, that the allied armies were ready to move, and I now beg you will acquaint their lordships that, on the morning of the 19th, they marched to a position about two miles north of the Alma river, where they halted for the night; the French and Turks on the right, close to

the sea, and the English to the left, about four miles inland. The Russians, with some 5000 or 6000 cavalry and artillery, and 15,000 infantry, made a demonstration north of the river, but retired on the approach of the armies, and recrossed the river at sunset.

About noon on the 20th the allies advanced in the same order to force the Russian position and intrenchments south of the Alma. This was effected by four o'clock, the Russians retreating apparently to the eastward of the main road to Sebastopol. The Russian left fell back before the French very rapidly, and their batteries on the right were carried by the bayonet by the English. Our loss has necessarily been severe, and is estimated at about 1200 killed and wounded; that of the French at about 900. The Russian loss has also been great. Two general-officers and three guns were captured by our men; but we have few prisoners beyond the wounded, in consequence, it is believed, of our deficiency of cavalry.

Lieutenant Perriman, of the *Caradoc*, accompanied the staff of General Lord Raglan during the action, and I also sent Lieutenant Glynn, of this ship, to convey any message to me from his lordship.

All the medical officers of the fleet (excepting one in each ship), 600 seamen and marines, and all the boats, have been assisting the wounded, and conveying them to the transports that will sail for the Bosphorus as soon as possible.

I believe it is the intention of the allied forces to move to-morrow; and the *Sampson*, which I detached last night with the *Terrable*, off Sebastopol, has signalled that the Russians were retreating on Sebastopol, and that they have burnt the villages on the Katcha.

I have, &c.,

J. W. D. DUNDAS, *Vice-admiral.*

*The Secretary of the Admiralty.*

#### MOVEMENTS OF THE FLEETS AND ARMIES.

*Britannia—off the Katcha, Sept. 23.*

SIR,—I beg you will inform the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, that since my letter to you of the 21st instant, the men and boats of the fleet have been employed in bringing from the field (about four miles distant), and carrying on board the transports, the English and Russian officers and men wounded in the battle of the Alma, as well as the sick of the army. All the medical officers of the different ships have been zealously and usefully occupied in attending them, and I have been obliged to send several assistant-surgeons in the vessels with the wounded to Constantinople.

The *Vulcan* and *Andas*, with 800 wounded and sick, sailed for Constantinople yesterday, and to-day the *Orinoco* and *Columbo*, with 900, including some sixty or seventy Russians, will follow. Another vessel (by the request of Lord Raglan) with about 500 wounded Russians, will also proceed under charge of the *Fury*, to land them at Odessa.

On the night of the 21st inst. the Russians made a very great alteration in the position of their fleet in Sebastopol. I enclose a report made by Captain Jones, of the *Sampson*; and I propose attacking the outer line the first favourable opportunity. Captain Jones also reports that great exertions appear to be making to strengthen the land defences, as well as those by sea. New batteries on both sides of the port have been erected, defending the entrances and line of coast. One to the north has heavy guns of a range of 4000 yards, two shots having passed over the *Sampson* when nearly at that distance.

Provisions for the army have been landed, and the forces move on to-day towards Sebastopol, accompanied by the fleets, which have anchored off the Katcha.

I have, &c.,

J. W. D. DUNDAS, *Vice-admiral.*

*The Secretary of the Admiralty.*

#### OBSERVATIONS ON THE FLEET IN SEBASTOPOL.

*Made on September 22nd, 1854, by Captain L. T. Jones, C.B., of her Majesty's ship Sampson.*

Moored near the entrance of the harbour, from north to south, are the following vessels:—



1, a frigate, at northern extreme; 2, a two-decker; 3, a three-decker, with round stern; 4, a two-decker; 5, a two-decker; 6, a two-decker without masts, quite light, and appears to be newly coppered; 7, a large frigate.

#### ARTILLERY CREEK.

The topgallant-masts of these are on deck, and sails unhoisted.

The ship without masts is lying across Artillery Creek; inside is a two-decker ready for sea, and bearing an admiral's flag at the mizen.

#### HEAD OF HARBOUR.

The ships at the head of the harbour, which had hitherto been lying with their broadsides to the entrance, are now lying with their heads out.

1, on the north a two-decker; 2, a two-decker; 3, a two-decker; 4, a two-decker; 5, a two-decker; 6, a three-decker at the entrance of the Dockyard Creek; 7, a three-decker bearing an admiral's flag at the fore.

Above these are two ships; one appears to be a line-of-battle ship, and the other a frigate.

#### STEAMERS.

Five steamers under the northern shore. Three small steamers at the head of the harbour, and four in Careening Bay.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Dockyard Creek shuts in with Northern Fort bearing S. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E. Observed about 500 infantry marching towards the town from the direction of Balaklava.

Noticed about sixty men employed on brow of signal hill, and carrying mould from brink of cliff to Square Fort. 3.45 P.M.—Cape Constantine and ships in one bearing, S.  $\frac{3}{4}$  W.

On the day after Admiral Dundas's despatch was written, he transmitted another to the Admiralty, conveying the extraordinary intelligence of the sinking of the Russian ships at Sebastopol. On the 22nd the admiral had learned from a deserter that the vessels were bored and plugged, ready to be sunk at a moment's notice on the withdrawal of the plugs; and as the allied fleet moved along the coast, in line with the army, Prince Menschikoff's order was obeyed, and several ships of the grand Black Sea fleet of the czar were sunk across the entrance of the harbour, effectually preventing the entrance of a hostile fleet. On the south side of the harbour the remaining squadrons were moored, so as to open fire in defence of northern Sebastopol, which it was supposed the allies would attack. Captain Drummond, on the morning of the 24th, ascertained the truth of this bold stratagem, for he saw the mastheads of that portion of the Russian fleet barely appearing above the water. The captain reported that the entrance was completely closed, except a narrow space under the north shoal battery. The ships thus voluntarily destroyed were, one fine vessel of 120 guns, two 84's, two 80's, two 40-gun frigates, and a number of smaller craft, frigates, brigs, and schooners of war. Captain Drummond persevered in his reconnaissance after he had made himself sure of the destruction of this portion of the Russian navy, and discovered that within the barrier of sunken ships there were two powerful booms, and that

eight sail of the line were moored east and west within the inner boom, of which three had been "heeled over," to give their guns elevation to sweep over the land northward of the harbour. This intelligence was communicated from Admiral Dundas to Lord Raglan, and materially influenced the determination to attempt the celebrated flank movement which we shall hereafter record. Admiral Dundas's despatch (which for brevity's sake we omit) conveyed in detail all these particulars, which the Admiralty made known to the country, exciting great surprise amongst all, regret amongst many, that our tars were not likely to come into collision with those of the enemy, at all events at sea; yet the general public rejoiced that the Russians, with their own hands, had demolished so large a portion of the fleet it cost them so much to construct, and that without bloodshed, or loss of a single ship of ours, the navy of the foe was already vanquished.

In answer to these despatches, the French Emperor sent a spirited address to his valiant army, expressing his unbounded admiration at their heroism, his sympathy with their sufferings, his anxiety to mitigate those sufferings, and his complete satisfaction with their deeds. This address was followed by the distribution of medals and badges in great profusion, and an extensive promotion throughout the French army of the East. Queen Victoria did not content herself with the manifestation of sympathy and satisfaction at home, she also sent to her noble army the expression of her admiration. The Duke of Newcastle conveyed to Lord Raglan what was well known to be her majesty's real feeling:—"The patience with which the regimental officers and men bore, without a murmur, the unusual privations to which they were necessarily subjected after they landed in the Crimea, has elicited her majesty's warmest sympathy and approval. Their sufferings from disease before that time were such as might have subdued the ardour of less gallant troops, but have in their case only proved that in the hour of battle they remember nothing but the call of duty. Her majesty feels additional pleasure in thus recognising the noble daring of her soldiers, and sympathising in their victory, when she reflects that that courage has been evinced, and those triumphs won, side by side with the troops of a nation whose valour the British army has in former times admired and respected in hostile combat, but which it has now, for the first time, tested in the generous rivalry of an intimate brotherhood in arms. Her majesty trusts that the blood of the two nations, so profusely shed on the banks of the Alma—a subject of deep regret to herself and her people—may consecrate an alliance which shall endure for



the benefit of future generations, when the remembrance of this battle-field is hallowed by gratitude for the consequences as well as the glories of victory."

Many instances of individual heroism occurred at the battle of the Alma, rivalling the most glorious days of English chivalry. The correspondent of a French paper relates that an English sergeant, having just planted a camp flag, in order to mark the position to be taken up by his corps, a Russian soldier sallied out, shot the sergeant, and bore off the flag as a trophy; another British sergeant, who happened to have armed himself with a revolver, pursued the Russian, shot him, recovered the flag, and ran back to his regiment under the fire of the enemy, which was malignantly directed upon him; he reached the advancing line of English infantry, and fell before it pierced with seven balls. He saved his flag, avenged his comrade's fate, and having cast the flag into his own ranks, fell down dead, a noble sacrifice to nationality and duty.

Lord Raglan was so pleased with the personal courage of Sir Colin Campbell, and the gallantry of his brigade, that he rode up to him on the field at the close of the engagement, thanked him for his zeal and bravery, and inquired if there was anything he could do to gratify him. The reply of the gallant Highlander was characteristic—"Let me wear the Highland bonnet instead of the general's cocked hat." The permission was granted with a smile of surprise and pleasure, and the next day Sir Colin appeared with the bonnet and plumes, exciting in his Highlanders the wildest expressions of astonishment and delight. Sir Colin afterwards wore the bonnet throughout the campaign.

The 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers suffered more than any other British regiment. Both Sir George Brown and Brigadier Codrington were in front of them through the hottest of the fight; it was while cheering them on Sir George's horse was killed. The brave old chief went down suddenly in a cloud of dust and smoke, but leaping up cried, "Twenty-third, I am all right, follow me; I will remember this day to you!" Major Norcott of the Rifles seemed to have a charmed life. When the brigade got over the stream, they crept up the abrupt sides of the southern banks in a crowd—any formation was impossible. Here he displayed activity and intelligence, meriting the encomium of Lord Raglan in his despatch. This officer, while a young lieutenant on service in the West Indies, and in time of peace, attracted universal attention by his military taste and capacity, when his father, Major-general Sir Amos Norcott, commanded in Jamaica, where Mr. Norcott's battalion of the brigade was quartered. At the

Alma he justified the remark of one of his own poor soldiers—"His honour was like a flame, shooting in every direction." Another poor soldier described his brigadier, Major-general Pennefather, as "riding in front, with a wall of lightning before him." The escape of General Pennefather from either death or wound is one of those extraordinary instances of how the bravest frequently escape, as if the dangers they courted respected and shunned them. Some, however, seemed as if fortune had reserved all her frowns for that day. One officer, whose foot was shot off, retired to the rear, had his leg bandaged, insisted on remounting and again riding to the front, and was ultimately shot through the heart. A poor soldier of the Connaught Rangers went to the rear with his left hand hanging by the skin from the arm; presenting himself to the surgeon, he said, "Be quick, doether, and dress my hand, for I want to have another poke at the Rooshins!" The hand was amputated and bandaged; seizing his musket with the other hand, he hurried to the front, and fell amongst those who stormed the redoubt crowned by the 18-gun battery. Lieutenant-colonel Chester, seeing that Ensign Anstruther had fallen, took up the colours, and was waving them above his head, when he was severely wounded by a musket ball; falling backward into the arms of his servant, the latter bore him to the rear, when another shot extinguished life, while yet in the arms of his brave and attached retainer.

A private soldier of the 7th Fusiliers, leaping out from the front of his regiment, bayoneted two Russians in their leading column, and escaped unhurt. This regiment was principally made up of recruits who had been a short time previously enlisted at Manchester. However prevalent peace principles may be with the inhabitants of that city, the Russians had no reason to concede to it such a reputation, for the Manchester men in the 7th Fusiliers fought with desperate valour on the bloody day of Alma. Many of them were from the labouring Irish, who are very numerous in that city. Captain Monk of this regiment was fired at from a musket so close to his head that he with his hand turned the muzzle of the gun, he then ran his enemy through the body; a Russian officer cut at him with his sword, which he parried, and with a blow of his fist knocked this antagonist down, while his sword parried a bayonet thrust from a Grenadier, whose rear rank man shot the captain through the heart.

Time would fail us to particularise the deeds of individual daring which marked the progress of that desperate fight. The spirit of the British may be best seen in the letters written by officers, non-commissioned officers, and sol-

diers who took part in the conflict. The following letter, from a private of the Welsh Fusiliers, shows how extensively that regiment suffered, how bravely its soldiers fought, and what a fine *esprit de corps* pervaded it:—"Our regiment belongs to the light division. We (the 23rd) were in front of the rest. The Russians were on the hill before us, and there was a river at the foot, and a large village. The hill was so high above the village that they could fire over it at us. They set the village on fire, which caused great smoke between us and them, which prevented us seeing them well; but they were too far from us to fire at them, so the artillery opened fire upon them. There were Russian foot soldiers who kept up a brisk fire upon us, but we could not see them because of the smoke. The French and Turks were on the right of us, but the fleet fired at the Russians that were on the hill close to the sea, and so the French got a good chance of getting up to the top, and there they worked away properly, driving them towards us. We then made a charge on the village, ran through the river, and got under the hill. We now crept a little way up the hill, then held up our colours, gave a loud cheer, and began firing at them. We all got up together, and drove them back. We then took one of their forts, with three brass guns, and two general officers, and won the battle in spite of them. Dear mother, I am shot through the thigh, but by luck the ball has not touched the bone. Burrows is shot through the calf of the leg. Bill Evans has lost his right arm. Blevier was not hit, and was quite well when I left him. I wish I were well again, that I might join my regiment. There will be some hot work at Sebastopol. Our lads are longing to be there."

Some of the private letters of men and officers narrate the most touching scenes. An officer, describing the field after the battle, saw in one spot a Russian officer, in a sitting posture, stiffened in death, and a little dog between his legs, which refused all kindly overtures, and could not be tempted from its dead master's feet. Near this spot another Russian officer, quite a boy, had died in the attitude of prayer, with clasped hands and kneeling.

A medical officer, describing the death of two British officers, brothers, paints the following affecting scene:—"You have heard of the melancholy death of poor Captain and Lieutenant Eddington, of the 95th. They were brothers, and so attached to each other, that the whole regiment respected them—I may rather say, loved them. Lieutenant Eddington exchanged into the 95th a few months ago, that he might share danger and risk death by his brother's side. Captain Eddington fell first, with a ball in his chest, and was left for a few

moments on the hill side, whilst the regiment, which had been thrown into disorder, fell back to re-form. The whole troop witnessed his brutal murder. A Russian rifleman knelt down beside him, and whilst pretending to raise his canteen to the wounded man's lips, deliberately blew his brains out. A shout of rage and hatred burst from the whole regiment, and at the same moment they again charged up the hill, Lieutenant Eddington many yards in advance, crying for the men to follow, and apparently mad with grief and excitement. He fell beneath a perfect storm of grape-shot and rifle balls; his breast was absolutely riddled. The same grave holds them both; and their spirits, let us hope, have entered upon an eternal peace in the presence of God."

The exposure of the 33rd regiment (the Duke of Wellington's) may be judged of from the fact that their flag was riddled with musket balls and grape; fourteen sergeants fell defending the regimental and queen's colours. A sergeant, writing to his wife, thus describes his hair-breadth escapes:—"I was on the colours; when the regiment advances in line, three sergeants advance six yards in front, so as to keep a good line; therefore, you see, we were on the top of the hill first; and, to tell you the truth, I thought I should have been blown off the face of the earth, such a storm of grape and canister was directed against us from the batteries. I think I was on the hill for about forty minutes before I was knocked down. The first shot I felt was a musket ball that struck my bayonet, which split the ball, and one part of it hit me on the middle finger of the right hand, and the other on the third finger of my left hand, but they did me no harm. Another ball struck the rosette of my black cap, and carried it away, and half of the strap, and split my cap down to the peak. Another ball cut a piece out of my pocket, but never hurt me, thank God. I got struck on the elbow with a bit of a shell; it did not hurt me, but burnt me a little; I have a blister on my elbow about the size of a sixpence. Another ball cut a bit off the leaf of my pouch, and another I got in front of my black cap, a little to the right of the cap-plate, and rather below it; I was in the act of kneeling down when it struck me, and turned me completely over." It must not be supposed by the reader that this was a singular case of marvellous escape; numbers of men and officers were the true relators of the like; and among the wounded many had been hit repeatedly, and portions of the clothing of hundreds of soldiers were torn away who escaped without a wound.

The following letter from an officer of the Guards to a relative at home gives an eloquent view of the dangers incurred, and the heroism displayed:—"I hasten to write a few lines to

tell you that I am safe and well, knowing how anxious you will be after hearing that we have had an action with the Russians. Accounts of the battle you will see in the papers, much better describing it than any I could give, as I could see nothing beyond what was going on in my own brigade. That, you will see, was in the thickest of it, as the returns of our casualties will prove, our loss being very severe. The march from Kamischli to Bulganak, where we bivouaced on the night of the 19th, and again from Bulganak to Alma, was the grandest spectacle I ever saw. The whole army, French, English, and Turkish, advanced in battle array for that distance over a plain as smooth almost as a lawn, and with just sufficient undulation to show one at times the whole force at a *coup d'œil*. My division was on the left, and we were about three miles from the sea; the fleet, coasting along abreast of us, completed the picture. About twelve o'clock, on the 20th, on crowning a ridge, we came all at once in sight of the Russian army in an intrenched camp beyond the Alma, distant about three miles. Immediately we appeared they set fire to a village between us and them, so as to mask their force by the smoke. We continued advancing steadily, halting occasionally to rest the men, till half past one, when the first shot was fired, and soon after the rattle of musketry told us that our rifle skirmishers were engaged. Our divisions then deployed into line, and we stood so for about twenty minutes, an occasional round-shot rolling up to us, but so spent that one was able to step aside from it. Wounded men from the front soon began to be carried through our lines to the rear, and loose and wounded horses began to gallop about. At last we were ordered to advance, which we did for about 300 yards nearer the batteries, and halted, and the men lay down. We were now well within range, and the round-shot fell tolerably thick, an occasional shell bursting over our heads. After standing steady for about twenty minutes, the light division (who were in line in front of us) advanced again, and we followed. The Russians had put posts to mark the ranges, which they had got with great accuracy. We now advanced to within 200 yards from the river, and 700 from the batteries, and halted under a low wall for five minutes, till we saw the light division over the river, when we continued our advance in support of them. On crossing the wall we came into vineyards, and here the cannonade was most terrific, the grape and canister falling around us like hail—the flash of each gun being instantly followed by the splash of grape among the tilled ground, like a handful of gravel thrown into a pool. On reaching the river, the fire from a large body of riflemen was added—

but the men dashed through, up to their middle in water, and halted on the opposite side, to re-form their ranks under shelter of a high bank. At this moment, the light division had gained the intrenchment, and the British colour was planted in the fort; but ammunition failing them, they were forced back. The Scots Fusiliers were hurried on to support them before they had time to re-form themselves, and the 23rd retiring in some confusion upon them, threw them for a few minutes into utter disorder. The Russians, perceiving this, dashed out of the fort upon them, and a frightful struggle took place, which ended in their total discomfiture. For a minute or two the Scots Fusiliers' colours stood alone in the front, while General Bentinck rallied the men to them, their officers leading them on gallantly. At this moment I rode off to the Coldstreams, through whose ranks the light division had retired, leaving them the front line. They advanced up the hill splendidly, with the Highlanders on the left, and not a shot did they fire till within 150 or 200 yards from the intrenchments. A battery of 18 and 24-pounders was in position in our front, and a swarm of riflemen behind them. Fortunately, the enemy's fire was much too high, passing close over our heads; the men who were here killed being all hit on the crown of the head, and the Coldstreams actually lost none. When we got about fifty yards from the intrenchment, the enemy turned tail, leaving us masters of the battery and the day. As they retired, they took all their guns except two, and a great many of their wounded. In spite of this, the ground was covered with the dead and dying, lying in heaps in every direction on what may be called the glacis, and inside the intrenchments they were so thick that one could hardly avoid riding over them; but the excitement of the victory stifled for a time all feeling of horror for such a scene, and it was not till this morning, when I visited the battle-field, that I could at all realise the horrors which must be the price of such a day. Most fervently did I thank God, who had preserved me amid such dangers! How I escaped seems to me the more marvellous, the more I think of it. Though on horseback (on my old charger), my cocked hat and clothes were sprinkled all over with blood."

An assistant-surgeon of the Rifles thus strikingly conveys his experience, professionally, and as a soldier:—

"A few lines: that must be all. The papers will tell you about the victory. I cannot describe to you my own feelings on being in battle for the first time. I went up the hill with the men as they were ordered to advance. The Minié balls showered past us like rain, coming with a whistling wind; they dropped round us, twisting in the ground, or carried off

an epaulette, or knocked out a tooth, or cut off a finger or an ear; now and then a brave fellow dropped down with a bullet in the heart, or the brain, but it was perfectly miraculous that any man escaped alive out of such a fire. . . . In less than ten minutes my place was back again at the hospital of the brigade. It was called hospital by courtesy. There was besides myself, Surgeon —, and we had the charge of over 200 wounded comrades. The poor fellows were brought in one after the other, and there they laid waiting their turn to have balls extracted and limbs amputated. You know what is called field-day at the hospitals in town. Perhaps an amputation or two, with half-a-dozen surgeons to assist, if necessary, and a hundred surgical eyes looking on. Can you imagine our field-day on the banks of the little river Alma?

“If God spares me again to see old England, I shall probably never more witness as much practise in my whole lifetime as I saw there in two hours. The pluck of a soldier no one has yet truly described. They laugh at pain, and will scarcely submit to die. It is perfectly marvellous, this triumph of mind over body. If a limb were torn off or crushed at home you would have them brought in fainting, and in a state of dreadful collapse; here they come with a dangling arm or a riddled elbow, and it's, ‘Now, doctor, be quick, if you please! I'm not done for so bad but I can get back and see!’ And many of these fellows with a lump of tow wrung out of cold water wrapped round their stumps, crawled to the rear of the fight, and with shells bursting around them, and balls tearing up the sods at their feet, watched the progress of the battle. We had no time to get the mangled limbs out of sight as they were cut off, and the grass was completely covered with them by three o'clock in the afternoon. They were the first objects the wounded saw as they were brought in. The steamers are now off with hundreds of the wounded men to Scutari and Constantinople. May God go with them half the way. You may think this a strange wish, but nearly half of them *must* perish before they get so far. Many are being shipped off who are mortally wounded; and they have not medical necessaries on board sufficient for five out of every fifty sufferers.”

In the letters of our poor privates a spirit of noble devotion to queen and country is breathed, and some of them, in rough but expressive language, afford a clear insight to the dreadful realities of a battle. We subjoin a letter of this character:—

“The last letter I wrote I thought I should not go further up the country, but in two or three days after I wrote we were on board the ship *Sinoom*. We stayed in harbour eight days, until all the troops were on board, and

then we sailed across the Black Sea for Russia, and we were nine days going. We did not sail fast; we joined the remainder of the fleet at Baltschick Bay, stopping one night there for fresh water, and cruised about the sea to see if there were any of the Russian fleet out, but we saw none all the way. They were afraid to come out to us, for our shipping looked like a little town across the sea. We all landed safe on Russian land. On the 14th of September we marched four miles, and then halted for four days until all were ready, and on the 19th we marched to meet the enemy. We marched from four in the morning until five at night, and then we met with a few of the Cossacks. A few of our cavalry had a slight skirmish with them, but they soon made the best of their way off. Very good judgment. There were two or three men wounded and one horse killed. All was quiet very soon, and we began to make a little fire as soon as we could, without wood or coal, to cook our meat and tea. It was on a large mountain, and there was no tree or hedge in sight, as in England; but there were thick-stalked weeds and thistles, so we cut them down. The remainder of the night I spent, as usual, in smoking, and not drinking, sleeping as well as could be expected; for we have no tents now to keep the weather from us. We lay down dressed, with our firelocks by our side, ready to meet the enemy in a moment, and the next day was a regular killing day with us. We marched early on the morning of the 20th; we marched a long distance, and then we could see the Russians on a mountain, and then we took a good march to be within gunshot of them. They commenced firing, I think, first, but we were soon exchanging shot with them, and we kept firing at each other for about four hours. There were two brooks to cross when firing, and they had built two bridges for us to go over, so that they could play sweetly on us going over; but we had travelled too far to be caught in that way. We formed a line, and all went through together; we got very wet, but I didn't mind that, and the shot came by me almost as thick as the plums in my sister's pudding at Christmas; but I kept loading and firing until we drove them away from the place they had made and fortified, which they thought of keeping us from for three weeks. When they saw we were gaining the day and the victory, they set fire to a village, because we should not shelter there. We drove them away, took the place where they were, and one of their large brass guns (eight inch bore). We followed them and drove them, in about half an hour, off another mountain, and took one of their colours from them, and then they made the best of their way off. They ran like madmen, and we have not seen many of them since.

What we have seen we have taken prisoners. The same night, after the battle was over, we formed up, and the roll was called; several were missing. That was a silent moment to those who did not answer to their names. After we were dismissed to go where we liked, I thought I would take a view of a battle-field. We had run over the poor dead and wounded, but not to look all round. You must know, my dear friends, that the battle-field is not like a field in England; it is a large plain, hundreds of miles round—no trees, no hedge to be seen: but we had just got to very large mountains. I took a stroll over the field of battle, and then saw above 4000 bleeding, groaning, and silent men, and most of them young men! That was a scene; and from all that lot I was spared. I bound some of their wounds up, Russians, English, and French. Some I gave a light to smoke, and some water; some I raised for ease, some I lowered; some gave me money, and some gave me tobacco and whiskey. I spent that night as usual, cooking my rations and smoking, for that is the chief comfort I have out here. I spent the night happily and comfortably, as I always do. Although difficulties in this life are often met with, I always meet them with pleasure. I don't expect to meet with sweets out here, but sometimes meet with them unexpectedly. But I must tell you a little more about the battle-field. The next two days we were gathering the wounded together in one place, and the dead in another. We buried the dead in two days, and the wounded we took on board. We burnt all the Russian firearms and clothing that were being thrown about. The next day, after burying the dead and lending our best assistance to the wounded, we marched to overtake the enemy again; but they were not to be found, and we have not seen them since, only a few, whom we took prisoners. Last Sunday we marched, thinking to meet some of them, but they fled; and we took all their provisions, about fifty waggon-loads, and blew up a magazine in a small town. We are now about five miles from Sebastopol, and we shall be in there very soon. Before you get this letter I think the war will be over. I should like to write and tell you more of what I have seen and done, but I have not time now. I must tell you that we were highly praised by all our commanders for our gallant and brave actions in the field. But I will tell you all the rest if I am spared to come home."

A private soldier in the artillery writes the following short but tender and tasteful letter to one dear to him at home:—"I have sent you a small flower off the heights of Alma, and when you read in the papers of how we forced the passage to those heights, look upon this flower, and think of me."

An eye-witness of the whole encounter on the British line of action relates the following incidents:—

"In the list of killed and wounded is the name of Lieutenant W. L. Braybrooke, a volunteer, serving with the 95th regiment. This gallant and promising young officer was a lieutenant and adjutant in the Ceylon Rifles; and, being on leave of absence from his regiment, his professional ardour prompted him to seek the opportunity for seeing active service offered by the expedition to the Crimea. He had obtained leave from Lord Raglan to serve with the 95th regiment, and it was in charging with his regiment that he met a glorious death. He was the son of Colonel Braybrooke, the colonel of the Ceylon Rifles.

"The fourth division, it appears, was not engaged; the roar of cannon was first heard when it was at some twelve miles distance from the scene of action. Double quick march was instantly commanded, and when at length it became necessary to take a moment's repose, the sick and exhausted were ordered to step out of the ranks. Although the whole division might have been comprised under the latter category.

"Before rushing to the attack, the first division lay down in one of the Russian trenches to load and close up. While here, the Hon. Major Macdonald, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cambridge, scrambled out of the trench on horseback to reconnoitre the enemy's position. The instant he showed himself, a shower of balls and musket bullets was directed against him. One of the former struck his charger full in the chest, and hurled both horse and rider to the ground. Fortunately, Major Macdonald was only slightly hurt by the fall, and some officers who saw the occurrence, rushed to his assistance and extricated him from his mangled steed. With great coolness, the major mounted a horse which was offered him, and rode back to the trench unscathed, though the bullets were whistling around him in all directions.

"Among those who distinguished themselves was Mr. Charles Lane Fox, nephew of the Duke of Leeds. He retired some months ago from the Grenadier Guards, in which he held a commission; but followed them to the East, and became aide-de-camp to Brigadier Beatson, who undertook to train the Bashibazouks. Upon their disbandment, however, he landed with the brigade of Guards in the Crimea, and appeared upon the battle-field in a shooting-jacket; catching the first stray horse in his path, he was indefatigable in getting up ammunition, and was complimented for his conduct by the Duke of Cambridge on the field. At the close of the action he was shot through the ankle; and in that state bore Captain

Charles Baring, of the Coldstream Guards, who had lost his arm, off the field. Mr. Fox is now lying at Constantinople, anxiously hoping his wound will permit his appearance in good time at Sebastopol."

One of the most graphic accounts of the repulse of a portion of the light division, and the fierce conflict attending it, was given by Lieutenant-colonel Unct, of the 19th regiment, in a letter to his father.

"Sept. 20th.—Moved on the whole army in same order as the day before, by grand divisions from centre of brigades, artillery between, protected by all our cavalry on our left flank. On looking round, while on the move, it was a glorious sight; the green plains seemed swarming with armed men. Moved steadily on until we approached some hills, when we observed some movements, and a line of cottages on fire, and evidently a river, or rivulet, between us. We halted now occasionally. At last our light division deployed into line, the rifles in front began to fire, and as soon as we got closer, or well within range, 100 great guns bellowed out at us from the hills on the other side of the rivulet. We pushed on, and many round-shot came rolling through our ranks, wounding and scattering a few. Wardlaw had part of the flesh of his leg carried away; another man, close to me, never spoke; the ground was covered with his blood. The fire now became much hotter from all their batteries in position, and we were ordered to run for shelter under the walls of the line of the burning cottages and ditch, where we lay more than an hour securely. My gray mare all the time would show herself, turning round, and being very uneasy at the firing. Another division deployed in our rear, and advanced to us, the shot falling among them, with a shrill hissing noise, over us. Other divisions deployed and advanced on our right. We were ordered to advance, and did so, to the best of our ability in line, across stone walls and a vineyard. Here the plunging fire, from grape, round-shot, shells, Minié muskets, &c., was awful, and also across the stream, through which we made our way with the greatest difficulty, more particularly us mounted officers. My mare got into a hole in the water, and was all under for some time, except her head and neck. I dismounted, and got her to the side, and attempted the high bank, which was nearly perpendicular and very slippery. I struggled to get up, sticking my fingers into the grass, and she by desperate struggles came up by my side as I had hold of the bridle, the shot falling all this time very thick. I mounted and pushed on, and we got into something like a line under the crest of a hill. Our regiment now took ground to our right, and were ordered to advance against the intrenched camp at some distance. The firing now was in-

cessant, and many of our men were hit. Our line was not well formed under such a plunging fire; it was impossible to form line. Sir George Brown came and said to Colonel Saunders, 'Go at them!' He rode in front of the line and waved his sword. The line got more confused. I was on the right of the line to which they seemed to crowd, and, instead of being two deep, we had become fourteen or fifteen deep, all crowding together. During this pause of half-an-hour we were all being scattered by the round-shot, canister, Minié, and shells, which continually burst over us. We were next to the 7th Fusiliers. They retired gradually; we did the same. I saw a French general tumbling from his horse, and his horse rearing up. Saunders's horse I saw also rearing. My mare was now struck twice in the front part of her head, in the shoulder, and in one of her fore-legs. I felt myself struck slightly in two or three places, leg and thigh. The regiment retired gradually, firing as well as they could. We got under the hill, and formed them again there. We remained ten minutes to get our scattered men together and tell off, during which time we heard of many of ours being killed and wounded; Colonel Saunders was badly wounded in the leg. I now took the command, and told off the regiment. I abandoned my mare, as she had become faint, and looking at me as I dismounted, she snorted me all over with blood, which was streaming from her nostrils. My face and hands were covered, and all thought I was badly wounded. I marched the regiment up again to the intrenched camp, in line and in order, but in the meantime the Guards had supported us and taken the position. Afterwards we bivouaced for the night. Slept well, all round a fire, and got a little hot tea and biscuit.

"Sept. 21st.—This morning crossed over the scene of our fight to bathe with Sidwell and Thompson. We refreshed ourselves greatly with a good wash opposite the vineyard, now all tranquil. What a change! Visited our wounded and did all I could for them. An awful sight in all directions—2000 killed and wounded."

The treatment and condition of the wounded soldiers is an important feature in the narrative of these events. Ten days after the battle, an official report was made of the wounded who were admitted to the general hospital at Scutari, from the 22nd to the 28th. In the two days which followed the 28th, 500 more were admitted with wounds of almost every conceivable description. And after that date others arrived. The sick were also brought thither, and swelled the number, making the hospital itself a place of pestilence and horror. The following is the report:

Amputation, upper extremity, primary .....	18
"    lower .....	43
"    upper extremity, secondary .....	3
"    lower .....	8
Fractures of upper extremity .....	17
"    lower .....	24
Wounds of upper extremity .....	98
"    lower .....	295
Wounds in various parts of the body, viz. :—	
Head, face, and jaw .....	25
Neck .....	3
Back and buttocks .....	9
Chest .....	14
Abdomen .....	2
Groin .....	16
Testicle .....	4
Miscellaneous .....	3
Total.....	582

How the wounded were treated there, the following letters will show.

From a private, 7th regiment :—"I had only fired two shots when I was shot through the left shoulder. At first it stunned me, and though after a time I got to work again, I was forced to give up on account of loss of blood. I am now in Scutari Barracks, the hospital of which is full. We are lying here like as many pigs, hundreds lying in the passages. Men from every corps serving here—cavalry, artillery, and infantry, mixed together; bad attendance; very seldom you see a doctor, they have so much to do cutting off legs and arms. I wish Johanna had come with me, I might have been cured nearly by this; it never was dressed by a doctor yet, nor anything but cold water and lint. The women had a fine sight of the battle from the shipping."

This terrible account was but too faithful as far as it went, for no pen could portray the atrocities of the Scutari hospital.

The following letter confirms the poor soldier's account; it is from a young lady then residing at Constantinople :—"A lady who is here at present, the sister of an officer now in the Crimea, was talking to me to-day about the poor wounded soldiers here. You cannot imagine anything so fearful; to think that there are 3000 lying in the barracks, and there are not even doctors enough to take care of them, and no nurses; for the few Greeks they tried to have were either not strong enough to bear the operations and the dressing of the wounds (for it was only very old women who could be procured), or else they drank so dreadfully that there was no depending on them. You will understand better the state these poor creatures are in when I tell you that many of them were brought down here three days after the battle, without their wounds ever having been washed even, and some were full of maggots; and most of them that have died since have done so after the amputation, from want of proper care. I have not told you half the misery there is here, but you may imagine it. The French have

sent out 500 Sisters of Charity, who have been, and still will be, invaluable. Now, would it not be possible for us to do something, too? Miss —, who has been talking to me about it, thinks of going herself, with two maids, to try and do something. But what can one woman do; do not think that it is too late, for there will no doubt be more than one other battle, and then next year it will begin again. There is nobody here who can do anything, for there are few Greeks, and the Turks will not go near them."

Another writer from the hospital at Scutari thus describes the arrival and spirit of the wounded :—"It was a moving sight to see the long trains of wounded borne from the *Andes* and *Volcan* to the hospital. From dawn to evening the labour was incessant, and the officers and medical men seemed perfectly worn out with fatigue. The men carried down mattresses to the beach; the wounded were lifted on them and were slowly borne along. Every one who could work lent a hand with eagerness to this duty, which the convalescents of the hospital, bearing on their faces the marks of recent suffering, discharged to the new comers. A few of the wounded were well enough to walk, and crept along supported by a comrade, one with his arm in a sling, another with his trousers cut open from the hip to the knee, and the thigh swathed in bandages, another with his hair clotted with blood, and a ghastly wound on the face or head. On many the marks of approaching death were set; every now and then there was one too far gone to be carried to the hospital, or who asked to be laid down for a few moments' rest on the wayside. A Catholic priest was active among the dying, and might be seen bending over the ghastly forms, and whispering to the ears which were fast closing to earthly sounds. He was an Irish monk of Galata, who had presented himself on the first arrival of the wounded, and had been eagerly received by his dying fellow-countrymen. The surgeons within were fully engaged, for the unfortunates brought under their care had been taken four miles from the place where they had fallen to the beach, and then transported over 400 miles of sea, so that whatever may have been the care of their former attendants, yet there was much to be changed on their arrival, and many operations to be performed which had not been necessary before, or which had been omitted through want of time, space, or opportunity. About 700 were brought down by the *Andes* and *Volcan*, and the remainder are expected in the *Sinmoon*. It is believed and hoped that the first are the worst cases, and that no small number of those expected will be able to resume their duty, if not this year, at least in the ensuing spring. All that the vigilant attendance of

devoted officers can do is being done; for, though only actively employed since the return of the first sick from the Crimea, many of the surgeons seem, through excess of work, almost as exhausted as those under their care. For forty-eight hours many of them have had scarcely a moment's relaxation from their labours. It is easy to discover by a walk through the barracks how much the unfortunate 23rd and 33rd regiments have suffered. It seems that almost the half of those who are lying on every side in mortal agony belong to one of these ill-fated corps. The 23rd, it is said, has lost more than 400 men. It is with pride that an Englishman observes the appearance of these sick and wounded soldiers. Although the barrack is a vast hospital, and everywhere the eye encounters pale faces, forms bending with weakness, fever-stricken spectres creeping along by the support of the walls, or crouching in corners with listless countenances, too weak to take notice of the scenes passing around—although everywhere there are noise and discomfort, with that admixture of dirt and unclean smells which are unavoidable in such a place, yet the men have a soldierly look, and an appearance of energy and determination which are hardly to be found among the invalids of any other service. As the wounded were brought from the vessels, each man was asked his name and regiment before the litter entered the gates. Some were too far gone to reply; in others, delirium had taken away all consciousness of external things. But wherever the poor fellow had strength to answer, he spoke with a military promptness, as if on parade, and tried to make a salute and raise his head in respect to his questioner. In conversation with a Russian prisoner on the subject of the battle, it was observed by some one to be singular that, though the loss of English officers had been very great, yet no general officer had received a hurt, although they are conspicuous by a white plume, and the Russians confessedly singled out the officers while the British were advancing across the river and the valley in a clear day, and free from smoke. The Russian replied that the generals were not aimed at, because they were thought to belong to the commissariat. In the continental armies the higher officers are surrounded on all occasions by a brilliant staff, but our own generals ride attended only by one or two aides-de-camp. They were therefore in this case indebted for their safety to the unobtrusiveness of their habits."

We have now closed the details of the battle of the Alma. It was, as compared with other battles gained by the arms of England, neither so sanguinary nor so glorious as many; but it had great glory, and there was heavy sacrifice.

Never was the shock of arms so great, unless upon the ever-famous fields of the Spanish peninsula and of Waterloo, as it was upon the declivities of Alma. This battle was, on the part of the allies, one of the most audacious enterprises of war. We cannot honestly subscribe to everything written about it in the enthusiasm of "own correspondents," nor said about it in the speeches of cabinet ministers, who share the honour, as well as the responsibility, of appointing hosts and fleets, and the chiefs who conduct them. We do not think that the skill or daring of the allied chiefs is to be compared to that of the hero of Assaye and of the passage of the Douro; nor that the skill or bravery of the officers by whom M. Arnaud and Lord Raglan were so ably seconded, surpassed those qualities in degree as they were exemplified in the passes of the Pyrenees, or on the field of Waterloo. Our dauntless soldiers are all the same; as in the battles of the Spanish peninsula, the majority of the fallen have been the brave and impulsive sons of unhappy Ireland. The plaided and plumed soldiers of Celtic Scotland evinced a chivalry and coolness unsurpassed by any other troops. The 42nd were well disciplined at the Alma; they were a mob from the streets of Glasgow at Quatre Bras, and the only difference was in the superior discipline evinced in the Crimea; their hardihood was the same as when, in the corn-fields and by the wood-side at Quatre Bras, their predecessors bravely died. The Guards bore themselves with the same majestic soldierhood in defending Hougoumont, receiving the last charge of the French Guards upon the slopes of Waterloo, unsuccessfully storming the breach of Burgos, or mounting to victory upon the rocks of the Alma. As General Chatterton said at a public dinner, "Peace had not subdued their valour, nor enervated their arm." It is inexplicable why contemporary writers should represent the Alma as the scene of unexampled suffering and slaughter on the part of the British. The British army seldom, perhaps never, achieved so formidable an undertaking with so little loss. When rolling down the tide of French valour from the heights of Busaco, as many men were lost as in storming the heights of Alma. Are the names of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz so soon forgotten, or the bloody field of Salamanca? No victory ever achieved by us was more complete than that of Vittoria, Waterloo excepted; and yet at Vittoria our troops, as compared with their allies, suffered far more than, with the same comparison, they did upon the acclivities above the river Alma. When the minds of men cool down, they will not regard it in the light of an unusual slaughter, but as a great success, judging comparatively, cheaply won. Comparing it with subsequent conflicts



in the Crimea, it was the least bloody. The attack of General Liprandi soon after upon the British flank at Balaklava was, in proportion to the extent of the contest, the nature of the combat, the time occupied, and the numbers engaged, far more sanguinary.

It is painful to think that where war spared, pestilence smote; and what man could avert, neglect and tardiness invited. We have read carefully, *pro et con.*, what has been written as to the state of our army from the landing at Eupatoria and Old Fort to the march from Alma, and we say with regret that the evidence of want of promptitude and foresight at home and in the Crimea was beyond confutation. That there was every disposition with the home authorities to do right, we allow; but either they did not know how to order or to do what was required, or they were deficient in that dispatch which, in great emergencies, is everything. Hannibal fell because of the impromptitude of Carthage. The illustrious Wellington owed the highest proofs of his genius to the opportunities afforded to it by the pro-

crastination of the ministry. In this campaign hitherto there was not only want of promptitude, but also of energy, diligence, and sympathy. A sufficient number of surgeons were sent out when half the sick were lost, and the remainder perishing for want of surgical assistance, while the profession was crowded at home, and medical practitioners could be had for nothing. While all Europe resounded with rumours, and Germany parleyed and procrastinated,—under the influence of false despatches published to the world through St. Petersburg, when it was quite possible to organise at home the means of rapid, certain, and correct communication,—our army was almost exhausted before they left the field of their recent victory, if British troops can be exhausted while they yet live, and there is anything to dare for their country; and when the tidings of so many fine soldiers slain, wounded, and invalided, arrived in England, reinforcements were sent out in manner and degree unworthy a great occasion, a great nation, and truth requires it to be written, a great want.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

ADVANCE OF THE ALLIES TO SEBASTOPOL.—FLANK MOVEMENTS OF LORD RAGLAN AND PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.—MOVEMENTS OF THE FLEETS.—VIEWS OF THE ARMY FROM THE SEA.—OCCUPATION OF BALAKLAVA.

“Quo fas et gloria ducunt.”—*Motto of the 97th regiment.*

The 21st and 22nd of September were occupied in refreshing the troops, in removing the wounded, and burying the dead. Marshal St. Arnaud was urgent upon the British general to march at once upon Sebastopol, and before the Russian army could recover from its surprise and disorganisation, to take the place by a *coup de main*. Whether the British general would, under other circumstances, have been willing to risk everything upon so bold an undertaking it is now impossible to say; but his reply to the urgent entreaty of the French chief was, that he was unable to move his troops for want of commissariat appurtenances, provisions, and almost every requisite for the march of an army. The clothing of the men was already so deteriorated that many were shoeless and shirtless, while the cloth of which their coatees and great coats were made, rent and gave way on every strain.

On the 23rd, however, Lord Raglan saw the necessity of an advance. Notwithstanding the sickness which prevailed, and the numbers that were struck down by cholera on the day of battle, and the two succeeding days, the men hailed the tokens of the intended movement with delight. At dawn, the tap of the French drum and the note of the French bugle were heard in the British lines; our

allies, the more prompt, were first on the march. The British arose from their bivouacs chilled with the heavy dews common to the climate, and, as on their way to the Alma, numbers of the men dropped out of line immediately after the onward movement commenced, in consequence of the effect of this exposure. It was observed, both by men and officers, that coffee was the best stimulant and restorative after these chilling nights; but although coffee was plentiful in the army, it was distributed in the berry unroasted, and our soldiers were not expert in submitting it to that process; and there was probably not a single coffee-mill in the whole army, or anything that would pass for one. The morning was bright and beautiful, and on no spot, amidst the fairest scenes of Asia or Europe, can a softer or serener morning be enjoyed than in the Crimea. On that memorable morning the air was balmy, the sky clear and serene, and the prospect, as the army looked towards the heights of the Katcha river or to the sea, was commanding. The country preserved the same character as from Old Fort to the scene of the late struggle. Wide but not sterile plains stretched away inland; the grass was rich and high, and in some places rank and coarse; these plains were marked by undulations similar to those over which the army

passed on the 19th and 20th, but with rather more marked elevation. In some places clumps of oak saplings crowned the ridges of these elevations, otherwise the country was naked of trees. As the Katcha was approached, the country assumed a hilly and rugged, but most picturesque character. Through the hills winded the high-road to Sebastopol—if road that might be called which was no more than a heavily-beaten track. Traces of the flight of the enemy were found at every step; many of the horses had been wounded at the Alma by the shot and shell of the artillery, and these were left behind, and were already in a high state of putrefaction, tainting the air with their noisome odour, especially along the line of the British advance. Helmets, knapsacks, accoutrements of all kinds, many of them stained with blood, were picked up and cast away by the troops. Even arms were left behind, as if the retreat of the enemy was conducted in a state of perfect terror. They had literally *fled*, probably expecting a hot pursuit from our cavalry. The advance of the allies was slow; entangled in the long coarse grass, they could not move rapidly, and a large number were sick; scarcely two miles an hour was the rate of their march; it was not until the afternoon that they reached the valley of the Katcha, the most lovely and picturesque spot north of Sebastopol. The little river wends its way to the sea, irrigating a vale rich and variegated. Through orchards, the fruit-trees of which were heavily laden—by vineyards where the large black grapes were ripening for the vintage—along the slopes of gardens, laid out with taste and profusely gay in flowers and foliage, sped the peaceful Katcha, glistening in the light, and reflecting flower and shrub and mellow fruit as they bowed over its stream, and often kissed its waters, gliding onward to the little picturesque bay where their disembogement is effected. Here and there a handsome villa, with its English-looking lawn sloping to the water-side, delighted the eyes of the warriors, who did not expect to look upon such home-like scenes. Some hamlets also dotted the river's banks, embosomed in the hills. The pretty village of Eskel gave a hospitable appearance to the vicinage; and although its inhabitants had fled, corn and hay in considerable quantities were found there—a useful supply for the horses of the force. This little place escaped the burning brand of the Cossacks, who set fire to houses and hamlets everywhere else—a useless and barbarous act, as they could have rendered no supplies, and furnished no shelter to the armies, of any account in the magnitude of such a contest. There was a mean, petty, and revengeful spirit displayed in this proceeding, unworthy the soldiers of a great nation warring with nations equally great. The

Katcha was the first bivouac of the army. It was a very delightful one. Comfortable quarters were engaged by the officers in the village and in the hamlets. The soldiers found poultry and eggs in considerable quantities, and almost every description of fruit regaled and refreshed them; of this, however, many of them partook so injudiciously that cholera increased, and dysentery made its appearance in several of the regiments of both armies. The English, however, suffered much more than the French from this indulgence, as the latter had been more accustomed to pluck the vine and the fruit-tree in their own sunny France. The furniture of the houses was in the state it might be supposed it would be left by persons whose flight was precipitate. This the men put to every conceivable use, and to many purposes previously inconceivable. Overalls of sheets, blankets, quilts, rugs, &c., might be seen awkwardly covering uniforms very much out of keeping with such novel and extempore garments. Mirrors, some of them elegant and costly, were piled with the arms, or propped against heaps of stones, and afforded constant amusement to the heroes who had not seen the reflections of their own faces for so long a time; and many were able to test the extent to which their good looks suffered by the freedom taken with their countenances by the defenders of the trenches on the steeps of Alma. The poor Tartar inhabitants had fled from their houses, and were concealed in the bushes and by the river's banks: a deserter gave this information, and Lord Raglan directed him to carry assurance of protection to the fugitive population, who returned, and soon made themselves at home again with their strange if not unexpected guests. These poor people seemed to have no fear of the allies after the first interview, but seemed to be in terror of the Cossacks, to whose brutality they bore a very earnest, and, we fear, a very correct testimony. There was a handsome little Greek church in the village, where sentries were placed to protect it from pillage. The Russian army had intended to occupy this post if driven from the Alma; but not expecting to lose that position so soon, if at all, no entrenchments were formed or batteries erected. Menschikoff, however, halted in his retreat, and bivouaced upon the heights on the night of the 20th; but the Tartars having reported that the British cavalry were at hand, followed by the rest of the army in full march, the resolution of the prince to occupy this vantage-ground gave way, and he again took to precipitate flight long before dawn of the morning of the 21st. The position of the Katcha was a still finer line of defence than that of the Alma, and in some respects resembled it. As in the latter case, there was a village on the northern bank and a wide plain beyond; but there was this dif-

ference, the plain, instead of sloping upwards towards the lines of defence, was perfectly flat, affording a better scope for the fire of the defence. Besides this advantage, the lower line of heights was not so high as the knolls at Alma, so that the cannon could have swept the level plain with sure and deadly range. There was a good ford at the Katcha, but, except at that spot, the banks of the river were steeper than at the Alma. Had not Menschikoff lost his judgment, or all reliance upon his troops, he must have occupied this post; and had he done so, a battle, far more bloody than that which he had so recently lost, must have attended his resistance to the allied advance. It was alleged by the Tartars, and deserters subsequently confirmed their account, that so great was the alarm of the Russian soldiery on the night of the 20th, that had Prince Menschikoff not abandoned his intention of defending the passage of the Katcha, his troops would have deserted him, and fled in disorder to Sebastopol.

On the night of the 23rd, the British first, third, and light divisions bivouaced on the heights, and the second and fourth divisions at their base, on the river's banks; the French on the southern slopes. The men bathed, and did not generally resort to the merriment so usual among soldiers round the camp fires; they sought rest and found it; the night was fine and balmy, and the morning of the 24th saw the armies much refreshed. The 57th regiment of infantry here joined the British, and a very welcome reinforcement of cavalry—the Scots Greys. A smart light cavalry regiment, well horsed, would have been better suited to the duties which the troops had to perform; and had a dozen such regiments arrived, they would have been still less than the requirements of the army for that description of force. A division of irregular cavalry, such as our India government finds so useful, would have been of great value. The French also received reinforcements to the amount of 9000 men. The advance from the field of their recent victory to the Katcha, as viewed from the fleet, was magnificent exceedingly. The following description by a naval officer is worthy of what he describes. Every object is presented with reality and vividness:—

“*Saturday, Sept. 23.*—Going twelve knots, light-house bearing north. Saw two camps of Russians to the south of Sebastopol. Passed within one mile and a half of the lighthouse; stood close into Sebastopol; saw the houses distinctly, and the vessels lying in the harbour with the Russian flag flying; the dome of the church shone brilliantly in the sun, as did the reflection of the glass windows of the houses. Outside the harbour was a three-decker, with her gallant masts struck, and another large

ship close to her. Had a fine view of the forts, the day being beautifully clear. Saw two other Russian encampments, and tents looking very white against the green country; very rich, pretty farmhouses, trees, &c., spread about, not unlike the south part of England, but if anything prettier. In the distance, the hills rose very high. As we passed the fort heard the sound of very heavy guns. A steamer was under weigh, and came a short distance. At ten we saw the army advancing on the heights from Alma; could see the whole of the three armies spread out like a panorama before us—the French on the extreme right, with the Turks under their command. The extreme right I call the sea-shore. Leading to Sebastopol, on the inside of them, say from three to four miles from the shore, saw our own fine red-coats, with occasional glimpses of the bonny Highlanders. We passed through the whole of the French fleet, advancing rather ahead of the army on the extreme right; first, a small steamer; then ten war-steamers in double line; then their glorious line-of-battle ships; also, in two lines, the *Napoleon*, *Charlemagne*, and a screw three-decker, each with another liner in tow: in all twelve liners. The ‘Greys,’ from the colonel down, cheered and were cheered as we passed each ship; and most exciting it was. It was impossible to have a finer view; the ground appeared like a gentleman’s well-kept park. We then passed through the Turkish squadron, and last the English. Both are anchored at the mouth of the Alma, right in front of the battle-field of the heights of Alma. At one, ordered to get under weigh from Alma, and proceed with the Greys to the mouth of the Kaza, or Katcha river, where the army was to rest for the night. Followed some distance astern of the *Agamemnon*, then passed ahead, but very close to her, and went in shore closer than any other. Though the *Himalaya* was the largest ship, and the whole of the steam squadron was under weigh with us, Captain Killock handled the ship as if she was a small boat instead of the largest vessel we have. Lord Burghersh came off, and directed the captain where to effect a landing for the horses, and gave us a most graphic account of the battle. Captain Killock offered to beach the *Himalaya* gently, so as to lower the horses into the sea, and then let them walk on shore; his offer was however declined. It is wonderful the zeal he displays. However, we went close into a beautiful beach, close to the mouth of the Katcha, which empties itself here into the sea, running through a valley of about two miles wide, on either side of which are gentle green slopes. On the top of the one nearest Sebastopol, the French were encamping, and all along the slopes, for several miles into the country, we could see the various corps

coming on, and taking up their positions for the night. As we anchored, Lord Raglan and staff came riding along the beach. The Greys ashore gave him three hearty cheers; he rode into the water, and took his hat off, and rode on. In a few minutes some fifty boats, French and English, were filling up their horses and landing rapidly. We dined at four p.m.—champagne, &c.—capital dinner, and all in good spirits. All sorts of good wishes for the Greys, the sound of the cannons being our music. I had great difficulty in getting on shore, which I at last effected in a horse-boat, and set off for the headquarters of the English, after I had walked through the French camp.

"I got to head-quarters at about eight p.m. Lord Raglan and staff were dining in a ground-floor room at a very pretty house, with gothic windows and coloured glass, with the rooms nicely furnished, piano, easy chairs, &c., and the room itself garnished with gilt mouldings round the top. I had some difficulty, but at last I saw an officer with whom I was desirous of speaking, and had a chat with him. Lord Raglan's staff appeared to be very comfortable, and were singing and pianoforte playing as cheerfully as possible. The house was surrounded by an immense number of bullocks, servants, and retainers, the latter being located in the out-houses, or in the beautiful grounds among the noble avenues of trees. Hearing that the 68th were on guard, I walked down, and in a few minutes found some of the officers seated under a tree, with a very pretty table and good chairs, but drinking from tin pannikins. After half-an-hour's chat, they persuaded me to stop, saying it was dangerous to pass through the camp. I took a turn among the muleteers, to see if I could hire any sort of a conveyance. After an unsuccessful ramble of an hour, and meeting some old acquaintances who offered me a share of all they had, which amounted, generally, to a share of the turf, I set off to the boat, some six and a half miles away. The night was very dark, and the camp fires rather dazzled than assisted me. I more than once regretted having started, for I was wandering repeatedly without any path to guide me; and some of the watch-dogs which had been burnt out of house and home made some savage attacks on me, as though they wished to convert me into food. It was very melancholy to see the farm-houses still smouldering from the recent burning, and the house-dogs howling most dreadfully among the ruins. The dew very heavy, and I felt cold and chilly, even previous to getting soaked in wading the river, which I had to do more than once. Every now and then I followed a road for some time, only to find it abruptly terminate at the ruins of some house that was still burning. The bullfrogs and insects kept up a continual hum. At

last I reached the ferry, and was challenged by the French pickets, but found a boatman who for five shillings took me on board."

On the 24th the allied armies marched from the Katcha towards the Belbek, the country retaining the same character, but the undulations becoming more abrupt, and the general outline of the country more bold and hilly. The space in which the armies advanced was more confined than on the previous days, so that the allies mingled, the red-coats and the blues almost mingling together, and the officers riding side by side in many cases. The first British division was nearest the French, and was greatly admired by them; all the exaggerated epithets of the French vocabulary were exhausted in their praise. This division was certainly the most picturesque of those which constituted the British infantry. The Guards, tall of stature, and with the fine manly bearing characteristic of the household infantry, and the Highlanders, with their braw bonnets and bonny plumes, their plaids, and manly mien and faces, charmed the French. Perhaps the old Celtic blood of France warmed to this offshoot of the great Gallic race; but account for it who can, there was a strong inclination on the part of the gallant Franks to embrace their Highland *confères* as true brethren. There was a vast difference in the bearing of these two branches of the same race; the gay and buoyant spirits of the modern Gaul were not wholly accordant with the temper of the Highlandmen, who manifested a steadiness superior to any other portion of the army. Still they returned the greetings of their allies in their own fashion. The Duke of Cambridge rode beside Prince Napoleon, and Sir Colin Campbell and General Canrobert fraternised.

The heights of the Belbek are separated by a chasm of at least half a mile in width, through which the river flows. Hills, ravines, rocky abrupt knolls, and ridges which seem to have been tortured and torn by innumerable cataracts in some bygone age, are the characteristics of the country of the Belbek. The line of march to the river was by a steep road, or rather broad beaten grassy track, where the artillery of the two forces met and descended together. The French artillerymen were as liberal in their encomiums upon the appointments—especially the horses and harness—of the English artillery, as the division of Prince Napoleon had been in praise of the division of the Duke of Cambridge. As the horse-artillery descended the sloping road to the water's-edge, they found two large green-painted Russian waggons in their track, which the Russians had abandoned. They were filled with various camp utensils and munitions of war, strangely jumbled, as if huddled together in a hurried flight, and as

hurriedly abandoned. There were many hundreds of copper plates and vessels for the soldiers, and 20,000 rifle cartridges. Our soldiers were much struck with the superiority of manufacture in the cartridges to those of our army; they were especially constructed for rapidity of use, the powder becoming exposed upon a slight twist of the cartridge end. The river being passed, the way up the southern bank was by a long, narrow, and winding road, which conducted to an elevated plain, dotted with oak coppice and clusters of poplar-trees. The scenery on the south is as beautiful, as on the north of the river it is coarse, ragged, disjointed, and abrupt. Indeed, seldom has an army taken up its bivouac amidst lovelier scenes than those on the southern Belbek—gardens, orchards, vineyards, spread away in every direction. The gardens blooming with dahlias, which, although an officer described as of inferior floricultural value, presented an aspect of beauty, and gave an air of civilisation to the scene delightful to contemplate. We have seen accounts from officers of every division in the army, and all express the delight and enjoyment they experienced in the bivouac of the Belbek. An artillery officer thus graphically describes his arrival on the ground, and his experience there:—"Passing up the valley to the river, we came upon a small villa which had been plundered by the retreating Russians. I rode up and entered the house. On the steps of the porch were some broken arm-chairs, covered with yellow damask. In a room on the right were broken sofas, chairs, tables, and a piano, from which the front board was torn, exposing the keys; this piano was in tolerable tune, and had evidently been recently in use. Upstairs was a small library, chiefly filled with French books. Portraits of a lady and gentlemen, in a very sign-board style of painting, were torn from their frames. In front of the house was a garden laid out in flower-beds, with fruit-trees in the midst of them. I climbed into a tree laden with large yellow plums, and found them delicious, but rather over-ripe. On the right of the garden was a vineyard laden with grapes. An orchard of apples, pears, and peach-trees was beyond the vineyard; the fruit here lay thick on the ground, and before riding off I filled my haversack to furnish a dessert. We were now so close to the great object of the expedition, that by going up a mile and a half we could see the towers and fortifications of Sebastopol in the basin below. This was the north front of the place, to strengthen which all the efforts of the Russians had been directed since the allies landed in the Crimea. The whole of the ground there was supposed to be rendered deadly by batteries and mines, and the next

move in the game was anxiously awaited. While halted here, the cavalry and artillery had a hard life who were on outpost duty. The horses had neither forage nor water for forty-eight hours, all which time they remained accoutred and harnessed; and the men and officers for four days did not taste meat."

About noon on the 25th orders for an advance were given, and then commenced the most remarkable military movements of ancient or modern times—the flank movements since so celebrated. There were *two* flank movements going on at the same time. The allies, finding that the preparations for defending Sebastopol had been made against an enemy assailing it from the north, were desirous to pass round the city, leaving it (in passing) to the right, and to take up a new position to the south, where the defences of the place were presumed to be weakest. Besides, in order to maintain easy communications with the fleet, whence all their supplies were derived, such a proceeding was necessary, for the enemy had fortified the mouth of the Belbek with great strength; and as Balaklava furnished a safe and well-sheltered anchorage, that place was chosen by the British commander as his point of support. Prince Menschikoff's army was divided, part of it garrisoning Sebastopol, and the remainder encamped within easy distance. He also determined on a flank movement to Bagtché Serai, so as to threaten the flank and rear of the allies in the position he supposed they would take up to assail northern Sebastopol. It was also the object of the prince to keep open by this movement the communications between Sebastopol and Simpheropol, the capital of the Crimea, to which point, from Perekop, munitions of war would be transmitted. In these two flank movements the armies executing them at the same time must cross one another's path somewhere, and most probably at Kutar M'Kenzie (or M'Kenzie's farm), a pleasant plantation established by a Scotch admiral of that name, who had served in the Russian fleet. Before we describe the execution of these strategical operations, it is necessary to allude to a rumour which reached London only a few hours after the arrival of the tidings of the battle of the Alma, and which excited the public not only in London, but throughout Europe, more than even the news of that glorious victory. On Saturday night, September 30th, the evening newspapers contained a telegraphic despatch from Vienna, announcing how the newspapers there had just published a statement that Sebastopol had fallen by a *coup de main*; that a steamer had been dispatched from the Crimea to Constantinople with the tidings; that the steamer had met with another *en route* from Constantinople to Varna, and having spoken her, communicated

the tidings; that from Varna it was communicated by "a Tartar" to Omar Pasha at Shumla, who by another sent it to the Austrian frontier; thence it was by especial post conveyed to Vienna, whence the electric telegraph flashed it on to western Europe. Thanksgivings for the fall of Sebastopol were offered up in many places of worship the next day, and on Monday morning authenticity was given to the report by the Turkish ambassador, who thus gave to the public the information which he had received:—

*Bryanston Square, October 2.*

"The Turkish minister presents his compliments to the editor of the *Times*, and begs to transmit to him herewith a telegraphic despatch which he has received to-day from the Turkish ambassador at Vienna, and which is an unquestionable confirmation of the fall of Sebastopol.

*Vienna, October 2.*

"The French embassy and the Austrian government have received from Bucharest, under date six p.m., September 30, the following telegraphic despatch:—

To-day, at noon, a Tartar arrived from Constantinople with despatches for Omar Pasha; his highness being at Silistria, the despatches had to be forwarded to him at that place. The Tartar announced the capture of Sebastopol: 18,000 Russians were killed and wounded, 22,000 made prisoners; Fort Constantine was destroyed, and other forts, mounting 200 guns, taken. Of the Russian fleet, six sail of the line were sunk, and Prince Menschikoff had retired to the bottom of the bay with the remaining vessels, declaring that he would burn them if the attack continued. The allied commanders had given him six hours to consider, inviting him, at the same time, to surrender for the sake of humanity. A French general, and three Russian generals, all wounded, have arrived at Constantinople, which city was to be illuminated for ten days. We expect to-morrow the official report of the above intelligence from Omar Pasha."

Universal credence was given to intelligence thus authoritatively put forth. The English minister sent it to Boulogne to the French emperor, who was with his camp there. Baron Hubner, the Austrian ambassador at Paris, was charged by Count Buol to offer to M. Drouyn de Lhuys his congratulations and those of his imperial master. As time passed without any details of so great an event, or even any confirmation, the truth became obvious that a hoax had been played off upon the credulity of Europe, or that the stock-jobbers had forged the intelligence, speculating for a rise in the funds. By degrees the British public became reconciled to the true state of the case, and convinced that a long and formidable struggle must be maintained, before the stronghold of the czar should become a prize to the prowess of the allies.

We now return to the flank march of the opposing armies. Concerning the details of that effected by Prince Menschikoff we can

know nothing, except from his own despatches, as they appeared in the press of St. Petersburg. Our space does not allow of giving documents so cumbrous and of so little value. The prince took great credit to himself for his movement from the Belbek to Bagtché Serai, and the journals of his government commended it as a master-stroke of military genius, rivalling, if not surpassing, that of the allied commanders; but still it could not be denied that, while the movement of the prince issued in nothing, that of the allies enabled them to gain a great advantage; for, as before noticed, the mouths of the Belbek and Katcha, being heavily fortified by the prince, the allies could not have landed their supplies there, whereas the change of position from the north to the south enabled the allied chiefs to outflank the Russian batteries, to secure a harbour admirably adapted as a place of support, and having the communication of a good high-road with Sebastopol itself. The despatch of Lord Raglan, dated the 28th of September, from Balaklava, gave the first authentic intelligence of the event received in England; his account of the events from the 24th to the 28th is of course a mere outline, but it indicates the correct order of the incidents that occurred, and exposes the designs of the great actors. We shall first present the despatch, and then fill up the outline. The despatch is directed, as a matter of course, to the British colonial secretary.

MY LORD DUKE,—I have the greatest satisfaction in acquainting your grace that the army under my command obtained possession of this important place on the 26th instant, and thus established a new and secure base for our future operations.

The allied armies quitted their position above the Alma on the morning of the 23rd, and moved across the Katcha, where they halted for the night, and on the following day passed the Belbek.

It then appeared that the enemy had established a work which commanded the entrance of the river, and debarred its use for the disembarkation of troops, provisions, and material, and it became expedient to consider whether the line of attack upon the north side should not be abandoned, and another course of operation adopted.

It having, after due deliberation, been determined by Marshal St. Arnaud and myself that we should relinquish our communication with the Katcha, and the hope of establishing it by the Belbek, and endeavour by a flank march to the left to go round Sebastopol and seize Balaklava; the movement was commenced on the 25th, and completed on the following day by the capture of this place by her majesty's troops, which led the advance. The march was attended with great difficulties. On leaving the high-road from Belbek to Sebastopol, the army had to traverse a dense wood, in which there was but one road that led in the direction it was necessary to take. That road was left in the first instance to the cavalry and artillery; and the divisions were ordered to march by compass, and make a way for themselves as well as they could; and, indeed, the artillery of the light division pursued the same course as long as it was found to be possible, but as the wood became more impracticable, the batteries could not proceed otherwise than by getting into the road above-mentioned.

The head-quarters of the army, followed by several batteries of artillery, were the first to clear the forest, near what is called in Major Jarvis's map "McKenzie's Farm," and at once found themselves on the flank and

rear of a Russian division, on the march to Bagtché Serai. This was attacked as soon as the cavalry, which had diverged a little into a by and intricate path, could be brought up. A vast quantity of ammunition, and much valuable baggage, fell into our hands, and the pursuit was discontinued after about a mile and a half, it being a great object to reach the Tchernaya that evening. The Russians lost a few men, and some prisoners were taken, among whom was a captain of artillery.

The march was then resumed by the descent of a steep and difficult defile into the plains, through which runs the Tchernaya river, and this the cavalry succeeded in reaching shortly before dark, followed in the course of the night by the light, first, second, and third divisions; the fourth division having been left on the heights above the Belbek till the following day, to maintain our communication with the Katcha.

This march, which took the enemy quite by surprise, was a very long and toilsome one, and, except at McKenzie's Farm, where two wells, yielding a scanty supply, were found, the troops were without water; but they supported their fatigues and privations with the utmost cheerfulness, and resumed their march to this place on the morning of the 26th.

As they approached Balaklava, nothing indicated that it was held in force; but, as resistance was offered to the advance of the Rifle Brigade, and guns were opened from an old castle as the head of the column showed itself on the road leading into the town, I deemed it prudent to occupy the two flanking heights by the light division and a portion of Captain Brandling's troop of horse-artillery on the left—movements terminated by the surrender of the place, which had been occupied by very inconsiderable numbers of the enemy.

Shortly after we had taken possession, we were greeted by Captain Mends, of the *Agamemnon*, and soon after by Sir Edmund Lyons himself. His co-operation was secured to us by the activity and enterprise of Lieutenant Maxse, of her majesty's ship *Agamemnon*, who reached my camp on the Tchernaya on the night of the 25th with despatches, and who volunteered immediately to retrace his steps through the forest, and to communicate to Sir Edmund the importance I attached to his presence at the mouth of the harbour of Balaklava the next morning, which difficult service (from the intricacy of the country, infested by Cossacks) he accomplished so effectually, that the admiral was enabled to appear off this harbour at the very moment that our troops showed themselves upon the heights. Nothing could be more opportune than his arrival, and yesterday the magnificent ship that bears his flag entered this beautiful harbour, and the admiral, as has been his invariable practice, co-operated with the army in every way possible.

We are busily engaged in disembarking our siege-train and provisions, and we are most desirous of undertaking the attack of Sebastopol without the loss of a day. I moved up two divisions yesterday to its immediate neighbourhood, when I was enabled to have a good view of the place: and Lieutenant-general Sir John Burgoyne, and General Bisot, the French *chef de génie*, are occupied in reconnoitring it closely to-day.

The march of the French army on the 25th was still more fatiguing and prolonged than ours. Being behind our columns, they could not reach Tchernaya till the next day, and I fear must have suffered sadly from want of water.

I regret to have to acquaint your grace that Marshal St. Arnaud has been compelled, by severe illness, to relinquish the command of the army. I saw him on the 25th, when he was suffering very much, and he felt it his duty to resign the next morning. I view his retirement with deep concern, having always found in him every disposition to act in concert with me. He has since become much worse, and is, I fear, in a very precarious state. Fortunately he is succeeded by an officer of high reputation, General Canrobert, with whom I am satisfied I shall have great pleasure in acting, and who is equally desirous of maintaining the most friendly relations with me.

I have, &c.,  
RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

On the memorable 25th (not on the 26th, as Lord Raglan relates in his despatch), Marshal St. Arnaud resigned the command of the French army to his second in authority, General Canrobert. On the 26th he addressed to the French army a touching farewell, lamenting that disease incapacitated him from any longer leading them to victory, but expressing his confidence that his successor would have the good fortune to complete the success of the Alma by conducting them into Sebastopol. This confidence, although not misplaced as to the skill and heroism of the chief to whom he committed the great trust, was not prophetic, as Canrobert was not destined to plant the eagles of France upon the gloomy earthworks of the arsenal. On the 29th the marshal breathed his last; his body was taken to Constantinople, on board the *Berthollet*, and thence it was borne to France. On the 16th of October he was buried at Paris, in the Chapel of the Invalids. Every demonstration of respect which the court, the army, and citizens could show to his remains was made. The emperor addressed a letter of condolence and compliment to "*Madame la Maréchale*," which was not conceived in good taste, being a sort of Buonapartist political epistle, in which the emperor makes the zeal of the departed marshal for his dynasty his chief virtue; and his attachment to his cause in suppressing the republic, as making him the champion of order and authority, which his majesty assumed was re-established by himself. Yet whatever diversity of political sentiments existed among the vast multitude that thronged the way to the Chapel of the Invalids, all paid a respectful homage to the bravery and genius of the departed.

In accomplishing the celebrated flank movement the task mainly devolved upon the British chief, the illness of St. Arnaud rendering it impossible for him to influence any part of the plan. The chief anxiety of Lord Raglan respected the covering of his rear, and the sending of timely information to the fleet of his stratagem. He placed the fourth division in such a position as to secure his communications with the Katcha, and then directed the mass of his army to proceed by compass through the dense forest and brushwood which covered the country from the Belbek to the Tchernaya. While on his march, he directed an intelligent messenger to proceed to the rear, and instruct Sir George Cathcart to dispatch an officer to the shore with tidings for the fleet of the manœuvre which the armies were affecting; so that the ships should steam round Cape Chersonese, and be at the entrance to the Bay or Cove of Balaklava, to meet the arrival of his army and co-operate with it. The messenger easily gained access to the division of General Cathcart, but the difficulty was considerable for



Sir George to convey the desire of Lord Raglan to the fleet, as the intermediate country was infested with Cossacks, and the allied cavalry was numerically contemptible. Other light cavalry of the enemy, as well as the Cossacks, scoured the country in every direction. General Cathcart committed the perilous task to Colonel Windham—afterwards the principal hero of the Redan—and he accomplished it, escaping all the dangers which beset his path. When Lord Raglan had extricated his troops from the jungle, and they began to enter the hamlet of Traktar, he became uneasy lest Sir George Cathcart had failed to open a communication with the fleet; and as his army was exhausted with fatigue and thirst, should the fleet not appear, the consequences would be most serious. His lordship therefore sent for Lieutenant Maxse, of the royal navy, who attended him by order of Admiral Dundas, and committed to that officer the formidable undertaking of retracing his steps to the Belbek, and ascertaining from Sir George Cathcart if he had succeeded in conveying Lord Raglan's request to the fleet. Lieutenant Maxse executed this most dangerous commission satisfactorily, and also undertook to execute the same dangerous performance which Colonel Windham had undertaken. Sir George, not sure that Windham had reached the shore, or, reaching the shore, had been able "to speak the ships," requested Lieutenant Maxse, he being a sailor, to make his way if possible to the admiral. On arriving, he found that the colonel had accomplished most gallantly the mission previously assigned to him. Much controversy was afterwards mooted upon the comparative merits of these two officers in this important affair—some maintaining that the glory was Colonel Windham's, who first reached the fleet; others that the honour belonged to Lieutenant Maxse. The above account places their respective deserts in their proper light. Windham first brought the tidings to the fleet; Maxse performed a far more dangerous task, which included the duty of traversing the ground over which Windham had passed. The person who evoked this controversy in England was Lord Albemarle, by a speech delivered in Norfolk to the following effect:—"In the early part of the war, Lieutenant Maxse, of the *Agamemnon*, got great credit, and was promoted for a certain night march, by which he was said to have succeeded in summoning the fleet round to Balaklava; but it was Major-general Windham who really deserved this credit, for he arrived at the fleet two hours before Lieutenant Maxse. Captain Maxse was an able and deserving officer, and well deserved promotion, but not for being the first to carry the intelligence of the march on Balaklava from the army to the fleet. Windham arrived two hours before him, and when

he reached the fleet the ships had got steam up, and were about to proceed to Balaklava." This speech was made by his lordship after Colonel Windham behaved so gloriously at the Redan, and when all England was ringing with his name. Lieutenant (then Captain) Maxse replied to it in a tone and spirit becoming a brave man, anxious to concede the honours due to another, unwilling to be deprived of his own, so severely won. The letter was addressed to the great redresser of wrongs, the Editor of the *Times*, and was as follows:—

40, Rue Basse du Rampart, Paris, October 25.

"SIR,—Will you permit me through your columns to explain a few circumstances relative to myself, referred to in a speech made by the Earl of Albemarle, at the Norfolk sessions last Friday, which would harm me if I were silent?

"I got a good deal of credit from the papers and public generally, at the period of the Balaklava flank march, in consequence of my having conveyed from Lord Raglan a message through the enemy's country to the admiral, which was considered of great importance. It was to request Sir Edmund Lyons to send some steamers immediately to Balaklava to co-operate with the army. A message had already been sent, in the early part of the afternoon, while the army was on its march, to Sir George Cathcart, who had been left behind on the Belbek with his division, telling him to communicate to the admiral Lord Raglan's wish that steamers should be sent there; but there was a doubt in his lordship's mind as to whether the wrong day had not been named, and he feared they would arrive one day too late. In order, therefore to insure their arrival, he sent for me (being then bivouaced on the Tchernaya) at ten p.m., and asked me whether I could find my way back to the Katela river, where the fleet were with the necessary message. I was, of course, too glad to be selected, and immediately proceeded to take it.

"My orders were, on reaching Sir George Cathcart's division on the Belbek, to communicate with him as to the advisability of my continuing. I got to him at about half-past two o'clock in the morning, and he immediately told me there was no necessity for my proceeding, as he had already dispatched Colonel Windham with the message, in consequence of an officer having come from Lord Raglan about it. I was surprised at another officer having been dispatched after me, and feared that my own journey must have been slow to have allowed him to get before me; but in the course of conversation I found that the message was that sent by Lord Raglan in the afternoon, but which had been long coming. I mentioned this to Sir George Cathcart, and he immediately urged my proceeding the remaining five miles,



and giving to the admiral likewise the last message. I did so, but found Sir Edmund Lyons already preparing to steam there, and that, therefore, my mission had been useful but for confirmation.

"Credit and promotion were given me for traversing rather a precarious route in the execution of my duty. How that is diminished, because Colonel Windham performed also the third or fourth part of the distance I did, I cannot conceive; and am sure that, though Lord Albemarle would take my small honour and heap it on the top of Colonel Windham's large ones, he would not wish to do so himself. I hope that you and the public will forgive these details being inflicted on them, but Lord Albemarle's speech might be detrimental to me, if unanswered; so I have overlooked the difficulty and delicacy of defending one's own exploits, and endeavoured to defend reputation, which is so dear to all of us.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

"FREDERICK MAXSE, *Commander, R.N.*"

The march of the army, on the 28th, was led by the artillery of the first division—Captain Maud's troop had the honour of being in advance; their track lay through the forest, and after passing on some miles, finding themselves unsupported by cavalry, they hesitated, and the hesitation was soon extended to the troop which came next in the route. At this juncture, Lord Raglan and Quartermaster-general Airey overtook them, Lord Raglan demanding, with some severity of tone, why they had not proceeded according to orders which he had personally given a short time previously, as they passed him on the road before entering that portion of the wood. His lordship rode smartly on, and desired them to follow. After the troops proceeded about three miles, the commander-in-chief galloped back again with great speed and much excitement in quest of the cavalry, some of whom coming up, were ordered to the front. These consisted of about twenty men of the Scots Greys, and a small body of Hussars. The cause of Lord Raglan's excitement and haste became speedily apparent—an open space skirted the wood, and through that space a mass of nearly 15,000 Russians were marching. The British general was himself the first to see them. The few troops of horse-artillery and the straggling detachments of cavalry came suddenly upon the flank and rear of the Russians, marching from Sebastopol in the direction of Bagtché Serai. The commander of the British had not taken into account the possibility of such a movement, and had not the artillery delayed, they would have come out of the wood when the Russians had only passed half-way, who must then have discovered the weakness of the force opposed

to them. In that case, the enemy's infantry would have entered the wood, against whom neither the British cavalry nor artillery could have acted. The small force of cavalry would have been shot down, and twenty pieces of cannon might have been captured before the arrival of any of the British infantry; and as these would have come up in small bodies,—straggling, in confusion, fatigued, and many of them ill,—it is impossible to believe that the issue would not have been fatal to the English army. The Russians were, however, too much terrified by the apparition of a British general officer and staff, immediately followed by several troops of horse-artillery and detachments of light and heavy cavalry, not to suppose that they were attacked by the allies in force, and in their flank and rear to great disadvantage; they accordingly took to flight, some along the way to Bagtché Serai; the rear of the column was cut off from that body, and retreated back to Sebastopol. The former body was attacked by the Hussars, who cut down and made prisoners of some of them; many of the Russian infantry took to utter flight before the light cavalry, and dispersed in the wood. In seeking its shelter, they were exposed to a fierce charge from the small body of the Scots Greys, who cut down a considerable number, and then dismounting, pursued them, carbine in hand, through the thicket. A number of the Russians lay down, in attitudes cleverly imitative of men who had fallen from the fire of small arms, and as soon as the Greys passed, rose and fired upon them; but some of the British infantry coming up, these men were repaid for their dexterity by being shot down without mercy.

The Russians are, of all soldiers, the most patient and obedient for *ruses de guerre*, and in this instance some feigned death until only a few stragglers of the rifle brigade remained near them, upon whom they suddenly rose and fired, fleeing further into the bush for security. Meanwhile the horse-artillery limbered up, and discharged case-shot upon the fugitives along the road, and upon those who, in their flight diverging from it, fled among the trees. Immediately beyond the line of march of the Russian column was a steep cliff, at the bottom of which a narrow road wound into Sebastopol. One or two of the British guns, brought to the edge of the cliff, were directed upon that portion of the fugitives who returned back to Sebastopol. Booty was captured from both sections of the divided column of the enemy—carriages, baggage, and ammunition; the ammunition was blown up, the carriage horses used by the artillery and the officers of the other arms of the service. The baggage was divided among the captors in a summary and by no means orderly manner. Rifle-men might be seen attired in hussar-jackets richly

embroidered; and all sorts of military apparel and appliances were put to the oddest uses, as the whim of the soldiery dictated. The most curious matter amongst the spoils was an altar-piece, in a very large tabernacle or wooden case, with folding doors. When the doors were unfolded, there was a numerous array of saints displayed, carved and gilt elaborately. There was some unseen machinery, by which these sacred puppets were moved. This afforded infinite amusement to the men, who, like children, began to pull it to pieces to see how it was made.

The captain referred to by Lord Raglan as being made prisoner, was asked by the Duke of Cambridge some questions concerning the opposing armies; he replied, "Ah, our men fought well enough, but it is of no use, your infantry are the best in the world." By detachments, or rather groups, the army made its way through the forest; Guards mingled with Highlanders, or with the Rifle Brigade, and one regiment of the line mingled with another. As they emerged from the wood they extricated themselves, falling into line with what celerity and order they could upon the small plain over which the alarmed enemy had just passed. Upon this plain stood the British rendezvous, McKenzie's Farm. A road crosses the plateau at right angles with the track by which the British passed through the wood, so that when they came upon the rear flank of the Russian column, the enemy naturally supposed that the English were in ambush, and that ingenuity and rapidity of flight were their only chances of escaping great slaughter. Some of the prisoners taken by the Greys and light cavalry were taken on with the army, and served as guides; others were liberated upon their promise not to serve against their liberators, a promise to which they were not faithful.

After the discomfiture of the enemy, the march of the British was resumed; evening was approaching, miles of country remained to be traversed before they could reach the Tchernaya, the way was stopped by overturned waggons abandoned by the enemy, clouds of dust arose from the chalky loose soil over which the troops proceeded, and many fell out from fatigue and sickness. The march was a weary one, until the bank of the Tchernaya was at last approached. Night had fallen when the advanced guard arrived in the valley of Inkerman, through which the Tchernaya passes, and hour by hour the rest of the army arrived; it was midnight before the rearguard took up its bivouac. Some of the officers, and especially the staff, had tents; the rest of the troops bivouaced in the vale without shelter. During the night the whole heavens were lurid with the glow of the camp-fires lighted up by

the French, who encamped upon the heights on which the Kutar M'Kenzie stands. Thus ended a movement which will long bear a prominent place upon the pages of history, and the execution of which showed as little skill as the execution of any great conception ever displayed. It was a random, haphazard affair; the troops pushed forward without plan or order. Artillery, cavalry, infantry, "steered" (as the sailors say) S.S.W., and each arm of the service scrambled through the forest as best it could. Had there been any management, plan, or system, when the troops debouched from the wood upon the plain near the M'Kenzie Farm, the surprised Russians would have been destroyed. As things were, the trepidation into which the battle of the Alma threw the Russians alone saved our army from destruction. The French conducted their march more slowly; their course was more fatiguing and circuitous, but everything was managed with good generalship; no surprise could have disorganised their army, and they suffered less than their allies from the inconveniences incidental to the enterprise.

The next day was a sad one for the British, notwithstanding the triumph which crowned it. The exhaustion consequent upon the fatigue of the previous day showed itself in the number of men unable to proceed. Cholera also ravaged both hosts, especially the British—it was supposed in consequence of the exposure of the men to the dews and night air. An artillery officer, who was with the advanced guard, had occasion to return upon the line of march, and he describes the state of the first division as most deplorable. The Highlanders seem especially to have suffered during the march of about four miles from the Tchernaya river; the officer referred to declares that from fifty to sixty men of the Highland Brigade lay exhausted upon that short extent of road. The Guards also had many cases of cholera, and Colonel Cox, of that brigade, was seized with the disease; he was taken up on one of the gun-limbers, and the same evening, being put on board ship, died there. About noon the first division halted at the mouth of a gap, surmounted on either side by a lofty and rugged hill. The light division quickly advanced, throwing out skirmishers. In the valley to which this gap conducted was a low conical hill, surmounted by a white house; the Rifles, running forward, took possession of this place. The guns of the light division also advancing, opened upon the enemy in occupation of the heights of Baluklava. The Russians replied promptly to the fire of the light division with a few shells. The Guards moving forward in the direction of the fire, passed through the mountain gorge, and took

possession of a small village at its termination. From this village there was a view of the harbour of Balaklava, and of the old forts which once commanded its entrance with imposing appearance and power. Scarcely had the Guards had time to look down upon the scene beneath them, when the guns of the fleet opened upon the place. These were from the *Agamemnon*, which threw shot and shell against the walls, upon which also the guns of the first and light division played from the land. The garrison ceased to reply, and ran along the wall towards the sea. The Rifles by this time had reached the slopes, and entered the place, pursuing the fugitives, until a white flag was hoisted, which occurred before a life was lost on either side. A steamer bearing the English flag appeared at the same moment upon the tranquil sheet of water beneath. The place surrendered to the British, and the communication between fleet and army—to secure which the flank march was attempted—was re-established.

The delight of the soldiers at the prospect of some repose, and of fresh provisions, was unbounded. From the mountain-pass to the sea—a mile in distance—the valley was covered with orchards and vineyards; the grapes was ripe, and grew in great clusters, and fruit of every kind common to England enriched the trees. Interspersed among the fruit-trees there were luxuriant growths of vegetables, some of descriptions known to the British soldiery, and others which they were not well acquainted with, but which they found to be excellent esculents, such as pumpkins and tomatoes. The garrison only consisted of eighty men, who were of course made prisoners. The place was unprepared for defence, and no notion was entertained by the officer who acted as governor, or by Prince Menschikoff himself, that a British force by land and sea was about to descend upon the little harbour of Balaklava. There was only one mortar to protect the town from an enemy. When the officer who had been in command was asked why he replied to the fire of the assailants with a force so small, he answered that it was his duty to fire until summoned to surrender.

Having shown the progress of the main body of the army to the Tchernaya, and the capture of Balaklava, it is necessary, in order to complete the narrative, to return to the fourth division, which was left with some other detachments upon the heights of the Belbek, to protect the rear of the allies and the embarkation of the sick, and also to preserve, so long as might be necessary, communication with the sea near the disembougement of the Katcha. While this division remained on the heights, some of the ships shelled the northern side of Sebastopol, but at such long range that no harm could be

inflicted, neither could any be received by the ships. The object was to draw off the attention of the enemy from the execution of the flank march, and especially from the division of General Cathcart, whose position was critical; as, if the enemy had had the spirit to sally out upon them in force, the destruction of the division must have been certain. General Cathcart, aware of the danger, made the most excellent dispositions, and exercised an untiring vigilance. The view of the sea, and the movements of the fleet, from the position occupied by the 68th regiment, was interesting and picturesque; the manœuvres of the steamboats, as they threw shells into the northern forts, were distinctly visible, and the passage of the ships as they doubled Cape Chersonese in support of the flanking march of the allies. From the position of the 20th regiment, the country presented a most varied and remarkable landscape. An officer of that regiment described it thus:—"It is impossible to imagine a much more delightful place, or to see greater luxuriance, or more abundant vegetation, than we now saw around us; there is a constant succession of gardens, small houses, lawns, and charming little villas. I observed with my glass, in a most picturesque spot, shaded by lofty and wide-spread trees, a monument walled round, apparently the tomb of some grandee. The whole place was lined with poplar-trees." After spending a night of watching and anxiety, the troops under Sir George followed the rest of the army; the objects that met their sight at every step were most distressing—men dying of wounds, they having refused to go on board ship, wishing to share the fate of the army, and believing that they had the strength to do so; many dying of cholera, some of fatigue: dysentery had caused others to fall out. The troops of the fourth division could render little aid to their comrades; they were without wine, medicine, or even a sufficient number of surgeons for their own men—what could they do for their comrades or allies? The shako was the cause of much suffering to the men; many of the Fusileers of the light division were found lying upon the road, who attributed their inability to proceed to the dreadful heat engendered by this article of dress, under the influence of a hot sun and a new climate. It was alleged that some lost their reason from this cause. The fourth division found some of the spoils left behind by their predecessors, such as rich furs, jewellery, and provisions; they also came upon some wounded Cossacks, who, coming too near to the French in a reconnoitring expedition the night before, fell under the fire of case-shot from a 6-pounder which our allies opened upon them. Short as was the time since the British army had passed

the plateau upon which M'Kenzie's Farm is situated, the Cossacks had been there in the interval, and poisoned one of the wells and filled the other with stones. Some wounded Russian infantry were found in the long sheds which constitute the farm; they had crept thither out of the wood where they had been wounded by the carbines of the Scots Greys. These men declared that if the British had had a sufficient light cavalry force, and kept up the pursuit, thousands of Russians must have fallen, thousands more have been made prisoners, and the army of Prince Menschikoff dispersed and demoralised; few would have reached Bagtché Serai. A dead Russian lay in the middle of the road, the wolves and vultures which fed upon him being scared by the approach of the guns of the horse-artillery. He was a civilian, and appeared to be a person of some position, and was probably murdered and plundered by his own friends, the Cossacks. Descending from the M'Kenzie heights (as they have ever since been generally called), the prospect was very fine; the movements of the British and French below were varied and characteristic; the landscape was a strange mingling of the soft and rugged—the country open in front, steep mountains on either side crowned with low woods: here and there a picturesque view added great interest to the *ensemble*. The inhabitants came forth with presents of fruit and flowers, both rich and beautiful; but where the soldiers showed any disposition to plunder, the Tartars made some display of valour, defending their cottages and gardens with their implements of agriculture, for which they received the encouragement of the other soldiers who were not participators in the raids, and who were amused at the discomfiture of their comrades in several of these predatory attempts. When this detachment arrived upon the level ground overlooking Balaklava, the *Diamond* and *Caradoc* were in the harbour. Sir Edmund Lyons had come on shore to congratulate Lord Raglan upon his perilous achievement, and to consult with him as to the future measures which it might be necessary to take.

The next morning the fourth division crossed the "Black River," and advanced upon Balaklava. In crossing the bridge, it was necessary to give place to a large detachment of French with their ambulances and wounded men. The British division was filled with astonishment at the ease and comfort with which the wounded French were carried. The ambulance mules bore on either side a sort of folding chair, in which was placed an invalid, who sat up or reclined as he pleased, or as their health or wounds constrained, the chair yielding freely to every motion of the sick soldier. Each mule had a driver, but as the animals

are sagacious and surefooted, the muleteer was enabled to pay every attention to his sick charge. An officer of the division, who stood and watched the French as they passed, followed by the Turks, thus graphically depicts the scene presented:—

"Over rough ground these mules went in the easiest and most careful manner, picking their road like cats. On two or three I saw English soldiers. The poor fellows on their backs seemed very comfortable, quite different from the Turkish invalids who followed just after, in wretched, rough, creaking arabas, drawn by clumsy oxen, and who looked as if they would die at every jolt, or have their heads shaken off. When they had all passed by, we moved on slowly towards Balaklava, and General Carrobert rode along our line. He was greeted by a hearty cheer, at which he looked highly gratified. He is a fine, soldier-like looking fellow, having his arm in a sling from a wound he received at Alma. He was followed by a large escort, principally of Spahis, and our men had their usual laugh at the 'old women,' as they called them in joke. A long line of French skirmishers, consisting of those active fellows, the Chasseurs de Vincennes, came sweeping across the plain, passing through our line, and finding more hares than Russians in the long dry grass. At length we entered a long valley, at the bottom of which could be seen the town and harbour of Balaklava, full of our noble ships. Several of these had come in that day, and were busily engaged in disembarking their monster guns belonging to the heavy artillery and siege train. These were fifty in number, composed of 32 and 64-pounders, together with Lancaster guns, which throw a solid 90-pound shot. We placed great reliance in the latter, having heard so much of their wonderful range. Scattered houses extended some little way up the valley towards us. We were not, however, to halt here, but, taking a sweep, wheeled round to our right, and got into the Sebastopol road. When we had gained the heights, we could plainly see the sea; and we passed some deserted farmhouses, which had stacks of hay and straw in the yards. Our line of march now took us over an undulating plain, without a tree, except an occasional orchard and a few poplars. Some of the men were actively employed in sucking pieces of honeycomb from beehives which they had knocked over in the valley we had just left. Soon, however, all eyes were intently gazing in that quarter where Sebastopol was expected to be seen. At last we came to a halt, and walking on a few yards to the edge of the ridge, we saw the domes and batteries of this wonderful city before us, standing out in bold relief from the dark blue sea beyond. It did not strike us as

being a fine city; for only a few good houses or buildings are to be seen from where we were on the south side. We now took a turn to the right, being about two miles and a half from Sebastopol, and crossed a valley, where was a deserted market-gardener's cottage, surrounded by a fine garden. This was soon full of soldiers, who helped themselves to fruit and vegetables of the choicest description. General T——, however, made his appearance, and ordered them out. An amateur friend of ours, however, in his cap and shooting-jacket, remained until the last, busily employed in filling his pockets with carrots and onions for his dinner. Observing him, the general, with a voice of thunder, pealed forth, 'Whose servant are you, sir? If you don't come out immediately, I'll send you to the provost-marshal, and have you flogged.' Our friend, as you may imagine, looked rather astonished at this, and went up to the general, when an explanation took place. The Russians, in great numbers, were seen at Sebastopol, hard at work at their mud batteries, which they had just commenced. I fancy that our appearance in this quarter was the last thing they contemplated."

The rearguard of the British became now in effect the advance-guard, as they were placed between the rest of the army and southern Sebastopol. Their place of bivouac the first night was a quarry. There was a small stone house, which had been used by the quarry-labourers, and this was set apart for the quarters of the general of the fourth division, who humanely surrendered it to the sick, and was content with his own little picket tent, his table being outside. Every precaution was taken by the experienced officer in command to secure the encampment. The guns were drawn close up to the lines, and unlimbered towards Sebastopol; the horses were all ready saddled, and every arrangement made for the men to stand to their arms, if necessary, in a moment. The position of the division was almost as precarious as upon the heights of the Belbek after the flank movement had begun. The number of men under Sir George Cathcart's command scarcely exceeded 8000; and the nearest division to his was that of Sir de Laey Evans, which was two miles distant. Sir George, however, expressed his conviction that he could hold the position against 30,000 Russians. The night was cold, the dew descending in amazing quantities, saturating the blankets of such as had them; but many had none, even officers. Yet it is acknowledged by officers and men that whatever other evil effects followed this exposure, no one caught cold. The weather had, however, with exception of the one dreadful night of rain, been beautiful by day and night. Perhaps never was finer

weather known in the Crimea than was experienced during the September of 1854. The first night of bivouac south of Sebastopol, for the fourth division, passed without incident; the repose so much required was obtained and enjoyed, and the men were not disturbed from it until late the following morning. About eight o'clock a large body of Russian infantry came out of the south-west corner of Sebastopol, advanced some distance, halted, and made a demonstration, as if about to attack the camp. The first brigade was immediately under arms, and drew up to receive them on the slope of the ridge, in a very advantageous situation; the second brigade was in support. As soon as the enemy saw that the British general was so well prepared for him, they returned to the city, and appeared immediately to join the parties who were so actively erecting the earthworks. The number of sick was very considerably increased. All night the officers heard the moans and calls of those who were attacked with cholera or dysentery; some cases of ague also appeared, and as the men arose from the bare earth, wet with dew, they looked pale and sickly, and many, both men and officers, were evidently bearing up with characteristic manliness against suffering.

The quarry in which the troops found shelter was well adapted for a defensive position had the enemy so used it. From the elevation the country round for two miles might be swept by heavy guns. The excavations were extensive, and full of large square stones piled one on the other. The chips and dust were thrown up in vast heaps, between which were intervals left for the carts; these heaps and intervals were in remarkable regularity, and would have afforded excellent means for establishing batteries on the spot. All day the cavalry outposts of both armies were busy: small parties of Cossacks would steal up quietly towards the lines, until observed by the British light cavalry patrols, who would make a dash at them, and the Cossacks would disappear as if by enchantment, to return the moment the patrols retired. The manœuvres of these Cossacks were very harassing to our cavalry, for although the former were no match for the British horse in an encounter of sabres, they were much superior for outpost service, by their celerity of movement, practised sight and hearing, the sagacity of their wiry little steeds, their familiarity with the local peculiarities of the neighbourhood, and their being acclimated, men and horses. Their officers also were an intelligent body of men, particularly trained for outpost duty and for reconnoitring, in which services they showed celerity, courage, keen observation, and a perfect knowledge of light cavalry movements. This is a suitable place in which to present to our readers a description of

the irregular cavalry of the Russian army, by a gentleman who himself served as a captain, and who has written this description expressly for the author's use:—

"At your request I will run over a few remarks concerning the peculiarities of the Calmucks, Bashkires, Cossacks, &c. Tamerlane and Islingis-Khan, the leaders and rulers of the Mongols, once the scourge of Europe, are names familiar to Englishmen of education, as the narratives of the astonishing deeds of those two great chieftains will not have failed making a deep impression upon the minds of those who have perused their history. It may almost be said that the Mongols and Tartars, in their hundredfold different tribes, are *born* on horseback, are *living* on horseback, and are *dying* on the backs of their horses. Their horses are of a very small stature, but strong, stalwart against weather, satisfied with little and coarse food, and know nothing about stabling, grooming, washing, &c. They are swift, nimble, and can endure very fatiguing marches of fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five English miles, without food. They are not shod, and have an almost noiseless walk, sliding gently above the surface, without lifting high their feet or stamping them vigorously down, as do the European horses, which thus exhaust their strength. What the dog is to the hunter, the horse is to these people. The Calmucks and Bashkires are not fit for European warfare, but, along with the Cossacks, they are the best light cavalry in the world, and the eyes and ears of the Russian armies. Living in the immense steppes in Asia, and the Cossacks in the steppes along the Don, Dnieper, Bug, and Volga, they are all practically acquainted with astronomy, inasmuch as they know how to find their way in every country of the globe, being guided by the stars. Their eyesight and hearing are wonderfully acute, and it might almost be said, they see in the dark, like the cats, and hear like a fox or hare. They throw themselves upon the ground, laying their ear to the surface, and will thus discover approaching men and horses at an almost incredible distance. They likewise see distinctly at a distance where other human beings in civilised countries cannot discover any object whatever. Their habits and peculiarities, in all these respects, will prove that these horsemen, by their kind of life, are made to be the very best light cavalry."

The want of a sufficient light cavalry force on the part of the allies, which proved such an impediment on the march from Old Fort to Alma—which permitted the Russians to effect their retreat with safety, and carry off all their guns after the defeat they experienced there—which necessitated so much vigilance on the part of the infantry during the bivouacs of the Katcha and the Belbek, and rendered unavail-

able the surprise of the Russians at Kutar M'Kenzie—proved, on the first days of the occupation of Balaklava and its vicinity, a serious obstacle to the efficiency of two as fine armies of infantry as ever encamped before the fortress of an enemy. A harassing instance of this occurred to General Cathcart and his division on the first day of their encampment. An orderly dragoon rode hotly down to the general's quarters, declaring that a force of at least 20,000 Russians was marching upon their rear. Of course it was presumed that a sally from the fortress would have been made at the same time, and there appeared every prospect of a desperate and hopeless struggle for the small division of infantry before succour could arrive from General Evans. Sir George Cathcart moved the men back a short way, to protect their commissariat, and calmly awaited the expected attack. No enemy appeared, however; and after some hours of anxiety, it was presumed that the troops seen by the dragoon were proceeding to Sebastopol. The nature of the country, and the expertness of their irregular light horse, favoured such surprises. Had Lord Raglan a light cavalry,—not what in the British army is called so, which is constituted of regiments of heavy men upon bad horses, but light men, upon fleet and well-trained horses,—no such mistakes and false alarms would have worn out the infantry, as was so frequently the case subsequently; nor would the unfortunate fourth division have been obliged, sick and anxious, to stand for hours beneath a burning sun in momentary expectation of an attack from greatly superior numbers.

"Cavalry," says Marshal Saxe, "should be lightly mounted: the horses should be accustomed to fatigue; they should carry little baggage, and we should never aim at having very fat or finely proportioned horses." In a work lately published by Colonel Beamish,\* there are many original remarks concerning the uses and qualities of cavalry, with all of which we cannot concur, and some of which, such as the use of the lance, are at variance with the opinions of Captain Nolan, the highest authority on all cavalry subjects:—"Colonel Beamish recommends that the various descriptions of cavalry should all be assimilated—excepting only the household troops; and that they should have for their main arms the lance and revolver. He proposes to attach to each squadron a fifth division, armed with light needle-rifles, and destined to act as skirmishers. The maximum height of the cavalry soldier he fixes at five feet eight; and his weight at ten stone. He considers that the horses should be 'light, strong, swift, hardy, and of high courage, not exceeding fifteen hands high;'

\* On the Uses and Application of Cavalry in War.

and that the bits should be varied in severity according to the sensibility of the charger. His remarks as to clothing and equipment are equally clear, precise, and forcible. The utility of the changes he suggests is so obvious, now that he has brought them forward, that it would be unpardonable not to give them full consideration. Our cavalry has been made too much a show force, when it ought, from the superiority of its elements, to be considered susceptible of the highest organisation. It has always signalised itself in action, and we are glad to have the testimony of Colonel Beamish as to its unequalled capabilities. It requires only that these capabilities should be understood, seized, and developed. This bequest of the age of chivalry may be made an ornament, but it can only be maintained for use; and the first consideration must be, not its holiday costume, but its practical efficiency. More attention should be paid to the education and training of cavalry officers; and Colonel Beamish's project for the establishment of a college for this purpose offers many advantages. Cavalry officers should be perfect masters, not only of the art of equitation, but of the whole economy of the horse: and should know how to treat their charges in every situation, and under all circumstances. They should also have a knowledge of mathematics, fortification, and military drawing, and be thoroughly expert in the use of the lance, sword, and carbine."

There has perhaps never been a great commander that did not rely much upon this arm of war. Napoleon told O'Meara at St. Helena, that if he had had Murat to handle the cavalry at Waterloo, he would have gained the victory. Wellington paid more attention to this description of force in the Peninsula than to any other. Hannibal, whom Wellington considered the greatest of all military geniuses, relied chiefly in his campaigns upon the judicious use of his horsemen. Charles XII. of Sweden brought his troopers to great perfection by unremitting personal care; and most great commanders have made their cavalry the object of especial concern. This has never been the case in the British army, and in the Crimea the French were still more culpable than the British. The remark of Kossuth upon the Crimean expedition was just, that a large light cavalry force was essential to successful operations, if the allies hoped to conquer the Crimea.

It cannot fail to strike every reader of this History, that from the landing at Old Fort to the occupation of Balaklava, the Russians displayed little sagacity, enterprise, or resources. Bourrienne represents Napoleon the Great as saying upon his invasion of Russia, that he then encountered a more daring and skilful foe than he had ever met in battle. In the

Crimea, whatever *éclat* the genius of one officer of engineers may have thrown around the Russian arms by his defence of Sebastopol, there occurred nothing to redeem the military name of Russia from disgrace, from the moment the English flag was planted at Eupatoria—before the general landing—until the white flag was hoisted by the Russians above the heights of Balaklava. Nor did the numbers brought into the field then, or subsequently, comport with the boasts which all Europe had heard of the countless soldiers of the czar. Every occurrence so far confirmed the impression entertained by many at home, that a zealous ministry and competent commanders would dissipate the delusion of the incalculable military resources of Russia, especially in men. "At Borodino," says M. Cole, "in the heart of their vast empire, retiring on their resources, and resolved at last to make a final stand to save their capital, and fight for independence, 120,000 was the fullest extent of their muster-roll. Neither did they ever exceed this aggregate in the successive invasions of France in 1814 and 1815. Moreover, the Russian contingent would never have arrived at all, but for the subsidies of England. M. Schnitzler, whose work is generally correct and authentic in facts, as it is often sound in opinions, has been misinformed, or is tinctured with prejudice, when he represents that 'the assemblage in the Plaine des Vertus (10th September, 1814) of a Russian army of 160,000 men, ready for the field, struck with amazement the diplomatic corps of Europe, who were present at the imposing spectacle; but such an exhibition of the military strength of a vast empire alarmed them much less than the invisible power and perfect moral influence which the greatness of soul and well-known principles of the monarch who now reviewed his troops had created.' I cannot tell what were the impressions of civilians and diplomatists, to whom I had no access, but happening to be an insignificant unit among many hundreds of military men of all nations who were looking on, I can testify that as a mere military display, we were neither petrified with amazement nor awe. No mistakes are so easily made as calculations on the number of troops estimated from a *coup d'œil*; the general belief was that on this occasion they did not amount to 90,000; and the entire Russian contingent which marched up to Paris, subsequent to the battle of Waterloo, and the second abdication of Napoleon, I was assured by an officer of the Russian staff, never exceeded, even on paper, 110,000. At this vaunted review, which had been long preparing, and lasted three days, little or nothing was done to illustrate strategy or capability of rapid movement. Three days previous to the commencement of the display

were required to place them on the ground. On the first day of action, the operations consisted in marching past in review order; on the second they were confined to performing worship according to the rites of the Greek Church; and on the third the whole force marched off again to the cantonments from whence they had been summoned. Not long after this, in an after-dinner conversation, arising incidentally, the Duke of Wellington proposed to the allied sovereigns, or they suggested to him, to show them the British army, with their allies in British pay, including the Hanoverian and Danish divisions, amounting in all to more than 80,000 men. A representation of the principal manœuvres and incidents of Salamanca, as nearly as the ground permitted, was afterwards stated to have been the programme agreed on for the evolutions of the day. There was no previous announcement or rehearsal. At nine at night the orders were sent round to the different brigades, and by eight on the following morning the whole were drawn up in two lines, the left resting on Montmartre, and the right on the Seine, with St. Denis a little in the rear. The sovereigns, with a gallant escort, comprising many of the leading generals of the day, rode hastily along the front. All were then put in motion: the entire day was occupied in a series of complicated movements, and at seven in the evening the corps marched past the assembled potentates, and returned to their several quarters. The quickness and precision of their evolutions, the martial bearing and exact discipline of the men, and especially the equipment of the horse-artillery, excited the loudest approbation. It was a proud day for Britain, as showing a solid exhibition of her power. Thousands still live who will recollect the impression it produced, and the reminiscence will not incline them to join the ranks of despondency. We have not at this moment the same numerical amount of men, for we have not hitherto required them; but we possess a substantial nucleus of similar materials, which we can increase at pleasure, now that a necessity for the supply has arisen. The Russian Imperial Guards, during the occupation of Paris, in 1815, were chosen troops, well appointed and imposing in appearance; but their ordinary infantry of the line were anything but formidable—they had neither muscle nor stamina. Sir William Napier, speaking of this same army, says, 'If we believe those writers who have described the ramifications of the one huge falsehood of pretension which, they say, pervades Russia, her barbarity—using the word in its full signification—would appear more terrible than her strength. Nor can I question their accuracy, having, in 1815, when the reputation of

the Russian troops was highest, detected the same falsehood of display without real strength; for, from the imperial parades on the boulevards of Paris, where—oiled, bandaged, and clothed, to look like men whom British soldiers would be proud to charge on a field of battle—the Muscovite was admired, I followed him to his billet, where, stripped of his disguise, he appeared short of stature, squalid, and meagre, his face rigid with misery—shocking both sight and feeling—a British soldier would have offered him bread rather than a bayonet.' The average pay of a Russian soldier is about twelve shillings per annum. In some corps it is a little more or less, but the difference only amounts to a few pence per month. Instead of the substantial broth and beef which constitute the daily mess of the British regiment, his food consists of coarse rye-bread, fermented cabbage, and buck-wheat grits, to which a little hempseed-oil is added. In the picked regiments of the Guards, where the men are supposed to live like fighting-cocks, they receive half a pound of meat either twice or thrice a week."

When the intelligence arrived at St. Petersburg of the double flank march, the emperor, the court, and the public were intensely amazed that Lord Raglan should have been permitted to pass unopposed over positions that might have been so easily held against him. The *St. Petersburg Journal* was, however, ordered to make the best case out of the despatches of Prince Menschikoff, on the one hand, and of the allied generals, on the other, that could be manufactured by its ingenious editor. It will at least gratify the curiosity of our readers to peruse this essay at turning defeat into success, and a succession of blunders into a specimen of superior strategy. The journal thus puts it:—

"The Anglo-French have moved their united forces before Sebastopol, from the north of that city to the south, thereby entirely changing their base of operations. They have effected this object by a flank march round the city. Their organs in the foreign press cannot find language to praise sufficiently the thankfulness of this manœuvre. Without wishing to detract from its merit, it is only just, also, to mention and to explain the operations of Prince Menschikoff in face of the enemy.

"After the combat upon the Alma, the prince, finding no position upon the Katcha or Belbek sufficiently strong to enable him to offer battle again to the enemy, passed the Tchernaya, and concentrated his forces in a position to the east of the city, after having garrisoned the forts on the north with an adequate number of troops. The enemy advanced, crossed the Katcha and the Belbek, and arrived as far as the heights which surrounded the



forts upon the north. The position of Prince Menschikoff had this inconvenience—that he saw the enemy placed directly upon his communications with the interior of the empire. It was necessary to get out of this situation, and the prince effected that object by a brilliant conception which was boldly executed. He proceeded, in the night between the 24th and 25th September, towards Bagtché Serai, after having crossed the Tchernaya by a single bridge. He executed this flank march in the course of the night, and he found himself on the 25th in the valley of Bagtché Serai upon the flank and rear of the enemy, with his communications with the interior of the empire open, and open also with the reinforcements about to reach him. This new position of the prince would have annoyed the enemy if he had ventured an attack against the forts upon the north. But he did not even attempt it; on the contrary, he took the resolution of transferring his point of attack from the north to the south of Sebastopol, by turning the city to the east.

“We must be permitted here to explain some circumstances which will enable us impartially to consider the operations of the two parties. Prince Menschikoff had to march across mountains, by a single road which, from the point where M’Kenzie’s Farm was situated, was no further from the advance posts of the enemy than four versts. Their bivouac fires could be seen. The prince could not hope to cover his march by the means which are commonly taken under such circumstances, for it was above all things expedient for him not to attract the attention of the enemy. In his position it became his duty to avoid a combat which might have prevented the movements of his column. The prince marched with his baggage and artillery. All difficulties were however overcome, and our troops were posted on the morning of the 25th where the enemy did not expect.

“Our adversaries were also executing, almost at the same time, a flank march, but under much more advantageous circumstances. From the Belbek, and the plain where they were placed on the 24th, they had only to reach M’Kenzie’s Farm in order to find themselves upon the road which leads, by a descent, upon the Tchernaya. The enemy executed this movement without being perceived by us, for the point on which M’Kenzie’s Farm is situated is sixteen versts distance from the place where our forces were disposed; and further, it was covered by wooded hills. If Prince Menschikoff had desired to attack the enemy during the march, he could only have done it by a single route, which, for a distance of ten versts, is a continual ascent from the Belbek to M’Kenzie’s Farm. It would have been sufficient for the enemy to have placed some

batteries in an excellent position upon the heights, in order to delay our attack long enough for the movement of the column to be terminated without danger. The enemy had the immense advantage of marching without baggage or artillery, which were being quietly conveyed by sea to Balaklava. Any one who has ever marched with troops, whether with an army or a battalion, will be able to appreciate the difference in marching with or without baggage.

“Prince Menschikoff had to avoid a battle during his movement, because the enemy was too advantageously placed. Our adversaries, on the contrary, marched in a manner which did not permit them to be annoyed by an attack upon their flank—an attack in which the prince could not, owing to the nature of the ground, engage except under unfavourable conditions.”

The steps taken by Prince Menschikoff when he found his plan of operating upon the flank and rear of the allies from Bagtché Serai defeated by Lord Raglan’s stratagem, could only be known by intelligence from the Russian camp or metropolis. Our generals were very ill informed upon all Russian movements; no systems of scouts or spies, such as the Duke of Wellington so effectually organised in Spain, and such as Napoleon invariably connected with his operations, was as yet adopted by the allies. Indeed, not only at the juncture of which we write, but all through the war, the allied commanders laboured under the disadvantage of defective information. The *St. Petersburg Journal*, professing to write upon the authority of Prince Menschikoff himself, thus describes his first movements for the defence of the fortress:—“Prince Menschikoff, in a report made to the emperor, and dated the 30th of September, states that after having executed his flank movement from Sebastopol towards Bagtché Serai, he was ready to take the offensive on the first favourable opportunity. This plan promised to be still more successful, because the allies had divided their forces. While the French approached the fortifications on the north of the Bay of Sebastopol, the English troops betook themselves to Balaklava by sea, where they effected a landing. Prince Menschikoff, informed of what was taking place, made a movement in advance, but the French declining the combat, also abandoned the north of Sebastopol, and effected a junction with their allies on the south. On the 30th Prince Menschikoff had arrived, with the greater part of his troops, at the fortifications on the north, and established himself there, waiting till the intentions of the allies were more plainly manifested. Up to the 30th no movement had been made.”

The information thus given, however correct as to the movements and plans of Prince Men-

schikoff, was erroneous in all respects as to the allies. Prince Menschikoff knew well that the English did not go by sea to Balaklava, for his troops felt their sabres on the plateau of the Kutar M'Kenzie; nor could he suppose that the forces of the armies were divided, for the French followed in the rear of the British. It is just possible that Menschikoff, when he recovered from his alarm after encountering Lord Raglan on the M'Kenzie heights, might have been deceived as to the force of the English which fell upon his rear, and have taken up the impression that they had been merely the cavalry and light infantry, the rest of the army going by sea to Balaklava. The tarrying of the fourth division and the other regiments with Sir George Cathcart on the heights of the Belbek, and the communications kept up with the sea, might have further contributed to the mystification of the Russian commander. He must have known that the artillery was not brought seaward, as Captain Maud's battery opened upon his flying columns, as did some other troops of horse-artillery following the captain's. Nor was it correct to represent the British as having made no movement from the time they reached Balaklava on the 26th to the 30th, when Prince Menschikoff made his report; for authoritative intelligence arrived in England, bearing only a few days later date, thus describing the first operations of the British army:—"On the 28th of September, the second, third, and fourth divisions of the army were ordered at once to move up to the heights about Sebastopol, where they encamped. The light division also moved forward on the following day, and now occupies a position in the line of the besieging army. The engineers and artillery proceeded at once to land the siege-train, and on the 29th some of the guns were already dragged up the heights, and temporarily placed in a field about one mile in the rear of the position occupied by the troops. From this elevated encampment, which was occupied by our troops without any opposition on the part of the enemy, a view may be obtained of the whole port of Sebastopol, with its harbours, arsenals, ships, and forts lying within a circle of three or four miles, at the feet of the vast armament which already threatens the devoted city. The Duke of Cambridge's division, consisting of the Guards and Highland Brigade, remained in the rear of the army near Balaklava until the 2nd of October, in order to cover the base of operations from the possibility of an attack. Meanwhile, the roads and tracks through the hilly country south of the Kutar M'Kenzie, by which the allied armies made their flank march on Balaklava, have been broken up and put into a state of defence by the British forces."

The *St. Petersburg Journal* does not, how-

ever, seem to have itself relied overmuch upon the accounts of the amphibious chief—half sailor, half soldier—by whom the Russian army was so wretchedly mismanaged; for immediately after publishing Prince Menschikoff's opinions, it furnished a representation of the position of the allied armies before Sebastopol at the close of September, in the following terms, which it professed to have derived from a Vienna source,—probably the correspondence of an Austrian officer in the Russian service, sent on to Vienna and St. Petersburg at the same time. Throughout the war German officers in the Russian army were permitted to write letters of this sort, the object generally being to mislead western Europe by plausible and quasi-candid communications from officers of inferior rank, and not under the influence of Russian nationality. "The position of the allied armies completely covers every point of their rear from which an attack in that direction might be apprehended. The Tchernaya, or Black River, runs into the Gulf of Sebastopol from its sources in the mountains beyond Kamara, at which place the main body of the right wing of the allies is posted. The extreme of the right wing rests upon these mountains, and commands the whole line of road between Kamara and Alusta. Outposts are stationed along the course of the Tchernaya, or Black River, and at Kadikoi, where the roads from Balaklava, Kamara, and Alusta, on the south and east, and from Simpheropol and Sebastopol on the north, join, the centre of the allied armies is placed, extending along and covering all the roads from north, east, and south that lead to Sebastopol. The left wing occupies and rests on Karani, some short distance west of Balaklava and Kadikoi, with outposts at Khutof. Thus, with Balaklava as the base of operations, the allied forces occupy every possible route by which the Russians from Bagtché Serai could attack them, and their position would appear to be quite as strong as that of the Russians on the heights of the Alma. Covered as the country is with dense forests and mountain ranges, the points said to be occupied by the right and centre of the allied armies, make their position before Sebastopol as strong as if they were entrenched behind a line of impregnable fortresses."

As soon as the allies could make the arrangements for communication with the fleet complete, sailors, marines, and stores, were disembarked. Sixty large siege guns were landed on the 28th of September; and by the 3rd of October the military orders for the siege of Sebastopol were actually published. It was prepared by a council of the allied generals on the evening of the 3rd, and the trenches were opened, not a shot disturbing the progress of the men.

THE ORDER.

THE trenches will be opened this evening against Sebastopol; a working-party, consisting of —, furnished by the —, will be marched to the engineers' depot at — P.M., where they will receive tools and directions from the engineers' officers and sappers, who will guide them to the works; they will be without arms and accoutrements. The guard for the protection of the working and ground will consist of —, furnished by —, and will parade in their camp at — P.M., be conducted to their positions, posted, and receive instructions from staff-officers who will be assembled for the purpose.

All the movements of the parties must be, if possible, kept out of view of the place.

After moving from their last place of assembly, which will be after dark, the *utmost silence must be preserved*, and the least possible noise of any kind made. The working-parties will be arranged in proper order by the engineers, but will not commence work till ordered, after which it must be carried on *with the greatest energy*.

The engineers will be charged with the arrangements, but the officers of the troops must be responsible for the maintenance of order and attention to the directions given by the engineers, and for the amount of work done; on diligence and regular conduct of the working-parties will depend more rapid and complete success of the enterprise. The working-parties must not quit the works on slight alarms. If the enemy make a sortie, the guard will advance and drive them in, and before they reach the work, if possible; should the working-party be absolutely obliged to retire, they will take their tools with them, and reform a short distance in rear, to return to the work when the sortie is repulsed.

The guard will be posted in rear of the working-party, and near to it, if possible, under cover from the fire of the place; if not, they must lie down in order of battle, with accoutrements on, and each man with his firelock close by him—one party, not less than one-third, of the forces abso-

lutely on the alert all through the night, taking it alternately, ready for an immediate rush on the enemy.

A sortie is out and on the works in a very short time, and therefore the guard must be in immediate readiness to attack it without hesitation; nothing is so easily defeated as a sortie if charged without delay.

After the repulse of any sortie, the guard will return under cover as soon as possible, and resume their position.

All working-parties and guards will be composed of entire regiments, or parts, and not of detachments, made up of different corps.

On the very same day that the allied generals were putting forth the order to break ground before Sebastopol, the czar issued a proclamation, announcing that he would remove the head-quarters of his army to Warsaw; and calling upon his nobles, clergy, and people, to support the war by their ardour, their prayers, and their contributions. To the grenadiers of his army he also published an address, full of fanaticism and boasting, calling upon them to march and beat the enemy from the soil of holy Russia. Thus both sides were preparing for a struggle, the shock of which should vibrate not only through the vast empire of the czar, and the territories of contiguous states, but throughout Asia from the Caucasus to Peking, and throughout Europe from the Tauric Chersonese to the western shores of the British Isles.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ANCIENT CHERSONESUS.—SEBASTOPOL AND ITS ENVIRONS.—BALAKLAVA.—THE GROUND OCCUPIED BY THE ALLIED ARMIES.

"It is impossible that civilised nations can allow a nation of thieves to exist on their boundary."—  
SIR G. GREY, *Governor of the Cape of Good Hope*, to Moshesh, *Chief of the Basuto*.

BEFORE entering upon the incidents of the wonderful siege which is now to engage our attention, it is desirable to give some description of the Tauric Chersonese, the modern Sebastopol, Balaklava, and the ground occupied by the allies while conducting their operations.

The Tauri, a very ancient and barbarous tribe, seem to have held for ages the coasts of the Crimea, and to have established themselves more especially on the heights above Sebastopol. It is from that people the name of Tauric Chersonese has been derived. In later ages a famous temple of Diana occupied the rocky headland near the city of Chersonesus, on the very spot where the wires of the electric telegraph were laid, by which the tidings of war should be borne to our doors. The city of Chersonesus, or, as it was afterwards called, Cherson, was built on the west side of Quarantine Bay, occupied by the French at the opening of the siege. The ruins of this city were extensive, and were plainly traced by Clarke. Dubois de Montpéreaux, in his *Voyage autour*

*du Caucase*, relates, that when he visited it the ruins were fast disappearing, so that he was in haste to take account of what still remained. Dr. Koch declared that he could find nothing of what Montpéreaux had described only a few years before, the Russians having carried away the stones to use in the buildings of the modern Sebastopol. An imperial ukase was issued to prohibit this barbarous conduct; but the demolition was complete before the mandate could come into effect.

Chersonesus was not a Milesian city, but a colony from Heraclea, in Bithynia. It was among the latest Greek settlements, and became one of the most flourishing. When the Crimea fell under the Tartar khans of Kaptehak, about the middle of the thirteenth century, all the cities founded by the Greek colonists had faded away except Cherson, and it only retained traces of its former glory. It nevertheless carried on a considerable trade with Constantinople, and was regarded as a place of importance by the khans. These Tartars favoured commerce to some extent, and

listened to the overtures of the trading Genoese, who founded "a factory" at Kaffa, and carried on much intercourse between that place and Cherson; but as Kaffa grew rapidly into importance, the former city declined, and when the Turks made the conquest of the Crimea, no mention is made of Cherson in the histories of that event: it had probably ceased to be a city of any importance whatever. Certainly, in 1596, Bronovius found the place uninhabited. Since then another Cherson has sprung into existence, which we notice to prevent any confusion in the minds of our readers when the name occurs in other pages of this History. Catherine II. founded a town at the mouth of the Dnieper, to which she gave the same name, in the exercise of that fancy which the Russians display of imparting to modern places the names of cities whose glory is departed, although not erected on their site, nor in their neighbourhood, nor bearing any resemblance to them. The Cherson of Catherine was founded in 1788. In a quotation from Dr. Clarke, in the thirty-third chapter of this History, we showed that Catherine also gave the name of Sebastopol to the Tartar Aktiar. At first the name was given to the bay, and then to the town which is situated at the head of the bay, built upon the site of the old Tartar village.

Descriptions of Sebastopol, its fortifications and environs, have become numerous since the mighty siege commenced, although good works on the Crimea generally are still scarce. We shall here confine ourselves to an outline, to be filled up as events are recorded which bring more directly under notice particular features of the place, both as a city and an arsenal. The most pleasing and minute description which we have met with is by Mrs. Nielson. She describes what Sebastopol was before it ceased to be important; Clarke tells us what it was when it *began* to be important. Miss Pardoe, with her usual happy facility for graceful and compendious summary, thus depicts it:—"To leave the present exciting phase of the history of Sebastopol, and turn to the origin of the city, it may surprise some of our readers to learn that scarce a hundred years since a few wretched Tartar huts, known as the village of Aktiar, occupied the site of Sebastopol. It is to Catherine II. that the honour of founding the present town belongs. This crafty and ambitious woman was fully aware of the importance of a strongly-fortified harbour in the Black Sea, for the defence of her newly-acquired territory in the Crimea, and also to assist in her ultimate designs against Constantinople. In obedience to her instructions, the works were commenced in 1786, and, encouraged by her favour, soon acquired a pre-eminence over older parts. The houses are superior in building to those of the

generality of Russian towns, being chiefly of stone. They rise from the side of the harbour in a series of terraces to nearly 200 feet above the water, and are mostly occupied by persons connected, either directly or indirectly, with the naval arsenal and government; permission has rarely been granted for the residence of strangers, and even Russians are not at all times permitted to remain. The public buildings are of the usual character, including churches, a museum, theatre, hospital, and public schools; before the present attack, many of them were said to possess considerable architectural merit."

Mrs. Nielson describes all the public buildings in detail, and represents life in Sebastopol as very gay. Forty thousand persons generally residing there, a large portion of them being seamen, soldiers, and their families, made the public promenades exceedingly lively. Bands from the ships and regiments played every evening in the prominent public places; and the best military music might be daily heard. The theatre was much patronised; the orchestra was assisted by the bands of the fleet and army, and the soldiers were always at hand for theatrical spectacles. Balls and festivities, on board ship, in barracks, and in the private residences of the civil functionaries, were perpetual. Those who loved quiet beauty could find shaded walks in the suburbs; and the environs afforded scenes both sublime and beautiful.

The docks and harbour are amongst the finest in the world. Their cost, with that of the fleet they sheltered, was estimated, when the war broke out, at twenty millions sterling. The fortifications had cost seven millions sterling. The stores and munitions of war contained in the arsenal it would be impossible to estimate, except upon data supplied by the Russian authorities; and so flagitious is the system of peculation and falsehood among Russian officials, that no reliance could be placed upon any data they might supply. The events of the siege proved that the ammunition, arms, and stores of war contained in the place were enormous, and probably exceeded the quantities of material ever before gathered within the bastions of a fortified city.

The celebrated Russian topographer, Vsevoljsky, who was better acquainted with the place and locality than any other person, thus describes the city:—"The town stands on a chalky stratum, which rises from the height of thirty feet at the extremity of the point to an elevation of 190 feet above the sea in the upper part. This elevation, with the steep coast opposite, which also consists of a calcareous rock, perfectly defends the bay, which, from the summit of the heights, appears to lie at the bottom of a deep cavity; and, indeed, at

a very short distance from the shore inland, it is impossible to perceive the tops of the highest masts. Near the extremity at the point of land stands the house built in 1787 for the reception of the Empress Catherine II. Behind are situate the Admiralty, the Arsenal, and the houses of the naval officials; while higher up are the dwellings of the inhabitants of the town, the market and the Greek church; besides which there is a Russian church for the use of the sailors belonging to the Black Sea fleet. The seamen's hospital and barracks, and the magazines, are mostly situate on the other side of the harbour; and, together with the barracks of the garrison, built a short distance from the former, compose a sort of suburb. The town of Sebastopol itself is not much above a mile in length, and is nowhere more than 400 yards wide."

The same important authority gives the following description of the harbour:—"The harbour, the most important feature in Sebastopol, has been compared to that of Malta. The principal bay is about three miles and a half in length, with a width of three-quarters of a mile at the mouth, widening to nearly a mile, and then narrowing to 600 or 700 yards at the head. The entrance of the harbour is defended by strong batteries placed at the extremity of the two points of land that form the bay. Besides these there is another fronting the town, and two more on the double point, on which the town stands, with a redoubt higher up. About a mile from the north of the bay the grand port for vessels of war forms a sort of small arm, running in a south-west direction. It is upwards of a mile and a half in length, with a width of 400 yards at the entrance, and has a little narrow creek of about 600 yards in length, in which ships can be laid up in ordinary with perfect safety. On the other side of the town, in Artillery Bay, is a similar creek, used to careen vessels of war."

There is no writer more frequently quoted concerning the shores and harbours of the Black Sea than Mr. Oliphant, who, in 1852, visited the shores of the Crimea. He describes the appearance of the place in the following terms:—"Nothing can be more formidable than the appearance of Sebastopol from the seaward. Upon a future occasion we visited it in a steamer, and found that at one point we were commanded by 1200 pieces of artillery; fortunately for a hostile fleet, we afterwards heard that these could not be discharged without bringing down the rotten batteries upon which they are placed, and which are so badly constructed that they look as if they had been done by contract. Four of the forts consist of three tiers of batteries. We were, of course, unable to do more than take a very general survey of these celebrated fortifications, and

therefore cannot vouch for the truth of the assertion, that the rooms in which the guns are worked are so narrow and ill-ventilated, that the artillerymen would be inevitably stifled in the attempt to discharge their guns and their duty; but of one fact there was no doubt, that however well fortified may be the approaches to Sebastopol by sea, there is nothing whatever to prevent any number of troops landing a few miles to the south of the town, in one of the six convenient bays with which the coast, as far as Cape Cherson, is indented, and marching down the main street (provided they were strong enough to defeat any military force that might be opposed to them in the open field), sack the town, and burn the fleet."

While the allied fleets blockaded the Russian ports of the Black Sea during the early part of 1854, her majesty's ship *Retribution* reconnoitred the place, passing with impunity under the range of the batteries. Lieutenant O'Reilly, R.N., during the three hours and a half which the ship occupied in the reconnaissance, sketched the port and batteries, and sent home the sketch to the Admiralty, who have since permitted it to be published. The representations of the Russian topographer and the British traveller agree with Lieutenant O'Reilly's sketch. It was not, however, the opinion of the officers of her majesty's ships, who then and subsequently effected close reconnaissances of the place, that the batteries were constructed after the defective manner pointed out by Mr. Oliphant: on the contrary, it was their uniform testimony, as well as that of the allied generals and engineer officers, who inspected it previous to the expedition from Varna, that the granite walls were of the most solid construction, and that the most complete care had been expended in their erection. The siege proved that Mr. Oliphant was in error, and that he had allowed the fashion of depreciating everything Russian to influence his judgment.

Prince Demidoff\* visited Sebastopol when the enormous docks were excavating under the superintendence of Colonel Upton, a British officer, and a gentleman of great engineering talent, civil and military; and the prince, of course, recounts with pride the number of Russian war-ships riding on the bosom of the bay; but he admits that there is a formidable enemy to Russian naval power there, to which he makes reference in these terms:—"The great destroyer of the ships in the beautiful waters of Sebastopol is an imperceptible worm, the *teredo navalis*. The ravages of this little animal reduce the time which a Russian ship of war may be reckoned to last to a period of eight years—an unfavourable condition for the Russian navy to labour under, as the ships of

\* Travels in Southern Russia and the Crimea.

the English and French navy are reckoned to last an average period of fifteen years. Whatever experiments have been tried to preserve the ships from this cause of premature decay have not, apparently, been followed by the success anticipated. It is truly afflicting to think that so contemptible an enemy should thus attack with impunity those large and stately structures, so nobly resting on the waters of one of the finest ports in the universe."

According to the prince, Nicolaieff was as important a place as Sebastopol; the latter only received the navy prepared at the former. Ships come down from the Bug and Dnieper to be armed at the "golden Chersonese." A line-of-battle ship, a three-decker, *without her guns*, can be floated down to the liman of the Dnieper, and brought round to Sebastopol, where the guns and other equipments are put on board, and the ship then lurks like a pirate within the harbour, until opportunity arrives for a sally, like that of Sinope, for plunder and aggression. The prince gives a clear insight to the spirit of the Russian government in his details of the sacrifice of life imposed by the excavation of the docks. Just as Peter the Great did not hesitate to sacrifice 100,000 lives in reclaiming the morass upon which his capital of St. Petersburg was built, so here human sacrifices must be offered to the Moloch of Russian ambition. It was said of the Tauri who once dwelt there, that they impaled human beings and offered them to their god Molkos; and the phrase Cimmerian darkness had as much reference to their bloody rites and barbarous indifference to civilisation and human rights, as to the tales of supposed fogs and gloom which ancient mariners circulated concerning the shores of the Black Sea. The Russians, in their zeal to perpetuate ancient names under new forms of civic existence, seem also ambitious of perpetuating ancient barbarity in connection with the works of civilisation. Colonel Upton had 30,000 men assigned to his charge for the purpose of accomplishing the excavations. Their labour was incredible; the soil was literally carried away in sacks on the shoulders and heads of the workmen. It was, as the prince describes it, "a perfect ant-hill, in which the infinite division of labour arrived at the same result as machinery."

Many of these men died from excessive labour and insufficient food, but their places were speedily supplied by others. At last, the heat, the glare of a Crimean sun, and the clouds of white dust from the chalky soil, brought on a visitation of ophthalmia so dreadful that, according to the prince, "twenty-four hours were sufficient for the eye to become so corrupt as to fall from the socket." Still the excavations went on, until after many fresh immola-

tions of men the masonry was completed, and the docks were ready for use. The same engineer constructed an aqueduct from the Tchernaya on a gigantic scale, for supplying the docks with fresh water, to protect the vessels from the sea-worm before referred to as so injurious to the ships.

Various opinions have been entertained as to the plan and principle of the fortifications, and as to the character of the engineering and workmanship by which they were worked out. Russian writers invariably glorify their country for having accomplished a work of military science so vast. They always proclaimed it to be impregnable, and the great military wonder of the world. On the other hand, there has been a disposition on the part of officers from western Europe to deny its defensive capabilities. M. Hommaine, a French engineer of some distinction, who spent several years in Russia, declares that the whole plan of fortification was defective, both for the sea and land defences, especially the latter. He relates a curious story as accounting for the prodigious pains taken of late years to strengthen it. He says that, in 1831, when the French Revolution which placed Louis-Philippe upon the throne of France caused the more open avowal in Europe of sympathy for Poland and hostility to Russia, a London newspaper urged the practicability of a British squadron burning the fleet in this harbour. This produced a sensation at St. Petersburg, and the czar ordered four new forts to be constructed, making a total of eleven batteries. Hommaine thus describes them:—"These four forts, consisting each of three tiers of batteries, and each mounting from 250 to 300 pieces of cannon, constitute the chief defence of the place, and appear at first sight truly formidable. But the reality does not correspond with the outer appearance; and we are of opinion that all these costly batteries are more fitted to astonish the vulgar in time of peace than to awe the enemy in war. The internal arrangement struck us as at variance with all the rules of military architecture—each story consists of a suite of rooms, opening one upon the other, and communicating by a small door with an outer gallery that runs the whole length of the building. All the rooms in which the guns are worked are so narrow, and the ventilation so ill-contrived, that we are warranted, by our own observation, in asserting that a few discharges would make it extremely difficult for the artillerymen to do their duty. But a still more serious defect than those we have named, and one which endangers the whole existence of the works, consists in the general system adopted for their construction. Here the improvidence of the government has been quite as great as with respect to the dock-basins; for the imperial engineers have thought

proper to employ small pieces of coarse limestone in the masonry of three-storied batteries, mounting from 250 to 300 guns. The works, too, have been constructed with so little care, and the dimensions of the walls and arches are so insufficient, that it is easy to see at a glance that all these batteries must inevitably be shaken to pieces whenever their numerous artillery shall be brought into play. The trials that have been made in Fort Constantine have already demonstrated the correctness of this opinion, *wide rents having been there occasioned in the walls* by the few discharges. Finally, all the forts labour under the disadvantage of being *utterly defenceless on the land side*. Thinking only of attacks by sea, the government has quite overlooked the great facility with which an enemy may land on any part of the coast of the Chersonese. So, beside that the batteries are totally destitute of artillery and ditches on the land side, the town itself is open on all points, and is not defended by a single redoubt. We know not what works have been planned or executed since 1841, but at the period of our visit a force of some thousand men, aided by a maritime demonstration, would have had no sort of difficulty in forcing their way into the interior of the place, and setting fire to the fleet and arsenals."

This description corresponded with the condition in which the allies found it when the flank march brought them to its southern front. The subsequent defence of the place mainly depended upon the works thrown up under Todleben, after the allies captured Balaklava, when a British engineer officer remarked that the forts were all so placed "as to give a mutual support to each other, which is the true principle of fortification." When the allies landed, the land defences were weak on both sides of the bay; a wall without towers or bastions, loopholed for musketry, formed part of them. The northern side, being considerably higher than the southern, and therefore commanding it, was most strongly fortified, but the fortifications were all erected with a view to defend the bay and harbour. On the northern heights, the principal work was the Star Fort; this commanded the whole town and docks, and the bay which separates the northern side of the city from the southern; but this fort could only be assailed with effect from the land side on the north. Sir Howard Douglas, the greatest living authority on fortifications, called it "the key of Sebastopol." The following remarks of Sir Howard Douglas will show the importance he attached to attacking the place from the land side on the north:—"The North Fort being taken, the Telegraph and Wasp Batteries on the northern heights, Fort Constantine, and the forts below, being commanded and attacked in reverse, must soon

fall; while the town, docks, arsenal, and barracks on the south side of the harbour would be at the mercy of the allies, who by the fire of their batteries might entirely destroy them all. On the contrary, by attacking the place from the south, the enemy holding the northern heights, although the works on the crest of the southern heights should be breached and taken, the town, the body of the place, with its docks and arsenal, will not be tenable by the besiegers till the great work on the northern side, and all its defensive dependencies, shall have been captured." Criticising the actual plan adopted by the allies, Sir Howard says:—"Such a place need not and will not capitulate, attacked as it is, however successful that attack may be. The garrison cannot be captured; since after making the most determined resistance, it may retire to the northern heights, or it may evacuate the place altogether, and unite itself with the army already in the field, after having rendered the town uninhabitable, and destroyed all the warlike stores it contains." It is scarcely necessary to say that the predictions of the general have been fulfilled.

On the appearance of the allies on the southern side, the utmost precipitation was seen in erecting new defences. It has been since alleged that Prince Menschikoff inquired of the officer superintending the engineers' department how soon he could put the place in a proper condition of defence, and that the reply was, "In two months, prince." The prince, pausing with an air of dejection, perceiving how hopeless it was in that case to think of defending it at all, a young officer (Lieutenant Todleben) stepped forth and offered to do it in two weeks, a sufficient number of men being placed under his direction. The offer, as the story goes, was accepted, and the result was the astounding system of earthworks by which the allies were so long kept at bay, with all their bravery, power, and engineering skill. Immediately upon Todleben's appointment, a deep ditch was dug in front of the loop-holed wall already described, and earthworks were thrown up connecting it with two tremendous batteries, which were called by the British the Garden and the Flagstaff. From the Quarantine Bay to the head of the Military Harbour the defence was thus secured. The line of fortification was continued by the Barrack Battery, a huge bank of earthworks joining the Redan, a zigzag work reaching to the Malakoff or White Tower, in front of which was a large fortified hill called the Mamelon, and on to Carcening Bay the circle of earthworks, completed the defences of the place. The harbour and neighbouring coast are indented with bays, which have generally received designations in keeping with the uses made of them. Thus the Quarantine Bay was so called from the

erection of a quarantine building near it, and because vessels of a certain rate were obliged there "to ride quarantine" when any infectious disease was reported on board. The Military Harbour was so called because used for military purposes; Careening Bay was so named because there vessels were careened, the destructive *teredo navalis* removed from them, and any other cause of the decay of the ships. About 1200 guns were placed upon the earthworks and redoubts, and so great were the resources of the place in military material, that notwithstanding the wear and tear of cannon, and the destructive fire of the allies, there was never any deficiency in the number or quality of the ordnance. It will be so frequently necessary to notice the topographical peculiarities of the city and its suburbs, and to refer to particular batteries and features of the defence, that no further description is necessary here.

Balaklava, as the head-quarters of the British army, has become also a place often named in the military, political, and topographical discussions to which the war has given rise. It is situated a few miles east of the Monastery of St. George, and about ten miles one way, seven another, from the city of Sebastopol. The bay or harbour is completely land-locked, and is very picturesque. It is entered by a narrow opening, commanded by heights, on which stand the ruins of Genoese fortified castles, built by that enterprising people for the protection of their commerce in those parts, when, as shown in a previous chapter, the flag of their marine was ascendant in the Euxine. The harbour is scarcely anywhere 1300 feet wide, but the depth of water is in some parts 600. The harbour and the situation of the town bears some resemblance to the Cove of Cork. There are many mythic stories connected with its ancient history, as may easily be supposed when it is known that there, 2200 years ago, the Milesians founded a city. Dubois de Montpéreaux fancied he found there the spot described by Homer in the tenth book of his *Odyssey*, and Koch, noticing the fact, says—"In truth, if we visit the harbour of Balaklava with this book in our hand, we should be induced to imagine that the bard had actually visited the place. The following is the passage, describing Ulysses' first approach to the country of the Læstrigones, and which Pope thus translates:—

' Within a long recess a bay there lies,  
Edged round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies;  
The jutting shores that swell on either side,  
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.  
Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,  
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;  
For here, retired, the sinking billows sleep,  
And smiling calmness silvered o'er the deep.  
I only in the bay refused to moor,  
And fixed, without, my hawsers to the shore.'

Those gentlemen who make it a point to reject every theory that does not coincide with their own, and firmly insist that the peregrinations of Ulysses took place in the Mediterranean, should remember that very probably the whole Trojan war, at least in the way it is sung, is one of those myths in which the pre-historic age of the Greeks is so rich. At any rate it is a highly interesting circumstance to find a place which so entirely agrees with the poet's description of localities." Catherine II. of Russia encouraged the settlement of a Greek colony there, amounting to 8000 persons. They were a nest of pirates, who had given her important aid in her warfare with the Turks. In consequence of their piracies, it became a policy with the Russian government to interdict commerce to the port of Balaklava, and the lawless settlers and their progeny were obliged to betake themselves to agriculture. The present inhabitants of the place are the descendants of those unworthies, and they do not belie their ancestry,—for the allies found them as ready to lie, cheat, steal, and act as Russian spies, as their progenitors could have been. The derivation of the name is generally supposed to be Italian, *bella elava* (beautiful port), but the word *bally* is the Celtic for *town*, and points to an eastern origin. Many of the ancient names in the Crimea and southern Russia indicate a Celtic affinity. All travellers praise the site of Balaklava; none commend its population or its architecture. The allies found it filthy, miserable, and poor, and somewhat in harmony with Mr. Russell's description of the first oriental town with which the allied armies made acquaintance in the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles. Balaklava is so small a harbour, that General Canrobert, then in command of the French army, decided on abandoning it altogether to the English, and seeking a separate shelter for his ships, and to some extent a separate base of operations. He chose the Bay of Kamiesch for this purpose, which is south-west, almost west of Sebastopol, and nearer to it by several miles than Balaklava. Near Kamiesch is Arrow Bay, which the general also selected for the debarkation of his stores.

The positions occupied by the allies were very strong, and the character of the country in many, although not in all respects, favoured their operations. By examining our map, the reader will perceive that Inkerman is situated at the head of the harbour of Sebastopol. If a line be drawn from the disembouement of the river Tchernaya, near the Bridge of Inkerman, nearly due south, slightly inclining to the east, it will terminate in the Bay of Balaklava. The country to the west of that line constitutes a peninsula, which was anciently called the Heracleatic Chersonese, because inhabited in a remote antiquity by the Heraclians. Koch and



other writers are particular in narrating their early occupation of this little peninsula. By land from the mouth of the Tchernaya to Balaklava is about eight miles. From the former point, along the southern side of the bay to the western extremity of the peninsula, is not much more, as the bird flies; but Sebastopol lies in the route, also several bays, by which the coast is indented, and Kamiesch Bay, at the head of which was the French landing-place. To Kamiesch from the Tchernaya the distance may be rather more than from Balaklava to either place. The peninsula terminates on the extreme west in the bold headland of Cape Chersonese, from which, along the south shore to Balaklava, may be about twelve miles. The way from the French landing-place to the British was rugged and uneven, and did not lie along the coast. Within this peninsula the contest before Sebastopol was waged. The ground was rough, rocky, and hilly, alternating with soft and fertile valleys. Between Balaklava and the head of the harbour of Sebastopol, the country was bold and abrupt, descending steeply to the valley of Inkerman. From this description it will be seen that the British approached the fortress from the south-east, and the French from the south-west, almost due west, and that the French positions were on the left of the British.

Across the Heraclian peninsula, and nearly intersecting it from north to south, ran a deep ravine, with precipitous crags on either side, to the west of which the French took up their positions. This ravine terminated at the head of the Military Harbour. The western shores of the Quarantine Bay were held by the French as their extreme left. There they erected batteries to oppose the Russian batteries on the opposite side. The French works confronted the loop-holed wall already described, and their approaches were directed against the Flagstaff and Garden Batteries. Behind these works the French army was encamped. On the eastern side of the ravine the English erected their works, until they opposed the Russian defence with a most formidable attack. From the British left, touching the French right, at the head of the Military Harbour, to the extreme of the right attack, which completed the investment of southern Sebastopol, the English planted their batteries with skill, and with intense labour from the rocky nature of the ground. Near the head of the Military Harbour they established the Green Mount Battery. This work was very similar to another further right, and opposing the Great Redan, which was called the Crown Battery, and was manned with sailors. Between the Green Mount and the Crown Batteries, a small one, mounting only four guns, was thrown up. Further to the right than the

Crown Battery, and opposing the White Tower (Malakoff), was planted a huge Lancaster gun, and two long 84-pounders. Still further to the right, and completing the attack, a 6-gun battery was erected. The number of guns brought to bear upon the fortress by the allies was by no means proportionate to the object to be accomplished. Against the attack the Russians brought to bear an immense mass of heavy metal, and the whole garrison worked ceaselessly day and night, relieved by fresh troops from the camp beyond the city, throwing up earthworks the most formidable ever constructed. The French artillery, as was soon proved, was not of a calibre for so great an undertaking. The French officers plied their guns with admirable skill, and the gunners showed great bravery and aptitude for their arm of warfare; but the ponderous metal of the enemy soon overmatched the French attack. The British batteries were more solidly constructed, the metal of the guns heavier, the men more steady, and the officers more practical, and possessing equal science with their allies. The Lancaster gun was a weapon peculiar to the English, but it disappointed their expectations.

The lines were of great strength. The French left rested on the sea, its right on the ravine. The British left rested on the side of the ravine opposite to that occupied by the French, and their right rested on the precipitous cliffs which overlooked the valley of the Tchernaya. The French seemed, on the whole, to have chosen the best position; their left was more secure than the British right. There was a possibility of turning the latter, and of falling upon its rear; while the French left, resting upon the sea, could not be turned. Hence, so long as the right of the ravine which intersects the peninsula was exclusively occupied by the English, they suffered most. Upon them fell, in consequence of the character of their position, the brunt of the battles of Balaklava and Inkerman.

By so far anticipating events which will shortly be recorded, the reader is enabled to come to their perusal with clearer views of the objects of the enemy, and the especial dangers and trials to which the English army was exposed. The plateau upon which the armies encamped was about 250 feet above the level of the sea, overlooking the besieged town, which was built on the slopes of the high ground above the harbour, and which descended from the high ground in front of the allied positions. There was a road, called the Woronzoff road, which led from Sebastopol to Balaklava, and which was of great use to the British in bringing up to the trenches men and munitions. In this one particular the English place of support was better than that of the French. On the hills around Balaklava, overlooking the valley,

the British marines were posted, and batteries were reared. The 93rd Highlanders were encamped at the foot of the cliff, in the valley to the south of these heights. To the north of Balaklava, a low range of hills joined at a sharp angle the precipitous range that we have already described as overlooking the valley of Inkerman, and defending the British right. On these low hills three redoubts were thrown up, and committed to the Tunisians in the service of the sultan—troops unaccustomed to civilised warfare, and badly led. Some description of the Tchernaya river is necessary, both to enable our readers to comprehend the position of the conflicting forces, and to understand with more facility the battles of the 25th October, and the 5th November, now so memorable in the military annals of the English nation.

The *Tchernaya Betchka*, which in the Russian language means the Black River, is so named from the muddy character of the water near its mouth; it has not a pebbly bottom, like the Kateha and the Belbek, but winds its sluggish way, when it approaches Sebastopol, through a channel of dark-coloured mud. It steals through marshy plains for a great portion of its course, carrying with it a vast quantity of mud, which it filters into the harbour of Sebastopol, rendering dredging continually necessary. The sources of the river are among the highlands of Baidar, and it flows in a north-west direction along its whole course, passing between the upper and lower Tchorgoum, by Traktar, through the valley of Oosshakoff, where the aqueduct begins which was constructed by Colonel Upton (referred to on a previous page). In this valley the foliage is rich and varied. It was the place for Sebastopol picnics. Here, during the fine weather, the officers of the fleet gave dancing parties, and were in turn invited by the citizens. Their repasts were spread beneath the shadows of the beautiful trees that variegated the valley, and often while the yellow moonlight fell richly upon the green, the pastimes of the gay denizens of Sebastopol were continued. The 1st of May was the grand day in the valley of Oosshakoff, when all the officers of the fleet and garrison, with the officials and professional classes, were present, to dance and be gay upon the green turf. Nearer to the head of the harbour, the Tchernaya makes its way through the valley of Inkerman, and empties itself near Marsk into the southern corner of the head of the Bay of Sebastopol.

The head-quarters of Lord Raglan were established in a farmhouse about half way between Balaklava and the trenches; that of General Canrobert nearer to the rear of his encampment. From Lord Raglan's head-quarters the plateau was rent by gullies similar to

that which ran nearly across the centre, but much smaller. These continued to the harbour of Sebastopol, forming deep gorge-like clefts as they approached it. These gullies separated the different batteries on the English attack, the guns being erected upon the jutting heights between them. This circumstance in some respects made the position stronger, but in others added to the difficulties of the besiegers. Although the head-quarters of General Canrobert were nearer to his lines than those of Lord Raglan, the ravine separating them here widening into a valley, the communication between the two chiefs was facilitated. Canrobert's quarters were behind the right of his lines, Lord Raglan's behind the left of his, so as to bring the positions of the two chiefs much nearer than if posted in any other manner. The coast line between Kamiesch and Balaklava needed no defence, as there was no possibility of the Russian fleet attempting anything, especially since so large a portion of it was sunk. The coast and the aspect of the plains beyond, as seen when the siege commenced, were thus described by a scientific officer who took part in the events then occurring:—“Half-way between Cape Cherson and Balaklava the bold coast-line turns back at a sharp angle, close to the site of an ancient temple of Diana, now occupied by the Monastery of St. George. It stands on the edge of a high sloping cliff, and consists of a long low range of buildings, with pillared porticoes and green roofs and domes. The cliff it stands on is of yellow clayey stone; the next headland southward, abutting far beyond it, is of extreme richness of colour—a deep pearly grey, dashed with dark red, of a tone which, even on a gloomy day, imparts to the mass a kind of sunset radiance and glow. A sergeant's guard of Zouaves is stationed in one of the buildings, and many Russian families continue to inhabit the place. Passing through the edifice by a steep flight of steps, a gallery is reached, extending along the upper face of the cliff. Terraces, connected by a winding path, jut out below; and near its base the rock is clothed with a shrubbery of small firs. There was a sound of chanting as we passed along the balcony: the Zouave who accompanied us opened a door, and motioned us in without ceremony. The place was a very small low chapel, its walls hung with sacred pictures, executed with elaborate vileness. A priest in a red garment was reading prayers to some others, who sung the responses. He was bare-headed; but the rest, clad in black gowns, wore tall cylindrical caps, from which black veils descended behind. There was something strange in coming thus suddenly from a great camp into the presence of this secluded brotherhood, whose devotions, usually accompanied

only by the dashing of the waves below, were now broken by the less seemly sound of the distant bombardment. The whole of these plains are probably much the same in aspect now as in the days when Diana's worshippers crossed them on the way to her temple. A short dry turf, scarcely clothing the grey rock which everywhere pushes its fragments through, is, except the patches of coppice, the only verdure. No fields nor gardens tell of an attempt to make the soil productive, but here and there vines cling to the side of a slope where the earth is deepest, and are enclosed by walls of loose stone. A few trees, soon cut down for firewood, surrounded the farmhouses, and others grew at intervals down the course of the larger ravines. Lit by a warm sun, bounded by a blue sea, and enlivened by the view of the white-walled city, the aspect of the plains in October was fresh, and almost cheerful, while, looking inland, the tumbled masses of hills always lent grandeur to the landscape." It is to be regretted that the monks were left in such quiet possession of their monastery, for the place became a focus of spies; and its inmates showed more zeal in conveying information to the Russians than in performing their penitential obligations or conducting their devotions.

The harbours of Kamiesch and Balaklava were centres of great interest and activity during the period preparatory to the commencement of the siege. At Kamiesch the fleet presented an appearance very imposing; and the arrangements, both in the village and in the harbour, were as nearly perfect as possible. The transport fleet of our ally was vast; the masts looked like the trees of a forest when winter strips them of their foliage. An excellent wharf was erected by the French sappers and miners, aided by the sailors and marines, and every convenience provided for the prompt and rapid landing of all the varied stores which incessantly crowded the beach. The organisation became so complete that it may be said in truth "there was a place for everything, and everything was in its place." Stretching away from the beach of Kamiesch there appeared a city of tents, the streets of which were named; an excellent post-office was organised, and Parisian *restaurateurs* were to be found. The pleasant little *vivandières* might, nevertheless, be seen tripping about with that light and graceful air so peculiar to the young Frenchwoman, and they were treated with all imaginable courtesy and tenderness. Throughout the dreary siege that followed, the neatness and order of everything at Kamiesch were visible commendations of the French system, and of the faculty for organisation which characterises the French staff.

At Balaklava the crowd of transports was still greater than at Kamiesch, but the uttermost disorder prevailed in the way in which they were handled. Some were anchored within the harbour, some moored under the little town, others left outside the harbour, beating about, and perhaps never able to land their stores, or landing some portions of material or equipment of no use without other portions. Vessels were frequently ordered off to Varna, Constantinople, Malta, or somewhere else, carrying undischarged cargo to and fro over the waters of the Black Sea and the Bosphorus, as if the very genius of stupidity and folly presided over all. Many of the vessels within the harbour were injured by knocking against one another—so hopeless was the disorder in which they were permitted to lie about wherever they could get a berth. There was no wharf—nothing that could be called a landing-place; the munitions and material were piled in incongruous heaps, as chance ordered. Confusion reigned paramount from the very first day. No guiding hand was found, on land or sea, to save the English nation from the disgrace and disaster resulting from this state of things, and to preserve the unfortunate army from the direful consequences.

One of the most injurious effects arising out of the anarchical condition of matters at Balaklava, and in the transport service generally, was the loss of the knapsacks. When the flank march was determined upon, the knapsacks of the men were sent on board ship, to be brought round to Balaklava, and there meet the army. When the march was effected, and the troops took up positions before Sebastopol, no knapsacks could be had. Lord Palmerston's government instituted an inquiry into these matters after the appointment of the Sebastopol Committee; the commissioners who conducted that inquiry reported a statement of the Hon. Colonel Gordon, deputy quartermaster-general, that the knapsacks were offered to the generals of division, who, with the exception of the Duke of Cambridge, refused them; thus shifting the blame from the department of the quartermaster-general, within whose province it fell, to the generals of division. It so happened, however, that while Colonel Gordon was giving his evidence to the commissioners on the spot, the Duke of Cambridge and other officers were giving their evidence before the Sebastopol Committee at home; and their united testimony was that the generals both of divisions and brigades sent to Balaklava as the various transports arrived, and could only learn that those vessels made repeated trips to the Bosphorus, and even to Malta, with the knapsacks on board, not knowing to whom they should be delivered, and having no distinct

orders concerning them. Neither General Airey nor his assistant, the Hon. Colonel Gordon, knew what to do, or knowing, took any pains to perform what was necessary; and the soldiers continued without knapsacks and without change of linen, combs, or any of those little appurtenances necessary to personal care, which, on the bivouac and in the trench, are so conducive to comfort and health. The testimony of Lieutenant-general Sir de Laey Evans is so clearly inculpatory of the quartermaster-general and his department, on this matter, that we give it. "Persons are not aware why it is that the question of the knapsacks is dwelt on so much. I must remind them that it was stated by the medical officers that in consequence of the troops not having a change of clothes their sufferings were aggravated; and I know the sick and wounded went down to Sentari with their shirts sticking to their backs, in the most deplorable condition, no provision at all being made for them at Balaklava. I admit that perhaps some confusion was inevitable, but I do not think that such efforts were made or arrangements concluded as prudence would have dictated."

The testimony of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge is very straightforward, and bears about it a *naïve* air of truth, which carries conviction to every one not prejudiced in favour of official routine. "Is your royal highness aware at all of what was the reason of this great delay in the restoration of the knapsacks after they had been taken away?"—"The reason was simply this, that, instead of each ship, after coming round to Balaklava, entering the harbour and discharging its cargo of knapsacks, and care being taken that the regiments were informed at the time that such would be the case, a sort of circular was sent round that a ship was outside or inside the harbour, and the chance was taken of getting the knapsacks out. It occurred once or twice, on sending down for them, that the ship had sailed in the meantime to Constantinople or Marseilles upon another service, and the knapsacks were gone."—"Is the fact within your royal highness's knowledge, that ships laden with those knapsacks went two or three times backwards and forwards across the Black Sea without landing?"—"I think that that is true."—"Does not that imply great neglect in some quarters?"—"I think it a very bad arrangement."—"Would it not have been possible, after the flank march was determined upon, to have all the knapsacks collected together out of the different ships into one, and to have sent them round to Balaklava?"—"I have no doubt that some arrangement of the sort might have been made at the time. Of course, at sea it is not, perhaps, a very easy matter to shift knapsacks from one ship to

another. I apprehend the simplest course would have been to have landed the knapsacks of each regiment at Balaklava, and then to have made the ships available at once for any other duty."

The testimony of Colonel Wilson of the Guards informs us what was done with the knapsacks at last. "Do you know what steps were taken on the part of the officers to obtain their baggage while encamped before Sebastopol?"—"I know that the officers repeatedly sent down their servants to Balaklava to endeavour to discover the ships in which they had sailed to the Crimea for the purpose of getting their baggage. I did so myself; and on one occasion the *Tonning*, the ship in which I sailed to the Crimea, did arrive, and I sent my servant down, and they told him that they had been ordered at Constantinople to discharge all the baggage, and to put it into store there, so that I got nothing."

The ease of the knapsacks is but a specimen of the whole business at Balaklava—*ex uno disce omnes*—we will not harass the feelings of our readers thus early in the narrative by recounting all the malversations, jobbing, neglect, cruelty, and ignorance which occurred at Balaklava before one cannon-shot was fired against Sebastopol. In the course of our siege records it will be repeatedly necessary to refer to the deeds and misdeeds of commissary and quartermaster-generals, harbour-masters, and other officials; but for the present we must leave Balaklava, and direct attention to Sebastopol, and to events more immediately connected with it.

This siege opened in a manner different from all others. It is an axiom that the place which is besieged must be invested. In this case, from the nature of the country, an investment of both sides of the harbour was impossible, so that only the side at which the allies lay could be invested at all; and the communication of its garrison with the north side and with the open country beyond remained unimpaired. It is also an axiom in conducting sieges that the assailing army ought to be more numerous than the garrison. It will of course depend upon circumstances in what proportion that superiority must be maintained, but the average is threefold. At the siege of Saragossa by the French the besiegers were actually only one-third the number of the garrison; but the latter was composed of citizens, and not well-disciplined troops. In a few other instances in the history of sieges, the besieging army has been less numerous than the beleaguered garrison; but the rule is as stated above. At Sebastopol the garrison and the Russian army in the field were one army. As fast as the troops in Sebastopol fell in the defences, others from the field took their place; and the united

forces under Prince Menschikoff when the siege began, were decidedly more numerous than those of the allies. By the 25th of October, and again by the 5th of November, the numerical superiority of the Russians was very great; so that the allies were attacked in their own positions, upon the rear and flank of the British, by powerful Russian reinforcements. It is likewise an axiom that the cannon of the attack should be superior to that of the defence. At Sebastopol the latter numbered more guns than the former when, upon the 17th of October, the bombardment commenced; and the French guns were so light, that they were to a great extent disabled on the first day. It is usual in sieges to open the trenches at about 600 yards, enclosing by the fire directed from them one or more salient points of the defence. The advantage of the assailants, in the first instance, may be understood by supposing two concentric circles drawn from a point within the fortress, the inner circle just enclosing the defences, the outer one the trenches of the besiegers: it follows that the defences being on the lesser arc—the inner circle—and the assailing batteries on the arc of a circle 600 yards apart from that of the inner one, a greater number of guns can be brought to bear in the attack than in the defence. When the fire of the assailants has proved itself superior to that of the assailed, the former push on their works by means of zigzag approaches, and open a second parallel, which, being nearer to the defence, already enfeebled by the fire from the first parallel, is still more destructive. The danger to the besiegers in opening their second parallel is greater than in opening the first; and its extent depends upon the skill with which they work their zigzag approaches, and the celerity of their movements. When the works of the fortress sustain additional damage from the second parallel, the besiegers proceed as before, carrying their zigzags still nearer, and opening the third and final parallel as close as possible to the works. The danger increases as this enterprise proceeds, for the beleaguered may use the musket and rifle with deadly effect. When, by the superior weight of metal brought to bear upon the walls and batteries, breaches are effected, the besiegers rush in through the breach, and, by dint of numbers, overpower the garrison. In the case before us, the space occupied by the works of the allies was so great—not less than three miles—that it enabled the garrison to bring as many guns against the allies as could by the latter be brought against the place. The hope originally entertained that the fleet would enter the harbour, and aid in the attack, was disappointed by the stratagem of Prince Menschikoff in sinking the ships at the entrance. All that could then be

expected from the fleet was to attack the forts at the mouth of the harbour.

The employment of shells in sieges gives a great advantage to the assailers, for they are sure to do some harm, if not to the garrison, yet among the inhabitants, destroying life, breaking down their habitations, and increasing the terror and confusion of the citizens. On this account the Duke of Wellington never used them in his sieges in the Iberian peninsula, because the chief destruction they would have inflicted must have been upon the Spanish and Portuguese inhabitants, which would have exercised no influence upon the French garrisons in slackening or abandoning the defence, as the inhabitants were their enemies. No such reason could prevail with the allied generals at Sebastopol, and they accordingly used shells unsparingly throughout the attack.

The first French parallel was opened much nearer to the fortress than that of the British; this arose from the ground being less rocky on the site occupied by our friendly rivals. Between the British camp and the trenches the ground sloped upward to a ridge, and then downward to the fortress. Of course, as the works were moved down the slope the men became more exposed to the fire of the besieged, and higher parapets were required to cover them from the fire. So stony was the earth on these slopes, that it was next to impossible to open trenches at all. Our first batteries were traced on certain elevations which arose on the face of the descent. Along the eastern *gradus* of the peninsula, nearly from Balaklava to Inkerman, a strong earth-work was raised by the French, with bastions and redoubts at intervals. This was useful to check any attempts of the Russian armies at a diversion upon the right flank of the allied armies. The British, especially, derived great advantage from this work.

As the material was moved up, great labour was experienced in dragging the heavy guns to the front, and here the sailors showed great spirit; making a run, they would pull up the guns with a simultaneous effort, and then give a hearty cheer, reminding one of a favourite stave with many of the groups—

“Did you hear that British cheer  
Fore and aft, fore and aft?  
Did you hear that British cheer  
Fore and aft?”

These brave fellows seemed weatherproof and disease-proof, for while already Turks, French, and English were falling victims to the cholera, which seemed intensified by the abominably filthy state of Balaklava, and of the waters of the harbour, these rough men experienced comparative good health, and greatly enjoyed “serving ashore like sogers.” They were led by Captain Lushington, who knew the men he

had to deal with, and to whom they rendered a ready and affectionate obedience. The naval division was divided by Captain Lushington into two brigades, one of which was placed under Captain Peel, and the other under Captain Moorsam. They had tents, of which the army was nearly destitute; these they pitched with dexterity and care, and talked of "sarvin' on board tents" as something very merry and exciting; and neither the jollity nor excitement seemed at all lessened by the presence of danger, even when the enemy's ball bounded among their canvas, or the bursting shell scattered showers of missiles around them. They were as amusing to others as they were jovial among themselves, their nautical phraseology frequently applying with *à propos* and odd effect to the scenes and events in which they mingled. It was curious to see the decorations with which they, after their fashion, graced their tents; still more curious to read the inscriptions hoisted above them. The inmates of one tent were pleased to call themselves the "Bellerophon's Doves;" others, rivalling the complacent harmlessness of their neighbours, styled themselves the "Trafalgar's Lambs!" All did not seem alike to cherish the easy-going goodnature or the good-humoured irony expressed by such inscriptions: many displayed very bellicose mottoes, such as "Vengeance for Sinope," "the Tiger's Revenge." Notwithstanding the character for excessive jollity which the tars obtained from the rest of the camp, they had their serious moments; and a thoughtful and loving heart beat beneath many a rough blue jacket. At night, when there was general carousing over their grog and ration pork, and sea-songs rolled upon the breeze over the whole encampment, even to the heights before Sebastopol, there might be seen here and there a silent poor Jack, with his bit of candle stuck upon the crown of his hat, as he knelt before it, or sat and held it between his legs, while he scratched with such pen and ink as he could procure his fond words to wife or sweetheart, parent or sister, left far away, where the white cliffs of Albion guarded the home he loved and the nation for whose honour he was about to fight—perhaps to die in the conflict; or lay him down and perish when the winter's winds should sweep bleakly over the hills where now October bronzed the leaf or smiled upon the naked cliff. Bluff as the rock of their native shore, their very words of love were abrupt and eccentric. One of these fine fellows, when asked if he had a wife at home, replied, "Aye, aye, sir; and she's worthy to be an admiral!" Another complimented his sweetheart by calling her "a regular three-decker!"

During the second week of the encampment, and before the bombardment had yet commenced, an unexpected disease made its ap-

pearance among the men—one which the physicians were not at all prepared to see developed in that climate—rheumatism. Men of all the divisions, except the naval, were disabled wholly or partially from this cause. A gentleman who resided many years near the Alma (husband of the lady whose little book, *The Crimea*, we have quoted and commended), thus warned the English public of the probability of our men suffering from this cause, and gave his opinion as to the means of counteracting it, which might be found in the East, without altogether invaliding the men. We believe this gentleman also gave information to government upon the subject, to which, as a matter of course, no attention whatever was paid. In a letter to the *Times*, Mr. Neilson says, under the heading of "Plagues of the Crimea?"—"Among these, rheumatism may be enumerated, from the effects of which many of the poor invalided soldiers from the Crimea are now suffering at home, though it may not, perhaps, be generally known that a remedy is close at hand to the locality where this disease has in so many instances been contracted. The hot mud baths at Eupatoria are said to be efficacious in this respect, and the island of Mitylene (the ancient Lesbos) was famed from remotest antiquity for the medicinal virtues of its mineral waters, 'which,' says a recent work on Turkey, 'are of known efficacy in derangement of the spleen and liver, scrofulous tumours, gout, and rheumatism. The last-mentioned disease is, unhappily, one to which Europeans are particularly liable in these countries. Finally, the waters of Vossilica are said to have a specific action in the cicatrization of wounds.' When to the above it be added that Mitylene possesses one of the finest and healthiest climates in the world, 'invariably cool in summer, and remarkably mild in winter,' it is strange that no hospital depot should have been already established in so desirable a locality, and one, moreover, so near the seat of war."

The diseases of the climate were greatly aggravated by the saltiness of the food and the mode of cooking. Every English soldier was obliged to prepare his own food, and to soak his ration pork in water before cooking, as otherwise diarrhoea was observed speedily to follow its use. The men had no bread; hard biscuit was served out to them in sufficient quantities; and occasionally the French made our men a present of a ration of bread which they baked every day in their camp. With them also one man cooked for twelve, and by giving himself wholly to the matter on the day when it became his turn, everything was properly prepared. The bands of the English regiments left their instruments behind, and the bandmen were engaged as hospital servants, to the astonishment of the French, who prized their

bands so highly. The different effect produced in the two armies by a policy so diverse, has been well described by the author of *A Month in the Camp before Sebastopol*:—"The members of our bands are, as I have said, devoted to bearing stretchers. The French musicians, on the contrary, are at this moment playing 'Rule Britannia,' in compliment to the *entente cordiale*; and many a poor sick Briton is, I dare say, raising himself on his elbow, to catch the faint but cheering strains, as they float to our lines. Our allies argue that camp is the very place where music is wanted; that a soldier can carry a stretcher into action as well as an accomplished musician; but that, if both get knocked on the head, a month's training will replace the one and not the other. They add, that even if the musician alone will serve our turn, it would be well that he should, at any rate, play during the days and weeks that happily intervene between bloody engagements, in the most active warfare. Can you answer this Gallic view of the case?"

By degrees the whole of the troops took their posts around the fortress, and the preparations were rapidly put forth for the bombardment, previous to which various skirmishes and alarms took place, which we shall recount in another chapter. We shall close the present by a statement of the troops occupying the positions of the allied armies. On the side of our allies,

Prince Napoleon and General Bosquet occupied the posts of danger; General Canrobert displayed prodigious activity of mind and body, affording constantly by his presence in the lines encouragement to his troops. Even Lord Raglan, with all his heroic recklessness of personal exposure, did not surpass General Canrobert in dauntless bearing. On the part of the British, the troops that suffered most at Alma were in the most exposed positions at Sebastopol. At first, Sir George Cathcart's division, as shown in another part of the chapter, was placed between the rest of the army and the enemy, but as the other divisions moved up, they were placed nearer to the foe. Sir De Lacy Evans was to the extreme right, overlooking the valley of Inkerman; next him, Sir George Brown; General England still more to the left; and ultimately Sir George Cathcart on the extreme left—the left of his division resting upon the ravine; the Duke of Cambridge was in reserve, to the rear of General Evans; and the cavalry division was at Balaklava. To these must be added the 150 sailors, who were encamped between the fourth and light divisions; a detachment of sappers and miners; the troops of horse-artillery attached to each division, and the Marines at Balaklava. Behind the lines, the tents of the generals of the staff were pitched, and behind all, the hospital marquees.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### HOSTILITIES BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—COMBATS AT EUPATORIA.—THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT.

"Where the battery, guarded well,  
Remains as yet impregnable."—BYRON.

HAVING described the vicinage of the doomed city, and the positions of those who were assembled to work its fall, we proceed to narrate the incidents by which the siege was opened and continued.

One of the first hostile acts was the arrest of Mr. Upton as a prisoner of war. Lieutenant Peard thus relates it:—"On the 26th, the cavalry took a Mr. Upton, an Englishman by birth, and a son of Colonel Upton, who built so many of the batteries in Sebastopol. It was said that he remained at home on his farm on purpose to be taken; but he declined giving any information, having once been in the Russian service, and long a resident in that country. We rather hoped to obtain some useful intelligence from him. I am sorry to say that they allowed him to remain at Balaklava, for I have a suspicion that he acted against us. He was permitted to have a good deal of liberty; and from circumstances which occurred afterwards, there is little doubt that there were spies in

Balaklava who were well conversant with the English language. I never could understand why Mr. Upton was not sent to Constantinople with the other prisoners." This event has been much discussed, and generally in the spirit of the above-named officer, to whose interesting narrative justice has always been done in our History. In this instance Mr. Peard errs in almost every particular except the bare facts of Mr. Upton's arrest and nationality. His father, Colonel Upton, is represented as having built many of the batteries of Sebastopol. He did not build one; but the docks owe their construction to him. Mr. Upton is represented as having remained on his farm for the purpose of being taken. He remained there under the impression that Sebastopol was completely invested on the north as well as the south, and that he could not escape through the open country beyond. This can be readily believed when it is recollected that the Russian army, which had been watching

the British from the Alma, were surprised to find them on the south side of the city at last; and that a lady fled from Sebastopol, and took refuge at Balaklava, supposing that there she would be safe from the English, who had been advancing upon the city from the opposite side. Mr. Upton would not of course go into his house in Sebastopol, which he knew must be bombarded; no man in his senses would take a wife and four little daughters into a city begirt with besieging hosts, especially when the besiegers were the soldiers and the allies of his native land. Mr. Peard's suspicions that he was a spy were gratuitous and unfounded. No circumstances came to light which justified the gallant lieutenant's suspicions. Two things were brought against him, both of which were "trumped up" charges, and were promoted by General Airey, the Quartermaster-general, for his own purposes, and form a part of the extraordinary doings of the department over which General Airey so strangely presided. One of the charges was, that he concealed from the British the fact that a road existed by the shore of the bay from the city to Inkerman. He never knew of such a road; he did not believe then, nor has he since believed, that any such road existed. If there did, the Russians made it after the trenches were dug, and destroyed it again—an unlikely if not impossible thing; for since the capture of the southern side of Sebastopol, the gallant officer who commanded the naval division took pains to ascertain the truth, and declared that there has been no road there. The other charge was, that Mr. Upton had perfect knowledge of the enemy's defences, and concealed them to the injury of his country. The proof of this consisted in the fact that, when taken to Balaklava, and his wife and little daughters were left behind, General Airey had his house ransacked for papers; an old plan of Sebastopol was discovered, *which had never been carried out*, which had been prepared long before any of the existing fortifications were founded, and which, *because of no use* except as an engineering curiosity, was given to Colonel Upton a great many years before. Mr. Upton had no map or plan of the existing fortifications, and had never been over them. The author of this History has the authority of a distinguished general officer in stating that the plans found among Mr. Upton's papers were utterly worthless to the allies. From the moment of his arrest he was persecuted by the Quartermaster-general's department. Brought up to the lines, and paraded there in the sight of the enemy, all his property in Russia would of course be confiscated. The house in Sebastopol was dismantled; British soldiers destroyed the farm, everything it possessed being carried away; and Mr. Upton, without proof or trial to con-

vict him of being faithless to his country, was retained a prisoner of war, and, in 1856, only trod his native land on parole! A few other prisoners, all of them Greek civilians, were captured soon after.

As early as the 28th of September there was smart firing between the Russians and the British Rifles, but under circumstances which allowed of but little mutual injury being inflicted. The batteries and the British ships also exchanged shots, without any damage to the latter, the Russian balls dashed up the water upon their decks; the balls from the ships dropped into the batteries with remarkable precision, and it is difficult to believe without effecting some mischief. At midnight of the 29th the besiegers were alarmed by a great clamour in the town, accompanied by the beating of drums and braying of trumpets. The troops stood to their arms, but the tumult and military noises died away, and Sebastopol seemed to slumber in quietness and gloom. At early dawn on the 30th Cossack videttes approached the British camp, but retired when a few muskets were presented at them. The day had scarcely broken when several citizens attempted to escape, but the British Rifles firing upon them, they precipitately regained the city. A soldier who accompanied them was captured, and seemed to regard the British as assassins, for he immediately knelt down to perform his devotions, expecting every moment to be shot. On the 30th, also, a ship was careened in the harbour for the purpose of shelling the camp. Several nine-inch shells, some of British manufacture, fell among the troops; those of British manufacture *did not burst*, a very common case when afterwards shells were thrown from the British lines into the city. During the whole siege the allies suffered from vessels being careened for the purpose of giving elevation to their guns. It is astonishing that in the position originally taken up this was not provided against. A gentleman of great experience, a distinguished civil engineer, pointed out to a leading member of Lord Raglan's staff the necessity of counteracting the fire of the ships. The reply was, "Oh they will shell us." "Cannot you shell them also?" was the pertinent retort, to which no answer was returned; nor were any means adopted calculated to encounter the evil, although in the opinion of the gentlemen who knew the ground well it was perfectly practicable. Sir George Cathcart was eager to assault the place before the Russians had time to throw up defences, but Lord Raglan objected, on the ground of the loss of life that would be entailed. As events proved, Sir George's views were correct, the place was open to assault; it is true, it may have been untenable, but it might have been fired or destroyed. Lord Raglan's "timid counsels" did



not arise from want of personal heroism; he was among the bravest of the brave; but whether from want of military skill, or from overstrained humanity, the result of his refusal to follow Sir George Cathcart's counsel was a tenfold greater sacrifice of his army. A veteran officer, who was present, told the author that when the French retreated from Leipzig, Buonaparte left a strong body in the place to cover the retreat, who obstinately defended the cemetery, which had a high crenulated wall. The Crown Prince of Sweden, Bernadotte, ordered up the British Rocket Brigade: the Austrian ambassador, a general officer, remonstrated, on the ground that the English rockets would burn the city and injure the inhabitants; Bernadotte, pointing to a number of Swedish riflemen slain by the fire from the cemetery, replied, "If I fire the city I may injure the inhabitants, but I shall spare my soldiers: if the city is burnt, the French must retreat, and our object will be gained without fresh sacrifice of our own troops." The British artillery, however, swept away the wall which surrounded the cemetery, and the French were driven through the place. The energy and promptitude of Bernadotte, on the part of the English chief, would have won Sebastopol. Had Sir George Cathcart commanded the British on the 30th of September, there would have been no siege of southern Sebastopol; the garrison would have been driven from it by a strong force charging down the main street, and before the fire from the northern forts could have inflicted any very great injury upon the victors, they would have effected, if necessary, by the torch and the miner's axe, what was accomplished long after by the "fire infernal" of the final and successful bombardment.

On the 1st of October the *Twelve Apostles*, one of the largest of the Russian ships in the harbour, brought her guns to bear upon the ramp of the fourth division with such accuracy that it was forced to retreat to a less perilous position. The spot evacuated by the 20th regiment was torn up by shells, and the colonel's tent—the only one the regiment had—was rent by the scattered fragments of the projectiles. They were Russian-made shells, not British, which were thrown by the enemy this time. The men of the fourth division, having moved about a mile to the right, halted, and made huts of boughs of trees which they had collected, but not in sufficient proportions to protect them from the burning sun by day, and the chilling dews by night. Sir George Cathcart was indefatigable in every duty, and won the enthusiastic confidence of his division. He encamped them behind a hill, which covered their new position, so as to conceal them from the enemy. On this hill (afterwards so noted in the history of the siege) was

a ruin, seated among the stones of which the officers used frequently to assemble and look down into Sebastopol, of which there was a magnificent view—its batteries and works being not only within the range of a good glass, but plainly visible to the naked eye.

On the 3rd of October the Russians endeavoured to throw a considerable succour of troops and supplies into the town; but the French defeated their intention. They, however, were able to accomplish this purpose upon the northern side. The light division had been compelled to change its position as well as the fourth, the enemy throwing both shot and shell at a very long range into their camps. On the 3rd of October reinforcements of heavy cavalry arrived from Varna. On the 4th, the progress of the enemy in erecting their earthworks became obvious, and they were allowed to continue their indefatigable exertions unmolested; not so the allies, they worked under showers of projectiles, and several men and non-commissioned officers of the 63rd perished by this means. The men all along the lines were solicitous to direct a fire upon the parties who so rapidly constructed the defensive earthworks; and our officers very generally expressed an opinion upon the desirableness of so doing, both to impede the rapid advance of the defences, and to encourage our own men; but Lord Raglan would not listen to their suggestions, being opposed to any desultory cannonade, and reserving himself for a general bombardment.

On this day General Liders arrived at the head of 16,000 men—a formidable augmentation of the garrison. The desertion of a Polish officer to the allies afforded much excitement, especially as all sorts of rumours were current concerning the information which he gave. He very minutely described the works opposed to the French attack, but could give no intelligence as to the works opposed to the British. He described the general impression of the garrison to be, that the city must ultimately fall, but that the defence might be protracted by vigorously toiling at the earthworks, and looting them with guns of large calibre. His account of the Polish part of the garrison was, that they were all eager to desert, but were watched most closely. They did not, however, in the course of the siege, desert in any considerable numbers, which most writers have attributed to the *esprit de corps*, but which really arose from the fact that the Polish soldiers were generally married men, and if they deserted, no probability remained of their ever again seeing wife or child.

The division of General Evans experienced considerable inconvenience on the 5th from 84-pound shot rolling, somewhat spent, through the camp. In the evening the light division

made an ambush, and succeeded in getting a body of Cossacks within range of their rifles, several of whom they killed, and brought down a few horses, the riders of which rose and ran for their lives. A severe loss occurred to the British army on this day. Reinforcements arrived from Varna on board the *War-Cloud* and the *Wilson Kennedy*; they consisted of cavalry, belonging to the 1st Royal Dragoons and the 6th (Enniskillens). A storm had arisen, and both ships were in imminent danger of wreck. The tempest continued for two days with unabating fury, causing the ships to labour heavily; the horses became loose on the deck, and the result was that 178 perished.

The population of Sebastopol seemed to get over their panic as the earthworks progressed, for their gaiety at this time was unbounded. Balls and picnics were their principal pastimes; and scenes of unusual revelry took place on board the ships in the harbour as well as on shore.

The exertions of Sir John Burgoyne, the distinguished officer of engineers, were of great value at this juncture. These exertions were extraordinary for a man so far advanced in life; and they were as intelligent as active. He was, in effect, the commander-in-chief of the British army. His orders were, however, sadly thwarted by the slowness and incapacity of various official persons. Among other instances of this, he had ordered furnaces for heating shot to be sent up to the trenches, and for some guns to open with red-hot shot upon the vessel which was careened across the harbour, and whose fire so annoyed the troops: all his orders were rendered abortive by the mismanagement of those upon whom it devolved to execute them.

The prevalence of cholera caused great uneasiness to the allied chiefs; several of the medical men died, and many most valuable officers. The number who perished of that pestilence, during the first fortnight from the occupation of Balaklava, was greater than that of the slain at the battle of Alma. Many, also, were invalided, especially among the British. The filthy condition of Balaklava contributed much to the spread of disease. Lord Raglan ordered it to be cleansed; but it could not be determined who was to obey the order, and Lord Raglan himself did not attend to its execution. About this time the Earl of Cardigan pleaded ill health, and went on board ship. Ultimately his lordship took up his quarters on board his yacht, which came from home, some alleged for this particular service; his lordship, however, accounted for its arrival by certain fortunate contingencies.

On the 7th, a council of war was held at the British head-quarters, and the mode of opera-

tions was decided upon. It was determined that the French should conduct the real attack on the left, opposite to the Dockyard Creek and the town, while the British should keep down the Russian fire, not advancing their works nearer for the present. The 7th of October was rendered further eventful by the appearance on the right flank of the British of a Russian army of relief. A strong body of the enemy occupied the Tchernaya to the north of Balaklava, and a brigade of Cossacks made a reconnaissance in force. A British hussar officer thus describes his experience of the events of that day, on which began the series of operations upon the British flank, so skilfully conducted by the Russians, and of which the battles of Balaklava, Inkerman, and the Tchernaya, were a part. The writer also describes the wretched condition of the troops, and their sufferings from sickness:—"This morning, at sunrise, the trumpets sounded boot and saddle, and in a short time eight regiments of cavalry and a troop of horse-artillery were trotting away to the assistance of our pickets. The writer, with the rest, after going a mile or so, came on a very large body of Russian regular cavalry. The artillery unlimbered, and sent eight or ten shells among them. They evidently had a body of infantry near, so we did nothing else but observe for a couple of hours, and then returned to our camp, where we now are with horses saddled, ready to turn out. I expect that we are not far off a battle with the relieving army, as their pickets and ours come into collision daily. General Luders and a large convoy got into Sebastopol the evening of the 5th. Something wrong, I fear. Our Lancaster guns are now in position, and it is said that we open this evening on the *Twelve Apostles*, the Russian admiral's flagship, which throws shells at us all day. The cholera is still raging; the last account I heard was that forty-five had died that day, but really the wonder is that any are left alive. We (that is the men and regimental officers) are either starved, or eat food against which our stomachs turn; and in order to live we are obliged to eat loads of grapes from the vineyards close at hand. The days are very hot, the nights very cold, and our clothing consists of one suit on our backs; the dew wets us through every night, just like rain. When taken ill we have no medicines, no place to be nursed in, no one to care a straw about us, as the immense mortality has made, and invariably so, every one more or less callous. In fact, people taken ill may recover, but by a sort of miracle. One officer of the 77th, Crofton, a man I knew, died in a ditch by the roadside, with as little ceremony as a dog. When the officers are so badly off, I leave you to guess how the men are. I am myself so weak from diarrhoea, that

I can hardly sit on horseback; indeed, I am quite prepared to see it turn to cholera, as I cannot stop it. I feel low-spirited about my sister, and I am in a bad condition to resist disease. I went to the general hospital yesterday, and the horrible sight of so many dying of cholera, and all suffering horribly, appalled me."

The following brief extract, from an intelligent sailor ashore, presents a fair picture of things previous to the opening of the first bombardment:—"The trenches are progressing; and, you may believe me, we don't pop our heads out imprudently when such whistling is shriller than usual. The Russians fire day and night on our fatigue-parties from very heavy ordnance. A bomb, that burst 150 metres off the place I was at, sent a splinter to within twenty paces from me. I picked it up, and shall use it for a weight to keep loose papers from flying about. The Russians have a very tall mast, with a scout on the top, whom our sharpshooters call the *Green Ape*. From that height the eye can look down into the trenches, and the spots can thus be pointed out for firing at. Fortunately, it is very difficult to make a shell fall and burst in a trench when well defended. Not more than twenty have been killed in this way, and most of them may have exposed themselves imprudently. For the rest, the works, which advance slowly by day, get on very fast by night. The aim is more uncertain in the dark, and the pickaxe can then be better plied. The Russians have, however, contrived to have artificial aims; during the day they stick up small pennons, and fire over them, so that the balls are sent nearly in the right direction. On our side, night is in our favour: our boats, with muffled oars, take soundings in all the channels. To-night the *Algier* will pass under all the outside forts, and will anchor inside the Quarantine Basin, in order to destroy a Russian battery, thrown up in forty-eight hours, and which ever since noon has been raking the trenches. All is going on well: hope for the best. We reckon, please God, on soon taking Sebastopol, burning the city and ships, making prisoners of the garrison, and destroying the arsenals. After that we shall throw the fortifications into the harbour. The citadel alone will escape us. They say that General Canrobert intends then marching against Menschikoff, who is at Simpheropol with 30,000 men."

On the 8th, Lord Raglan ordered the investment of southern Sebastopol to be completed, but his orders were not very promptly carried into execution; it was felt already that the work was too heavy for the number of men, and the health of the army was such as to diminish greatly its power of labour and endurance. Besides, the want of land-carriage

was severely felt; and the miserable state of management in the commissariat and quartermaster-general's departments consigned the men to exposure, hunger, and almost every discomfort to which men could be subjected. The number of deaths from cholera on this day was most disheartening; in every regimental rank, and every arm of the service, the pestilence numbered its victims.

On the 9th, a very vigorous cannonade impeded the besiegers; and shells were continually bursting in the camps of the third and fourth divisions. The fiery storm swept over them from dawn until dark, yet very little injury was sustained by the soldiers; while our officers became better acquainted with the enemy's guns, which fact was serviceable to the allies when the bombardment opened.

The night of the 10th was formidable to our allies, whose working parties were subjected to a fierce cannonade. As they approached the trenches a strong body of Cossacks was observed lying in wait for them, upon whom a fieldpiece was brought to bear, and they rapidly retired, but not without loss. The same evening a strong body of Cossacks approached the English right flank. Colonel Yorke, with a small detachment of the Royal Dragoons, charged them, and they ignominiously fled. The proportion of British cavalry to Russian was not so large as one to five, yet so complete was the panic of the latter, that they threw away their velises to enable them to escape with greater rapidity. On the same night General Evans' division was aroused by a ludicrous incident. An alarm was spread, the pickets having discharged their musketry; and it was not until the whole division was in order of battle that the occasion was understood. A poor cow, which had strayed in that direction, fell pierced with many balls, and died ingloriously before the fire of numerous assailants.

A subaltern in the fourth division, in his journal, under date of this night, writes—"On the 10th our tents arrived at a most opportune time, and Captain S—, 20th, K—, 20th, and I, took possession of one. It was a bitter cold day, and the wind was from the north, whistling with a chilly blast; and glad enough were we to get under canvas, and the tents were thoroughly appreciated. There was nothing to separate us from the bare ground, which was hard and cold enough; but we rolled ourselves in a blanket, and in the morning found that we were but little rested, having fearful back-aches and sore hips. There was a little creature which paid us nightly visits, in the shape of a species of mole, or, as my servant called it, a 'ground lion.' He was an extraordinary little fellow; and whenever we dared to take our boots off at night, we generally found them filled with earth in the

morning. I laid wait for him one day, and struck at him, but he made his escape: there were numbers of them about the camp. Small green lizards, about three inches long, were also in great abundance: they are harmless, beautiful little creatures, and flit about from stone to stone, under which they vanish at the approach of danger. The centipedes were the only insects we at all feared; they are about three or four inches in length, and creep in all directions in our tents."

On this day and night several French and British officers were wounded, and a considerable number of the working parties. Sickness also smote increased numbers.

From the 7th to the 14th of October the weather was unusually cold for the climate of the Crimea, except during a few hours in the day, when the sun shone fiercely; and the dews at night became increasingly injurious. It was difficult for the troops to obtain rest, so incessant was the firing from the fortress, and so frequent were the alarms of sorties. The author of *A Day in Camp* prettily describes this state of things thus:—"It certainly has a strange effect, to awake from some dream of England to midnight in camp; to stretch out one's hand in sleep against the dew-drenched canvas, and suddenly become conscious that you are *on the czar's land without leave*. It takes a moment or two to remember that the perfect stillness is not solitude; that the slumbering host around is encircled by hundreds of wakeful eyes; and that a single shot, a single cry, would send a shock of life through the whole mass!"

After the first fortnight, however, the roar of artillery did not disturb the sleepers. Our author refers to this fact:—"I have heard a general of division say, that while he sleeps easily through almost any amount of cannonading, the faintest report of a musket rouses him at once; for that indicates the approach of the enemy."

One of the best descriptions of life in the camp at this time has been afforded by a civilian, in a work entitled, *A Month in the Camp before Sebastopol*. Our readers cannot fail to be interested in this picture, drawn by one himself a participator in the incidents he portrays:—"Directly after sunrise the soldiers light their cigars, and chat over the night's work in cosy little groups, till the sun puts some warmth into them after the cold parade. After the *matinée fumante* comes breakfast; and then, equally a matter of course, a walk to the picket-house. No account of Crimean camp-life would be complete without mention of this much frequented lounge. It is a little ruin, appropriated, as its name imports, to one of the pickets, and is situated on the brow of the hill, two or three hundred yards in front

of the light division. Thence it commands a view of Sebastopol to the left, and of the sea and fleets to the right. There is a courtyard round it, with a wall about four feet high, behind which may perpetually be seen officers with double eyeglasses and telescopes directed towards the town. Sebastopol, seen from this point, is a handsome city, containing many substantial public works, constructed out of the light stone of the country. There are no walls, so the talk about 'breaching' is talk. But the place is defended on the south side by a round tower, a redan, and various earth-works. The masts of the *Twelve Apostles* are easily distinguishable. After spending the morning at the picket-house, those who have nothing better to do generally go, during the heat of the day, to their tents to read the newspapers. Of these we get a good supply; and, though they seem engrossed with what we are doing here, they often bring news. Much is said about the harm they do by conveying information to the enemy. When, however, one considers the enormous quantity of rumours in camp, that are affirmed one day, and contradicted the next, and the very few persons who can really know what is doing, and being projected, it is difficult not to believe that the estimate of the evil is exaggerated. The afternoon is always cool, and the best time for seeing the country and exploring the camp; so the day passes until dinner. There are no regimental messes here; but the officers club together in twos and threes. Everybody turns in by half-past nine. By ten the last fires have gone out, the last araba has screeched past with its load, and, but for the spectral tents that you see glimmering through the distance, as you lace up your doors for the night, you might believe yourself in the wilderness. Such is a general description of a day in camp; but yesterday the routine was broken by the impressive ceremony of an open-air church parade. Each division on these occasions has divine service performed by its own chaplain. Ours was drawn up on the rising ground, just beyond the tents, in a dense hollow square. The clergyman and officers occupied the centre. Every one was covered. Some of the men wore forage-caps, for lack of shakos; and *on dit* that the loss of these stiff and ugly varieties of head-gear is submitted to with great resignation by the line generally. The chaplain, with his dark velvet skull-cap, and black moustache and beard, reminding me of a foreign *padre* in canonicals. We were scarcely placed in position, before the loud rush of round-shot from the fort was heard, again and again, in our ears, causing sundry dislocations of the square, the men grinning and swaying about at each whizz in a kind of jocular disorder. Nothing was left for it but

to move off. So we took up our ground a few hundred yards lower down; and here, though a fleecy little cloudlet, which announced its birth in a thunder-clap, showed that a shell had burst above us, not very far off to our rear, the service was conducted to a close. Everybody, of course, stands upon these occasions, throughout the ceremony. To obviate fatigue, therefore, the Litany and Communion are omitted. The chaplain preached extemporaneously, and with so excellent a voice, that, though the wind was blowing his surplice about, it did not drown his tones. I was amused by his British *sang froid*. Half his congregation might perish round the walls of Sebastopol before next church parade—a theme which the threatening missiles exploding about would have served sufficiently well to enforce—but he utterly disdained such obvious rhetoric. Perhaps, indeed, it is considered undesirable to allude to subjects of the kind; and certainly they are too patent to need much insisting on. At any rate, the reverend gentleman neither noticed the pyrotechnics in his sound practical sermon, nor in his own person, but stood with his back to the fort, and preached on some everyday text, and never changed his voice, or turned his head, in compliment to shot or shell. Next day the division moved its quarters two or three hundred yards further from the enemy."

On the night of the 9th, thirty-three of the commissariat horses were found dead or disabled by the labour of the previous day, and the want of adequate transport was painfully felt in both armies.

An amusing incident occurred on the 11th, which did no credit to the Russian naval artillery, by which the forts commanding the harbour were garrisoned. This event has been variously described; but the most accurate and ample narrative of it is that by Emerson. "A scene occurred, in full observation of both armies, which showed abundantly the determination of the enemy to permit no opportunity of inflicting even the smallest damage to pass unimproved. An Austrian barque, on its way from Eupatoria to Balaklava, laden with hay for the use of the English commissariat, was driven by the current under the very walls of the forts, and within range of the guns. Heavily laden, she drifted slowly past, and the Russians opened a terrific fire upon her. At length she grounded, and then the enemy, imagining an easy victory over a merchant vessel without guns, and ashore on a reef, gallantly poured a hurricane of shot at her. So inaccurate, however, was their aim, that, out of 500 or 600 discharges, but four shots struck her. Seeing the state of affairs the *Beagle*, which had landed her only two guns, dashed fearlessly up to the rescue, fol-

lowed by the *Firebrand*, 6 guns. The *Beagle* took the barque in tow, and commenced hauling her off the reef. Then two Russian frigates steamed out of Sebastopol, and, at a safe distance, fired upon the two little steamers, one without any guns, and the other with six, and both within range of the forts. Nothing daunted, the gallant steamers brought their charge safely through the danger, the *Firebrand* being hit in four places, and the *Beagle* not at all. This brave exploit was universally voted one of the most brilliant feats yet performed by British sailors in the Black Sea."

An order from Lord Raglan, published at this time, animadverted strongly upon the conduct of the medical officers at Balaklava, who made no provisions for the sick sent down thither from the lines, many of whom died in the open street utterly unattended to. It does not appear that the exclusive blame rested with the medical officers. The chief medical authorities were neither zealous, humane, nor competent; some of the inferior surgeons followed their example in all these respects, while others manifested a noble professional enthusiasm and the highest patriotism and philanthropy. The commissariat and the department of the quartermaster-general were equally to blame for the deficiencies that existed where the sick were concerned. Lord Raglan could see faults in the medical or commissariat management, especially if complaints were made from the quartermaster-general: in the quartermaster-general's own arrangements, which were worse than either in neglect and obstinacy, the commander-in-chief saw nothing amiss.

Had Admiral Dundas shown activity and tenderness worthy of his high position, the sufferings of the sick might have been greatly mitigated; but almost every duty devolved upon his second in command, Sir E. Lyons, whose authority was but limited. It must be affirmed of the authorities generally, that their incapacity for organisation was as deplorable as their want of compassion for the soldiery. On the night of the 11th, a rumour prevailed in camp that the garrison would make a sortie, the relieving army at the same time attacking the flank and rear of the British, and the inhabitants of Balaklava setting fire to the place in the confusion of the general attack. These rumours were credited at head-quarters, for every preparation was made to resist the enemy, and the population of Balaklava was at once ordered out of the place. It was time to give such an order, for the male population had been all, or nearly all, in the Russian service as coast-guards, and being Greeks in race and religion, they were active spies of the Russian government. Their cunning and address in conveying information baffled detection, although they were suspected, and it was well known

that information to the enemy was constantly sent from Balaklava. After the Greeks were banished, circumstances transpired to confirm these views. They were allowed to take their property with them, and they took care to plunder the property of the army most extensively. The leniency with which the nest of Greek robbers at Balaklava was treated, was one of the weak points in the management of the British commander-in-chief, and of his *alter ego*, the active but not very wise quartermaster-general.

The report of a sortie was true enough, but it was discovered sooner than it otherwise would have been by an accident. Soon after dark the working parties were vigorously engaged upon the formation of the British right attack. Directions had been given that similar parties should be occupied upon the centre and left, but the sappers and miners, missing their way, wandered considerably in advance towards the Russian lines, and at last came suddenly upon the vanguard of the sortie; neither party expecting the encounter, both hesitated, but the Russian riflemen who composed the party were of course better prepared, being the advance-guard of an assailing column, and they opened fire upon our sappers quite close to them, but had not sufficiently recovered their presence of mind to make the fire effectual: not a man of our party fell. As the fire of the Russian advanced post increased, it showed by its flashes the battalions in its rear, and the sappers therefore hastily retreated, giving the alarm. Two divisions, those of General Evans and General Brown, immediately stood to their arms. The Russians advanced, their approach covered by a tremendous fire from their batteries. The covering parties of the British hastily and improperly retired; they did so, however, under a misapprehension of orders. A company of the Rifle Brigade did not retire, but preserved an obstinate contest with the approaching mass, firing into it, as was afterwards seen, with great effect. When the Russians approached so near the British lines that they could receive no aid from their guns in position, they pushed on fieldpieces, with which they opened a scattering fire of grape and canister. The reply of a few British fieldpieces was not very effective, but our musketry plied the approaching columns incessantly and destructively. Mr. Russell, in a brief paragraph, most happily and correctly describes the issue:—"The roar of shot and shell filled the air, mingled with the constant 'pingping' of rifle and musket-balls. All the camps went up. The French on our left got under arms, and the rattle of drums and the shrill blast of trumpets were heard amid the roar of cannon and small arms. For nearly half an hour this din lasted, till all of a sudden a ringing cheer

was audible on our right, rising through all the turmoil. It was the cheer of the 88th, as they were ordered to charge down the hill on their unseen enemy. It had its effect, for the Russians, already pounded by our guns and shaken by the fire of our infantry, as well as by the aspect of the whole hill-side lined with our battalions, turned and fled under the shelter of their guns. Their loss is not known; ours was very trifling. The sortie was completely foiled, and not an inch of our lines was injured, while the Four-gun Battery (the main object of their attack) was never closely approached at all. The alarm over, every one returned quietly to tent or bivouac."

On the 12th, the defensive works of Balaklava were completed, and Sir Colin Campbell appointed to the command. The British siege-train was divided into a left and right attack, and placed under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Gambier. The right attack was under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Dickson, Captain D'Aigular, and Captain Strange; the left attack was under the command of Majors Young, Irving, and Freese. From the 12th to the 16th each day repeated the events of the preceding. Day and night the Russians kept up an incessant fire, and they plied the mattock and the spade as indefatigably as their cannon; their entrenchments and earth-works assumed a formidable appearance; the Sebastopol, before which the allies took post after the conquest of Balaklava and the seizure of Kamiesch and Arrow Bay, was changed. Southern Sebastopol had grown as strong as the northern side of the harbour, and it became evident to all that a bloody struggle awaited the victors and the vanquished. Yet it is remarkable that neither from military correspondents nor civilians were there any severe strictures upon the generalship which allowed those mighty defences to grow up in the presence of a great army. Never before in the history of sieges has an army, flushed with recent victory, arrived before an open town, and instead of assaulting it and taking in reverse its batteries, erected only to repel an attack by sea, sat down before it, adopting regular siege approaches, when the only result of their doing so could be to give time to the enemy to erect in opposition to these approaches corresponding works. The parallels of besiegers are intended to enable an army to approach a beleaguered city protected by its batteries, but in this instance the besieged had no defences which could not be approached without cover, and taken by storm. All depended upon a bold and rapid movement, instead of which a regular siege was adopted, and not a cannon fired upon the enemy for three weeks, except a few fieldpieces used on the night of the 11th in repelling the sortie. Had it been the object

of the allied generals to save Sebastopol, by giving time to the enemy to erect defences, and then to attack them with an inferior artillery, the object could scarcely have been more certainly pursued.

Before noticing the events of the 16th and 17th, it is necessary to glance at the proceedings of the fleets. One of the duties which devolved upon them is thus described by an English naval authority:—"Four war-steamers of the allies, the *Inflexible*, *Sidon*, *Cucique*, and *Caton*, have been sent to the mouth of the Dniéper, in order to watch the march of the Russian troops coming to the help of the besieged in Sebastopol. They succeeded twice in compelling a considerable army corps to turn aside from their direct route—the first time at the height above Lake Dovynoskis, and the second time at Adlanjick. The Russians fired red-hot balls on these steamers at a distance of 5600 metres, but their projectiles did not kill any one. One ball went through the funnel of the *Sidon*."

On the 13th of October, the Admiralty wrote to Admiral Dundas, urging upon him such general directions during the progress of the siege as reveals the policy of the home government:—

*The Secretary to the Admiralty to  
Vice-admiral Dundas.*

*Admiralty, Oct. 13, 1854.*

"SIR,—I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, with reference to the operations of the fleet under your orders, to call your special and particular attention to the necessity of exercising the utmost vigilance and care in preventing the movement of craft of all descriptions proceeding out of the Bay of Cherson and the river Dniester; and I am to signify their directions to you to take every precaution in your power to prevent communication with the Crimea from ports in that direction. My lords are further of opinion that, whenever the means at your disposal will admit, proper measures should be concerted with your colleagues in command of the allied forces for obtaining an entrance by the Gulf of Kertch into the Sea of Azoff, with a view to interrupt the communications of the enemy with the eastern shores of the Crimea, to which their lordships have always attached the greatest importance. In concert likewise with your colleagues, my lords consider that no opportunities should be lost to occupy the attention of the enemy, by frequent attacks upon all parts of the coast, extending from the mouths of the Danube to the Isthmus of Perekop, and that any proper opportunity for the bombardment of Odessa should not be omitted."

It so happened that, on the same day, the admiral addressed the Admiralty, giving an account of his operations since the occupation of Balaklava.

*Britannia—off the Katcha, Oct. 13, 1854.*

"SIR,—1. I beg you will acquaint the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that the allied armies are employed in erecting batteries to the south of Sebastopol, but I hear are much retarded by the rocky nature of the ground. The Russian fire of shot and shell, by day and night, has produced little or no effect. The naval and marine battalions are healthy, and there is less sickness in the army.

"2. Sir Edmund Lyons, in the *Agamemnon*, with the *Diamond*, and a squadron of steamers, is at Balaklava, assisting the troops. A French squadron, under Vice-admiral Bruat, is anchored between the lighthouse and the harbour, in communication with the left of the French army. A division of steam-vessels watches the mouth of the port constantly, where four or five Russian steam-vessels always have their steam up; and the large sailing vessels are with Admiral Hamelin and myself, anchored off the Katcha river, the weather having permitted our remaining in those positions.

"3. The *Sidon* and *Inflexible*, with *Cucique* and *Caton*, are still in Odessa Bay, to prevent any communication by sea with the Crimea, and I have sent a transport to them with coals and fresh provisions, which I have drawn from Sinope.

"4. On the 11th, an Austrian vessel laden with hay for the commissariat got within range of the batteries, and was deserted by her crew at the second shot; she ran on shore about 1500 yards south of the harbour-mouth, and was got off that evening and towed to Balaklava. I enclose the report of Captain Jones, of the *Sampson*, who, with Captain Stewart, of the *Firebrand*, and Mr. Boxer, second master in charge of the *Beagle*, assisted by the French launches of the in-shore squadron, got the Austrian to sea from under the batteries in a very successful and creditable manner. The *Firebrand* has four shots in her hull, but fortunately no casualties.

"5. I learnt from Captain King, of the *Zeander*, of the approach to Eupatoria of a large Russian force near the town. I have sent the *Firebrand* and *Vesurius* to assist in the defence, should it be attacked, and shall send two other vessels to-day.

"6. The French and Turkish troops sent fer from Varna and Constantinople by the *Simoon*, *Vulcan*, *Cyclops*, and our transports, are hourly expected; they have been kept back and detained by the late strong north-east gales.

"I have, &c.

"J. W. D. DUNDAS, Vice-admiral."

*The Secretary of the Admiralty, &c., &c., &c.*

Our readers will perceive that the government at home urged upon the admiral an attack upon Odessa, and as nothing was under-

taken against it, the public in England murmured. Mr. Sidney Herbert, after the dissolution of the Aberdeen government, obtained the permission of Lord Palmerston to produce this despatch of the 13th of October, and explained to the House of Commons the reason why Odessa was not attacked. From his statement it appeared that the allied generals were apprehensive the destruction of Odessa might free the Russian garrison there, which would march to the Crimea, and increase the difficulties of the allied armies. If this were the real reason, it is surprising that, long after any such apprehension must have passed away, nothing was done against Odessa. Besides, if that city were destroyed, the Russians would scarcely have left Bessarabia undefended against the Turks from the Danube, the allies from the sea, and possibly Austria from the Moldo-Wallachian provinces. The destruction of Odessa would rather facilitate the operations of the allies on the sea or the Danubian frontiers, and render the presence of Russian troops more necessary in that province; while it would destroy vast stores by which the Russian army in the Crimea received supplies, as much grain came from Odessa, by way of Perekop, to Sebastopol. If the allied generals ever used such a dissuasive to Admiral Dundas' hostile intentions against Odessa, it is only another instance of the folly which they so frequently perpetrated throughout the disastrous siege.

The operations of the fleets at Eupatoria and its neighbourhood were very useful. We have already narrated the manner in which some small naval and military detachments took possession of it before the landing at Old Fort. The occupation was found useful. The neighbourhood abounded in herds of cattle, and supplies of provisions of various sorts; these the Tartar inhabitants freely brought to market when they became assured of the friendly disposition of the allies, and the governor was enabled to send supplies of fresh provisions both to Balaklava and Kamiesch. The Russians, perceiving this, resolved to capture it; but certain Tartars informing Captain Brock of their intentions, he prepared opportunely for the contest. He informed Admiral Dundas of the menaced danger, who placed the *Leander*, *Firebrand*, and *Megara* off the port. The French and Turkish admirals sent each an equal force. The whole of these ships were ready either to operate along the coast, or land their seamen and marines, as circumstances might dictate. Contemporaneous with the sortie at Sebastopol, and the advance of a corps towards the British flank and rear there, on the 11th, the Russians appeared before Eupatoria. Lieutenant Hamilton was sent on shore with about 150 seamen and marines, and

one fieldpiece. At the back of the town a redoubt was thrown up, a precaution which our readers may see, by consulting a map of the Crimea, was necessary, and the fieldpiece on the redoubt. Captain Brock, attended by a party which he deemed adequate for the purpose, advanced upon the steppe for a reconnaissance, where he saw a large body of Russian cavalry, at least 600 in number, who, opening their ranks, displayed four fieldpieces, which immediately directed their fire upon the British. The first shell from the British fieldpiece fell among the cavalry, exploding before it touched the ground, and scattering men and horses with astonishing destruction. Seldom has a single shell sent so much death and disaster among a body of troops. Captain Brock wisely declined continuing the combat, falling back into the town, and withdrawing the fieldpiece and the sailors from the redoubt. A reinforcement of British sailors promptly re-entered it; replacing the gun, they maintained the position all night. About three o'clock in the morning the Russians stealthily approached, and so noiselessly that there was some chance of their effecting a surprise; but Lord E. Cecil, a midshipman of the *Leander*, had charge of the gun; gifted with excellent sight, and vigilantly on the *qui vive*, he perceived in the dim distance the shadowy forms of the Russians furtively making their way towards the redoubt, and opened fire upon them at the critical moment: so well was that fire directed, that the ball tore through the compact mass of the advancing body, leaving a line of dead and wounded in its track. The sailors quickly lined the redoubt, and hailed the enemy with a cheer, which was returned with a volley; the tars were not slow to respond after the same fashion. The enemy's fieldpieces threw shells, which burst near and around the redoubt; and for hours the fight continued, the assailants having greatly the advantage as to the number of shots, the British as to the mischief inflicted. As day dawned the aim of the British became clearer: the single fieldpiece was worked in a masterly manner, and the Muscovites, finding their attempt hopeless, and their loss considerable, withdrew. As the morning advanced, Lieutenant Pym of the *Firebrand* landed with a fresh detachment of marines and tars, another fieldpiece, and a rocket tube. A second redoubt was then constructed, and the first was put into a better state of defence. These precautions were not unnecessary, for on the 15th the enemy returned. They burned several villages to the north of Eupatoria, and made booty of the cattle of their fellow-subjects, the Tartars. They did not effect such destruction with impunity, for the *Leander* and *Firebrand* steamed along shore, throwing shot and shell



upon the moving columns of the enemy. In the execution of this service the steamers were greatly assisted by the *Arrow*, a gun-boat armed with a single gun: enabled, by drawing little water, to get near shore, she could take better aim, and throw her shot with such precision among the Russians, as to compel their speedy retreat to a distance beyond her range. The enemy retired out of sight of the garrison and the squadrons before evening, and attempted nothing more for some days after the bombardment of Sebastopol.

It was at last arranged that the bombardment of Sebastopol should open on the 16th; but some delay arose from the necessity of placing some heavier guns on the French position, their batteries being deficient in weight of metal; and this circumstance deferred the long expected opening of the allied fire until the next day. On the evening of the 16th it was, however, finally determined that the whole circuit of siege guns should open; and Lord Raglan having, with Generals Burgoyne and Airey, reconnoitred the whole line, issued the following notification to his chief officers:—

*October 16th, 1854.*

*Memorandum for generals of division, the commanding officer of artillery, the commanding officer of engineers.*

THE fire upon Sebastopol will commence to-morrow morning, about half-past six o'clock, from the French and English batteries, in co-operation with the combined fleets. The precise moment of opening the fire, however, will be indicated by the successive discharge of three mortars from the centre of the works of the French army.

The troops off duty will remain in their respective camps, ready to fall in at a moment's notice, without their knapsacks, great-coats, or blankets. The horses will be attached to the field batteries.

There will be with each division parties of sappers, consisting of twenty men and an officer of engineers, ready to carry picks and shovels, crowbars and sledges, bags of powder prepared, felling axes, and scaling ladders. Each division will also have with it a detachment of twenty artillerymen, under an officer of artillery, with rockets and spikes for guns (the latter are only to be used in the event of the troops having to retire from a battery).

The arrangements for the collecting of the several articles above enumerated will be carried out by the officer of engineers and the officer of artillery.

The generals of divisions will make every arrangement for the ready communication of the troops with the reserve ammunition, which, however, need not be placed upon the horses until ordered.

Previously to the opening of the fire, all advanced pickets, with the exception of the men selected to fire in the embrasures, will be withdrawn under the direction of the general officer on duty in the trenches, and retire under cover to their respective camps.

The covering parties in the trenches will be kept clear of the batteries; and such of them as cannot find cover in the trenches will be moved to such positions in the rear or the flank as will ensure their being at hand to protect the batteries, whilst they will be themselves screened from the enemy's fire. These covering parties will be moved as the commanding officer of the party may see occasion, in consequence of the fire of the enemy. When the whole trench is occupied by guns, the covering parties must be placed, as above stated, under adequate cover in the immediate neighbourhood.

The working parties will remain in the trenches, or be

withdrawn, according to the discretion of the commanding engineer.

As it is probable that the field batteries may be required to move, the senior artillery officer of the division, and the officer commanding each battery, will make themselves acquainted with the communications to their right and left.

The cavalry, under Lieutenant-general the Earl of Lucan, and the troops of all arms, under Major-general Sir C. Campbell, British and Turkish, posted for the defence of Balaklava, will be held in readiness throughout the day, to act on the shortest notice.

The meat for the men's dinner will be cooked as early as possible to-morrow morning, in case of the army having to move forward.

In the event of an advance, the commander of the forces particularly requests the general officers commanding divisions and brigades, the commanding officers of regiments, and the officers commanding companies, to impress upon the men the urgent necessity of maintaining their formation and keeping their order. The success of any operation they may be called upon to undertake, their honour, and, indeed, their own individual safety, depend upon their being under complete control, ready to repel any attack, or to overcome any resistance that may be opposed to them.

Lord Raglan will be at the quarries in front of the third division (Sir Richard England's); General Canrobert at the Maison d'Eau, on the left of the British line, and on the right of the French position.

RAGLAN.

This order was received by the divisional authorities with satisfaction, which was speedily communicated to the troops, as the tidings circulated from the brigade staffs through the regiments. Bustle and excitement prevailed throughout the camp; and perhaps there was not a soldier who did not look forward to the morrow with heart-thrilling expectation. Sleep was banished from the eyes of even many a weary soldier; and it was remarked that men who often served in the trenches under the severest fire of the enemy, and met all forms of danger with the most perfect *sang froid*, were so filled with satisfaction at the thought of being able at last to return the fire of the Russians, that they could not compose themselves to rest. It was one of those clear bright nights so common to that climate in autumn; scarcely a breath of wind stirred, and, notwithstanding the heavy dews, there was a balmy softness in the air which dispelled the chilliness; this added to the numbers who were unwilling to seek slumber, and watched for the morning when the first fire of the allied artillery should roll over the contested lines. The dawn of the 17th of October saw few sleepers in the British camp. The Russians had received incorrect information as to the state of the trenches and batteries, and were not prepared for the bombardment on that morning, nevertheless, with their usual activity, they were at work by daybreak, and opened fire upon the allies at least half an hour before the signal was given for the latter to commence their cannonade. This circumstance was unfavourable to the assailants, as it covered the Russian earthworks with smoke, rendering it difficult to get the range of their batteries. The city

and camps were also covered with a heavy mist, such as during October and November generally attends the breaking of morning in the Crimea. There was not wind sufficient to disperse it, and the mist hung heavily over the great amphitheatre within which the terrible preparations of war were making. The smoke of the Russian batteries did not rise upon the atmosphere, but rested in dense folds above them, or sluggishly moved towards the British lines. The allies were not ready at the hour agreed upon—hardly any of the British mortars were in position; and when the fire from the English batteries opened, some of the heavy guns were being dragged up to the trenches. The French were even less prepared than the British; and the delay in opening the cannonade was chiefly attributable to them. The signal agreed upon by the chiefs was the firing of three mortars from the French right attack; but the signal was so imperfectly given, that several seconds elapsed between the opening of one battery and another; and perhaps two minutes elapsed after the shells went up before the last of the English batteries came into play. The first cannon-shot from the allies was fired by the Sailors' Battery, who thus had the honour of opening the bombardment. A loud cheer burst from the English lines, which was caught up by the French right, and was carried along to their extreme left. Yet perhaps this was not the most exciting moment to the British: several officers relate that at early dawn, when the batteries were unmasked, and the muzzles of our guns were revealed to friends and foes, was the moment when all felt most the imposing character of the scene.

At the instant of opening the bombardment crowds of British officers and men not actually engaged occupied the best positions for watching the event. This was especially the case on the picket-house hill, whence the grand staff of the British army looked upon the struggle. Lord Raglan, Sir George Brown, and the Duke of Cambridge, remained at that spot the greater portion of the day, observing with their glasses the various phases of the engagement. The first officer who arrived at the Picket-house that morning was his royal highness, who seemed throughout the day to be the most anxious and earnest spectator. The group of distinguished men occupying that point of observation was not free from danger. Before their own guns had opened, the shot from the enemy's batteries found their way thither. The peril increased as the bombardment caused the Russian fire to become more intense. While the duke and Sir George were talking behind a low wall, against which they were leaning, and over which they were looking, a round-shot fell upon it between them (they were standing some little distance apart to secure good points

of observation). The missile bounded between the building and the side of the court, and rolled against the back of the former. Another shot was seen approaching, and the staff showed the usual courtesy to messengers from an enemy, but it fell short. In the evening there were many cannon-balls lying in front of the Picket-house, which the enemy had failed to send quite far enough to do mischief.

The opening of the bombardment was irregular, after which the guns of each battery were fired as fast as the men could work them; and although the Russians were not such masters of artillery as the allies, yet they worked their guns fast and well. The Russian batteries were manned chiefly by sailors, who are better gunners than those of the army; they are also represented by Russian writers as a stouter and smarter class of men, and such proved to be the case on the 17th of October at Sebastopol. The guns of the English marine battery were the best served on the side of the allies; the rapidity and precision of fire were truly astonishing, and the injury inflicted upon the foe was proportionate. Our gallant tars, by their activity, effectiveness, and fearless exposure, brought down upon themselves the heaviest fire from the hostile trenches, and their loss was in proportion severer than in any other battery of the British attack.

From the commencement of the cannonade until darkness closed upon the combatants, the fierce battle of artillery was incessantly waged by land with very short intervals. The attack from the sea began much later in the day, but it also continued until night put an end to further conflict.

Before entering into the detail of either the land or sea operations, we shall present the despatches of the allied generals and admirals. It is customary in narrating battles to relate first the details of the conflict, and then to give the despatches: we are of opinion that such a plan is only occasionally proper. Despatches give a general view of the action fought, and sometimes they enter somewhat minutely into detail. When only a general view is given, despatches are the proper texts for the historian, in dealing with the various movements and features of the army to which they relate, and ought to precede his narrative. If there be much minuteness of detail, it is a mere repetition of the historian's story if they follow: whereas, if they precede it, time and space are saved both to author and reader, as the former will then aim rather to supply the deficiencies and omissions of the official document. Frequently a general-in-chief is himself ignorant, immediately after a battle, when a despatch is written, of the deeds of heroism which particular corps or individuals have displayed, and even of the consequences to the

general results of particular achievements in parts of the field of action beyond his presence or supervision. He himself learns afterwards, from the same sources as those upon which the historian draws, what was done or attempted by his army or his enemy in various departments of the hostile operations.

The first intelligence of the opening of the bombardment reached England through the despatch of General Canrobert, then Admiral Hamelin's was published; the British admiral's despatch arrived after that of the French admiral; but the public took no interest in it after perusing the more copious information and more pleasing relation of the French naval chief. Long after every other medium of information was exhausted, Lord Raglan's despatch arrived. Having come *via* France, it was lost *en route*. When it did come, it added nothing to the information previously possessed. We give these documents in the order of their arrival.

#### FROM GENERAL CANROBERT

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL.—Yesterday, at sunrise, we opened our fire in concert with the English army. Matters were going on well, when the explosion of a battery powder magazine, unfortunately of considerable size, somewhat disturbed our attack. This explosion produced the greater effect from the number of the batteries in proximity to the spot where it occurred. The enemy took advantage of this incident to increase his fire, and the general in command of the artillery agreed with me, that we were under the necessity of suspending our fire in order to make our repairs, as well as to complete the system of attack towards our right by the construction of new batteries to approach those of the English army. This delay is certainly much to be regretted, but we are compelled to submit to it, and I am making every arrangement necessary for shortening it as much as possible.

Sebastopol has sustained the fire far better than was expected; the enclosed space, throughout its enormous development in a straight line, carrying all it can hold of heavy sea-guns, renders it capable of prolonging the contest. On the 17th, our troops took possession of the plateau that faces the point of attack, called the Bastion of the Mat; they now occupy it. This evening we shall construct there the mask of a 12-gun battery, and, if possible, that of a second battery, on the extreme right, above the ravine. All our means of attack are concentrated on this bastion, and we shall, I trust, dismantle it rapidly, with the assistance of the English batteries that are battering its left front.

Yesterday, about ten in the morning, the allied fleets attacked the outer batteries of the place, but I have not yet received information that will enable me to give you an account of the results of this attack.

The English batteries are in the best possible state: they have received nine new mortars, which will, it is supposed, produce great effect. Yesterday there was an immense explosion in the battery surrounding the tower situate to the left of the place. It must have injured the enemy a great deal. Since then this battery has fired but little, and this morning there were only two or three pieces left in fire.

I have no precise news of the Russian army. Nothing tends to show that it has changed the positions it held, and in which it expected its reinforcements. I have received almost the whole of the reinforcements I expected in infantry from Gallipoli and Varna. General Levaillant has just arrived with his staff, which raises to five divisions the effective force in infantry of the army that I have here under my orders. The sanitary state is highly satisfactory, the spirits of the troops excellent, and we are full of confidence.

CANROBERT.

#### FROM VICE-ADMIRAL HAMELIN.

*Ville de Paris—off Katcha, Oct. 18, 1854.*

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE.—In my letter of October 13th I announced to your excellency that I was going, with all my staff, on board the *Mogador* frigate, in order to come to anchor as near as possible to the head-quarters of the French army, and plan in common with the general-in-chief a combined attack on Sebastopol by our land and naval forces. On the 14th, I had accordingly an interview with General Canrobert, whose views are in conformity with mine. On the 15th, the admirals of the allied squadrons met on board the *Mogador*, and the arrangements for a general attack were made by common consent, thereupon submitted to the generals of the land army, and most readily accepted by them.

This general attack was fixed for the 17th, the day on which the siege batteries were to open their fire. As far as the squadrons were concerned, it was to be effected in the manner following:—The French squadron engaged to approach the southern breakers, to take up its position at about seven cables' lengths from the 350 guns of the Quarantine Battery, with the two batteries of Fort Alexander, and with the Artillery Battery. The English squadron had to attack, on the skirts of the northern breakers, nearly at the same distance, the 130 guns of the Constantine Battery, that of the Telegraph, and the Maximilian Tower of the north. If, then, your excellency supposes a line traced along the entrance of Sebastopol, from east to west, this line will intersect the attacking position that devolved on each squadron. The Turkish admiral, with two ships, the only ones he had for the moment within reach, was to anchor north of the two French lines; that is to say, in an intermediate position between the English and the French ships.

On the morning of the 17th the attack by the siege batteries commenced; but it was a calm, and it was necessary to tow the ships by steam-frigates before the line of twenty-six ships belonging to the allied squadrons could be extended before Sebastopol. But notwithstanding this difficulty, and the dislocated condition of the French squadron, part of its ships being anchored at Kamiesch, and part before Katcha, I have the satisfaction of announcing to your excellency that the ships of our first line advanced about half-past twelve at noon, under the fire of the Sebastopol batteries, which they confronted the first for more than half an hour without replying to it. A few moments after they answered to this fire warmly with their broadsides, but did little execution on account of their small numbers. Subsequently, the other French and English vessels arrived in succession, and the attack became general. About half-past two the fire of the Russian batteries slackened; it was silenced at the Quarantine Battery. This was the object the French squadron had particularly in view; but our fire was redoubled, and lasted without interruption until night.

At the moment I am writing to your excellency I am still ignorant of the success obtained by our siege batteries, whose fire began before ours, and which cannonaded the Russian fortifications on the land side.

If the Russians had not blocked up the entrance to Sebastopol by sinking their five ships and two frigates, I have no doubt that the ships of the squadron, after a trial of the first fire, might have entered the passes successfully, have reached the bottom of the harbour, and put itself in communication with the army. They would not perhaps have lost many more than we have now to regret; but the extreme measure adopted by the enemy, in sacrificing a part of his ships, obliged us to limit ourselves to fighting for five hours against the sea batteries of Sebastopol, with the view of succeeding in silencing them for a greater or less period, in occupying a great many of the gunners in Sebastopol, and in thus lending both a material and moral assistance to our army.

To-day, the 18th, I have only time to give your excellency in haste a general sketch of this affair, which in my opinion reflects high honour on the French navy. I join to this sketch a list of the names of the men killed and wounded on board each vessel; I shall shortly send to you a detailed report of all the phases of the attack, and of the more or less active part taken by each vessel.

At the commencement of the affair the enthusiasm was extreme; during the combat the tenacity of each man

was not less so. Before opening fire I had signalled to the squadron, "France is looking on you"—a signal that was received amid the cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

I am, with profound respect, M. le Ministre, &c.

HAMELIN.

#### FROM VICE-ADMIRAL DUNDAS.

*Britannia—off the Katchi, Oct. 18, 1854.*

SIR,—1. I beg you will acquaint the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that the siege batteries of the allied armies opened fire upon the Russian works, south of Sebastopol, about half-past six o'clock yesterday morning, with great effect and small loss.

2. In consequence of the most urgent request of Lord Raglan and General Canrobert, it was agreed by the admirals of the allied fleets that the whole of the ships should assist the land attack by engaging the sea batteries north and south of the harbour, on a line across the port, as shown in the accompanying plan, but various circumstances rendered a change in the position of the ships necessary and unavoidable.

3. The *Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, *Sampson*, *Tribune*, *Torrible*, *Sphinx*, and *Lyons*, and *Albion*, *London*, and *Arctusa*, towed by the *Erubrant*, *Niger*, and *Triton*, engaged Fort Constantine and the batteries to the northward; while the *Queen*, *Britannia*, *Trafalgar*, *Vengeance*, *Rodney*, *Bellerophon*, with *Vesuvius*, *Furious*, *Retribution*, *Highflyer*, *Spitfire*, *Spithead*, and *Cyclops*, lashed on the port side of the several ships, gradually took up their positions, as nearly as possible as marked on the plan.

4. The action lasted from about half-past one to half-past six, P.M., when, being dark, the ships hauled off.

5. The loss sustained by the Russians, and the damage done to Fort Constantine and batteries, cannot, of course, as yet be correctly ascertained.

6. An action of this duration against such formidable and well-armed works could not be maintained without serious injury; and I have to regret the loss of forty-four killed, and 266 wounded, as detailed in the accompanying lists. The ships, masts, yards, and rigging, are more or less damaged, principally by shells and hot shot. The *Albion* has suffered much in hull and masts; the *Rodney* in her masts, she having tailed on the reef, from which she was got off by the great exertions of Commander Kynaston, of the *Spithead*, whose crew and vessel were necessarily exposed in performing this service; but, with the exception of the *Albion* and *Arctusa*, which ships I send to Constantinople to be repaired, I hope to be able to make my squadron serviceable in twenty-four hours. Foreseeing from the nature of the attack that we should be likely to lose spars, I left the spare topmasts and yards on board her majesty's ship *Vulcan* at this anchorage, where I had placed her with all the sick and prisoners.

7. I have now the pleasure of recording my very great satisfaction with the ability and zeal displayed by Rear-admirals Sir Edmund Lyons and the Hon. Montagu Stopford, and all the captains under my command, as well as my sincere thanks to them, and to the officers, seamen, and marines employed, for their unremitting exertions, and the rapidity of their fire, in the absence of a large number of the crews of each ship, who were landed to assist in working the siege batteries, &c., on shore, and to this circumstance I attribute the small loss of killed and wounded.

8. The gallant and skilful conduct of our French allies in this action was witnessed by me with admiration, and I hear with regret that they have also suffered considerable loss.

9. I beg to express my gratitude at the manner in which Ahmed Pasha, the Turkish admiral, did his duty.

I have, &c.,

J. W. D. DUNDAS, *Vice-admiral*.

*The Secretary of the Admiralty, &c.*

#### FROM GENERAL THE LORD RAGLAN, G.C.B.

[This despatch was lost in its passage through France, but was ultimately received by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, to whom it was transmitted by his Excellency the Lord Cowley, G.C.B.]

*Before Sebastopol, Oct. 18, 1854.*

MY LORD DUNK,—It was arranged between General Canrobert and myself that the batteries of the two armies should open immediately after daylight on the morning of the 17th, and we invited Admiral Dundas and Admiral Hamelin to attack the enemy's works at the mouth of the harbour with the combined fleets, as nearly simultaneously as circumstances might permit. Accordingly, upon a signal being given from the centre of the French lines, the batteries of the two armies commenced their fire about a quarter before seven yesterday morning. On this occasion we employed about sixty guns of different calibres, the lightest being 24-pounders.

It may here be proper to observe that the character of the position which the enemy occupied on the south side of Sebastopol is not that of a fortress, but rather of an army in an entrenched camp on very strong ground, where an apparently unlimited number of heavy guns, amply provided with gunners and ammunition, are mounted.

The guns having opened, as above stated, a continuous and well-directed fire was carried on from the works of the two armies until about ten o'clock, A.M., when, unfortunately, a magazine in the midst of one of the French batteries exploded, and occasioned considerable damage to the works, and I fear many casualties, and almost paralysed the efforts of the French artillery for the day. The British batteries, however, manned by sailors from the fleet, under the command of Captain Lushington and Captain Peel, and by the Royal Artillery, under the superintendence of Lieutenant-colonel Gambier, kept up their fire with unremitting energy throughout the day, to my own and the general satisfaction, as well as to the admiration of the French army, who were witnesses of their gallant and persevering exertions, materially injuring the enemy's works, and silencing the heavy guns on the top of the loop-holed tower, to which I adverted in my despatch of the 13th instant, and many of the guns at its base, and causing an extensive explosion in the rear of a strong redoubt in our immediate front; the enemy, notwithstanding, answered to the last from a number of guns along their more extended line.

The fire was resumed this morning at daylight by the British sailors and artillery, and responded to, though in a somewhat less degree, by the Russians; but the French troops, being occupied in the repair of their batteries, and in the formation of others, have not contributed to the renewal of the attack, except from a work on their extreme left; they expect, however, to be able to do so to-morrow morning.

I beg to lay before your grace a return of the loss sustained by the royal navy, and the army under my command, between the 13th and 17th instant, and to this I am deeply concerned to add that of Colonel the Honourable Francis Hood, commanding the 3rd battalion Grenadier Guards, an excellent officer, whose death in the trenches this morning has just been reported to me.

The English, French, and Turkish fleets moved towards the mouth of the harbour about noon, and kept up a heavy fire upon the enemy's forts for several hours. I am not fully acquainted with the details of the attack, or its result, but I understand that Rear-admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, with the *Agamemnon* and *Sanspareil*, assisted occasionally by the *London*, *Queen*, and *Albion*, gallantly approached to within 600 yards of Fort Constantine, the great work at the northern entrance, where he maintained himself till late in the afternoon, and succeeded in exploding a magazine, and causing considerable injury to the face of the fort.

Since I wrote to your grace on the 18th, six battalions of Turkish infantry and 300 Turkish artillery have been added to the force in front of Balaklava. These troops have been sent from Constantinople, and placed under my command by the government of the Porte, and I feel greatly indebted to her majesty's ambassador, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, for the ability and energy with

which he brought under the notice of the Sultan the importance I attached to an immediate reinforcement of the imperial troops.

I have, &c.,

*His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.*

RAGLAN.

In the foregoing despatches a general outline of the events of the day may be traced; the issue is distinctly made known. It will be observed that the defence was greatly superior to the attack, both in the number and calibre of the guns. This was more especially the case on the French lines, where the small brass guns of our ally were no match for the ponderous cannon of the foe. From half-past six until half-past eight the battle raged with perfect fury. The men on both sides were fresh, and evidently stood to their guns *con amore*. The scene during these two hours, as witnessed from the Picket-house, was well described by a civilian who mingled with the generals and staff assembled there. This gentleman, not being connected with any portion of the press as a correspondent, had no desire to describe events so as to produce excitement or amazement in the reader; he wrote simply conveying the impression produced on his own mind, and for the purposes of private friendship:—"A quarter of an hour before the time of opening the bombardment, I found myself in the court of the Picket-house, among a little crowd of generals and staff-officers, who were all levelling their glasses at the town, in anxious expectation of the spectacle. But already the smoke of the Russian batteries had so enveloped the whole place, that little was to be seen except the Round Tower, which stands somewhat in advance of the other works, and to the British right. Somehow or other, the appointed signal was not made to time; so the Seaman's Battery opened the ball. In a few seconds, another battery followed, and before half a minute, a long irregular line of jets of smoke had made the position of the British trenches no more a secret to any one. Amidst the general din—which, however, was not overpowering, as nobody had to raise his voice in talking—the rush of the shot from the Lancaster guns through the air was distinctly audible. Its resemblance to the panting sound of a railway engine in motion became at once the subject of remark. As some Paddy observed, 'it was the noise of an express-train that stopped at no intermediate stations!' The Round Tower was apparently the principal object of the new projectile. Indeed, most of the batteries seemed to have selected that unhappy edifice for their mark. To the spectators in the Picket-house, no arrangement could have been more agreeable, as the smoke prevented us from easily discerning any other target. For some time the shots fell a little short, but at length a 68-pounder from the Seaman's Battery hit it full, and made a gap that could

be seen with the naked eye. The tower was soon seared all over, but the men inside it stood pluckily to their guns, despite the heavy odds against them, for about an hour, when it was silenced; and the bombardment thenceforward became all smoke and noise."

About eight o'clock it was evident that the French batteries could not contend against the overwhelming odds opposed to them. On the extreme of their right attack (nearest to the English) they were enfiladed by the Russian guns, and for half an hour the French fire rapidly sank in that direction, and slackened along their whole line, until it became obvious that the French must soon be completely beaten. It was not until the Russian batteries replied to the bombardment that the full extent of the earthworks of the defence, nor the tremendous weight of metal by which those works were surmounted, was perceived by the assailants. The British were prepared for this; heavy guns from the fleet opposed the ship-guns which the Russians had mounted upon their batteries; but the French did not remove from their fleet any very large cannon, and seemed to rely more on the practice than on the weight of metal. General Canrobert in his despatch states that the works of the city held out better than was expected; but how the general, or his engineer, or artillery staff, could have supposed that forty-six guns, the largest of which were only 24-pounders, could silence the huge earthworks which 25,000 men had been labouring three weeks to raise, is inconceivable. It might have been far more consistently said by the general, that the French attack held out better than could have been expected.

At half-past eight the fire became slow on both sides, as it by common consent. Some of the British and their opponents snatched a little refreshment during the pause, but the French had to toil with desperate perseverance in repairing their shattered works, or replacing their dismantled guns. The comparative quiet did not last long. At a quarter to nine the British sailors "powdered away" with renewed energy, and appeared to communicate that energy to friends and foes, for the flash and thunder were seen and heard again from every embrasure where a gun was still pointed. Scarcely had the fire been renewed when the French magazine on the extreme right battery of twelve guns exploded, killing and wounding, according to the French official report, fifty men, but in reality twice the number were placed *hors de combat*. The report was like a clap of thunder bursting immediately above the head, and causing the earth to vibrate. The British supposed that the explosion took place in the city, in some magazine immediately in the rear of the Rus-

sian trenches, and uttered a loud burst of cheering, the sailors leaping upon the parapets and waving their hats. It soon became obvious that there was no cause for exultation, and the tars set to work with increased energy to avenge the catastrophe which had befallen their allies. Within an hour of the explosion the French batteries were nearly exhausted, and after ten o'clock they only fired a gun now and then. It was observed that these occasional shots told with a precision from which the Russians always suffered, and sometimes most severely.

The battle, however, did not abate when victory declared itself so signally on the right of the defence; the British maintained the combat with great strength, indomitable courage, and a skill that did honour to the officers and men upon whom the terrible responsibility of the occasion devolved. Fiercer and fiercer still the battle raged, loud thunders seemed to leap from trench to trench, and the valley between the blazing heights seemed as if uttering groans of suffering beneath the struggle. The principal force of the Russians was now directed against the British; the men crowding from the batteries opposite to the French to relieve or assist those opposed to the English. In vain did the Russians put forth all their strength, skill, and courage; the English works were so solidly constructed that they resisted to an astonishing degree the weight of shot, and the expulsive force of shell, which fell upon them. The heavy English guns replied with terrible effect against those of Russia, scattering earthworks, smashing embrasures, dismantling cannon, and inflicting fearful slaughter. These enormous guns were worked with ease, especially by the sailors, whose perfect management of heavy cannon was the admiration of the military staff and soldiery. Shortly after the French were silenced a wind sprang up from the south, and driving the smoke beyond the contending lines over the city, the nature of the mighty conflict was revealed. With the exception of the 16-gun battery, the French trenches and works lay in piles of rubbish and hopeless ruin, here and there a gun or larger portion of a battery resting upon the wreck, and bravely attended by the gunners and those who served them. As the great curtain of smoke and mist went up, the English attack was clearly seen, little injured, and the men and officers displaying an energy that seemed superhuman. Still onward rolled the voluminous folds of smoke, disclosing the Russian defences, and bringing out every object into the clear light of the October sun. Entrenchment, redoubt, and battlement vomited fire in incessant flashes, the smoke rising and rolling away cityward and seaward, as fast as it gushed from the bellowing mouths

of the restless guns. The shot and shell of the English were telling fearfully; masses of earth would fly up like the gushing smoke, and then falling, show the deep rent in the works from which these masses were scattered; guns and carriages lay dispersed and broken, and the dead were many; but as fast as men fell, or material yielded to the ponderous shock of the English artillery, other men took their places, and fresh guns were lifted with prodigious labour upon the broken embrasures.

As the wind swept over the Russian position it in some respects interfered with their command of the range, and relieved the English from the blinding collection of clouds of smoke over their own batteries, which in the morning impeded them so much, compelling them to fire by the line rather than by a distinct perception of the object at which they desired to aim. Glimpses could be caught also of the fleets hastening to the assistance of the land batteries,—aid which had been expected long before; but it was not until the French had almost ceased to discharge a gun, and the British were six hours engaged in the severest artillery battle upon record, that the fleet discharged a single shot. Had the ships began the combat at the same time, it would have occupied the whole garrison, and caused such fatigue and loss as would have prevented the batteries opposed to the English from being so promptly fed and handled. This was not the first time in the war that the fleets disappointed every reasonable expectation: the fault was not with the brave men by which it was manned, but in the command.

Although the silencing of the French batteries enabled the Russians to concentrate their fire to a great extent upon those of the British, they took care to pour a steady vertical fire upon the French, in order to cause as much destruction of life as possible in the trenches. The battle raged by sea and land after half-past one; but only an occasional gun spoke from the French lines in reply to the constant shelling of the Russians. Before two o'clock it was the misfortune of our allies again to suffer from an explosion. One of the Russian shells fell into the reserve magazine of the principal battery, which instantly blew up, shaking the earth for a great distance around it, and filling the air with concussions which were felt over the whole camp. Twenty tons of powder were at once ignited; this battery, which had best resisted the shot of the enemy, was now completely demolished; the cannon, the heaviest in the French trenches, were blown to a distance; the works scattered like the rubbish of a fallen building; and men and arms were cast up high into the air. Shells and rockets were blown in every direction, exploding amidst the troops; cannon balls were hurled to the rear

along the trenches, and over the ravine into the English left attack. The demolition was complete, and General Canrobert ordered the men to give up all attempts to replace the guns, or in any way answer the fire of the enemy. As the shock of the explosion reached the Russians, they paused a moment, and looked where the air, still lurid, showed the spot upon which the vast destruction had so suddenly taken place. A loud cheer burst from them, and ran again and again along their lines. The British, deprived of all support from their allies, began to suffer, not so much in loss of men, but their batteries were torn, and a number of their guns dismounted—one of the huge Lancasters was entirely disabled. Still there was no remission in the skill, obstinacy, or power of the English attack. The works about the Russian Round Tower (which had been silenced earlier in the day), although much battered, still maintained a galling fire, from which the British trenches experienced great injury; but every stroke from the English batteries smote heavily upon those of the enemy, and the scream of the remaining Lancaster gun could be heard above all the uproar, and the course of its terrible messengers traced by the peculiar sound until the ball struck, shattering everything which stood in its course—earth, stone, metal, all were swept away by this formidable engine of destruction. The aim of the Lancasters was very uncertain, and it was difficult to handle them, the men also conceived a prejudice against them; but where the oval ball from this weapon hit, everything went down before it with a destruction such as no other missile dealt forth. The enemy, finding it impossible to silence the English guns, which were worked with nearly the same energy as seven hours before, and as if the men who served them could never tire, prepared red-hot shot, in the hope of firing the English magazines. The subjugation of the French attack by exploding their magazines, encouraged the hope of a similar success against the English. At first there was reason to believe that their hopes would not be disappointed. A red-hot shot fell into a large ammunition wagon, heavily loaded with powder, which of course blew up instantly with a loud report. The powder having been uncovered and loosely loaded, exploded with comparatively little mischief; some men of the wagon train were killed, and a driver wounded, no other injury ensued. The Russians, supposing the loud report to proceed from a magazine, raised a loud shout, and expected to see a battery blown to pieces. Their disappointment was vexatious when they were unable to perceive any effect from the explosion; and their exultation was not merely followed by disappointment, but also by alarm and lamentation,

for scarcely had their cheer died away, and chagrin supervened, when a terrible explosion occurred in the largest magazine behind their lines. A shot from the Lancaster gun, it was supposed, lodged in it, and fired the vast store of ammunition it contained. This magazine was connected with a redoubt in front of the Redan wall, which the explosion rent, revealing a wide chasm, when the ruins of the redoubt, of guns, and other material, fell from the elevation to which they were cast. Beholders from the British lines represent this as the most terrible scene of the whole bombardment, the sound was as if all the cannon in Sebastopol had been discharged at once. The earth shook as if convulsed with an earthquake, and the shock seemed so tremendous to the allies, that it was supposed the chief part of Sebastopol had been blown up by the ignition of some great central depot. All uncertainty was soon removed by the obvious demolition of the redoubt, and of the greater part of the wall of the Redan. It could be seen clearly from the English lines that great numbers of dead, horribly mutilated, were dispersed among the *débris* of guns, gun-carriages, waggons, earth-work, and masonry. It was now the turn of the British to rejoice, and their cheers rang exultingly and defiantly over the whole theatre of conflict. The Russians seemed awestruck for a time—several minutes elapsed before they again fired a shot; but urged on by the artillery officers and chiefs of the navy, the men returned to their guns, and resumed their toil. As if to be revenged upon the Lancaster battery, they concentrated for awhile a heavy fire in its direction, but every shot fell short, and the dreaded battery, unharméd, sent its uncertain but sometimes destructive fire with impunity upon the defence. At last, all attempts to silence that battery were abandoned. For the remainder of the afternoon, the Russians answered the British siege batteries with much less spirit and success; and the latter, perceiving that they could inflict more damage by aiming at the men who manned the works than at the works themselves, the loss of life on the part of the Russian sailors and artillerymen was still more considerable than it had been. The contest, however, continued fiercely, until darkness shrouded the combatants, and during many hours after night fell, guns were discharged from both sides.

The effect upon the British was most encouraging, when at last the fleets opened against the sea defences, and drew off the attention of the enemy to a great extent in that direction. The booming of the cannon from the broadsides of the fleets and the land batteries, mingling together, seemed to startle the earth, and filled the air with concussions, producing the strangest sensations upon these

who, not actually engaged, could notice such phenomena. An amateur heard the first sounds of the naval bombardment while seated in his tent in the rear of the British lines, and he thus describes the impressions produced:—"The continuous muffled roar of their distant broadsides was very grand. Curiously enough, though it seemed far less loud than the cannonade from the trenches, it alone had the effect of making my tent poles vibrate. The two sounds together reminded me (my head must have been full that day of household images) of a gusty corridor in an old mansion; the naval broadsides were the long rattling of distant window-frames, and the shots from the trenches the sharp banging of doors. I again visited the Picket-house in the evening, and found that the French guns had ceased firing, in consequence of a powder-magazine exploding, so that the enemy were paying us their undivided attentions. The shells looked like revolving lights as it grew dark, and I was tempted to accompany a picket of the 19th regiment, then going to guard the left Lancaster battery. This was my first visit to the trenches. The night covered us effectually on our way, and when there, the compact nine-foot-high wall of bank and gabions and sand-bags, against which the officer in command and myself reclined, seemed a very fair security against round-shot to those who had nothing to do with the embrasures. Poor Captain Rowley was, indeed, killed by one that bounded down on him from the top of the parapet as he lay in the trench; but this must be a rare case. Shell, of course, are inconvenient in all situations of life, but at night they are less so than at other times, as one can see them coming, and send out of the way. In fact, I had promised myself a very pleasant pyrotechnical evening in company with the officer who had invited me down; but the reports from the enemy's batteries gradually diminished in frequency; and at length there came an order to the gentleman in charge of the gun to cease firing for the night. So I retired, having not done much more than ascertain that the enemy's practice had been sufficiently good during the day to prove, that the perpetual pounding away that has been going on from the town for the last fortnight, has, at any rate, taught them the range of their metal. That night the Russians threw up earthworks which enfiladed the French guns, and swept many of them out of their embrasures; which, coupled with the explosion of the two powder magazines, kept our gallant allies silent all next day."

The British were in want of ammunition, which caused a pause in the morning, but more especially towards the close of the engagement this deficiency was experienced;

there had been no previous conception of the vast quantities required, and it was carried up with much labour, haste, and peril. The road or track by which it was conveyed to the lines was partly within the enemy's range, who, watching the approach of the carts and men, directed shot and shell upon them. Nothing throughout the day so much tried and proved the courage of men and officers, as the way in which they discharged this dangerous duty. The trenches were occupied by troops acting as covering parties, and there were large stones, broken guns, and other fragmentary things, lying in the trenches, so that they could not be used by the soldiers passing from one battery to another; these brave fellows passed to and fro along the inner bank of the trench, while clouds of sand and dust were driven up into their faces by the falling shot from the enemy, and the bank of earth over which they passed seemed to sway under their feet, as the continuous peals of artillery caused the hard rock to vibrate upon which the way was raised. At the same time canister shot, which the enemy used more freely than is usual on such occasions, swept the parapets of the trenches, and entered the embrasures. The dangerous task was however performed, not only bravely but gaily by the troops, the officers of the line assisting in the work, and setting the men an example of cool courage which was nobly followed.

The loss of the British was very inconsiderable; it seems scarcely to be credited, that among so many, exposed to such a furious cannonade, so few should be stricken. There were very many cuts and bruises never reported, although our soldiers are rather eager to show that they did not come off scatheless, and to boast of their wounds. The English did not lose more than fifty men, while the loss inflicted upon the Russians could not have been less than 600, independent of that caused by the French fire. The comparatively little loss of the English, as compared with their allies and their enemies, arose thus: the French position was on the Russian practising ground, and the range was familiar to every man who served the guns of the defence. The French works were beautifully executed, with a scientific perfection that met all the requirements of military art, but withal they were constructed as well as armed too lightly; the ponderous nature of the Muscovite works and armaments was not anticipated. The British works were characteristically strong. Marshal St. Arnaud and General Canrobert represented in their despatches the English infantry in the field as characterised by "*solidity*." So it was with their trenches and batteries, and they were armed with ordnance suited to such solid works. Powerful, therefore, as were the arma-



ments opposed to them, the resistance corresponded to their force. There was another circumstance in favour of the English: their batteries were placed on spurs of projecting rock, separated by gullies, as described in a previous chapter; the balls of the enemy, striking the rocky ridge, bounded high up into the air, and fell beyond the batteries; and the shells frequently exploded in the crevices and gullies, which confined their explosive power, and prevented their shattered particles from expanding upon the trenches above. The British companies of artillery, and the infantry regiments which lay in the trenches as covering parties, had often lost more men in a single day from dysentery or cholera, than they did under the fiery shower of the enemy's shells, round-shot, and canister. Several brave men fell however that day, whose loss was sorely felt. Among these was Dr. O'Leary, of the 68th regiment. He was sitting on the outer end of a traverse with another officer, and a servant in attendance, when he was swept off by a shot, which carried away the legs of the servant, and covered the other officer with the blood of both, and the fragments of shattered material which it dispersed.

The wounded were attended too close to the range of the enemy's fire, and some actually fell victims to this arrangement while under the doctor's hands.

By seven o'clock in the evening, the regiments serving in the trenches were relieved, and on their way to their tents, much in need of refreshment and rest, disappointed with the result, which, so far as it was a failure, was entirely due to the insufficient preparations of our allies, the tardy arrival of the fleets, and the imperfect way in which the ships were handled; but all were thankful that so dreadful a day was passed with so few casualties, and that the English artillery and marine force had placed themselves, in the opinion of friends and foes, in a position of so much glory. It was the most terrible day of artillery warfare which the world had ever witnessed; and the obstinate strength, endurance, courage, and persistence of the English had seldom, if ever, been more conspicuous. The whole army was loud in its encomiums of the English sailors; and the French, whose part in the day was without glory, acted without envy, and were magnanimous in their acknowledgment of the superiority of the English artillery, military and marine.

Before giving a description of the bombardment from the sea, we shall furnish some specimens of the letters written by spectators and combatants, which will at once illustrate our narrative, and place some incidents in a new point of view. An artillery officer thus conveys the impression which was produced

upon him by the extent and character of the defences when the combat was about to open. We have seen no other account which presents so clear an idea of the vastness and power of the enemy's works:—"The enemy had opposed to our 6-gun battery on the right a tremendous entrenchment, thrown up on the top of the hills to the north of Sebastopol. It was, however, nearly 4000 yards distant, so its shot and shell all fell short, in such a manner that firing from it was soon discontinued. As we approach, this battery will prove a tough customer. Beneath this, and 1200 yards distant from our works, is a martello tower and entrenchment. The circular earthwork at its base has not only been completed, but two flanking parallels, each mounting fifteen large guns, thrown out at either side. In the creek, to the right of this tower, but so placed and covered as to command our Crown Battery on the centre, was the famous three-decker, the *Twelve Apostles*. More towards the town, and facing our Green Mound Battery, is the Redan wall, which shelters the south side of Sebastopol. It bristles with guns, and, to shelter it still further, the Russians have thrown up in its centre a regular three-sided redoubt, carrying about forty cannon. Passing over several intermediate 6, 8, and 10-gun batteries, the main strength of the Russians on the right is in some entrenchments called the Flagstaff Batteries. It is a huge hill, commanding the French lines perfectly, and entrenched for two tiers of guns, each about twenty-five in number. On the summit of the hill above the guns are banks for several large mortars. The existence of the upper tier of cannon appears to have been unknown until the moment it opened a deadly fire on the French works. On the enemy's extreme right of all was a 10-gun battery, most commandingly placed so as to enfilade the whole French line; and beyond this came the regular stone forts of the harbour, such as the Quarantine Battery and Fort Paul."

The *St. Petersburg Journal* contained a report from Prince Menschikoff, dated the 17th, in which he stated that the Russians had only a few guns injured by the fire from the trenches of the allies; that the French were entirely silenced; and the British had only two guns remaining in position, the Russian fire having dismounted all the rest! On the 18th, another report, from the same unreliable source, described the cannonade from the British lines as astonishing for its power and noise, but as being nearly innocuous! The following letter, from one of the gallant soldiers before the place, puts the effect of the British fire before us in a light very different to that in which Prince Menschikoff would have the readers of the *St. Petersburg Journal* to regard it. The writer was an infantry officer, and not on duty

in the trenches; he therefore could keep a journal of events as they proceeded as far as they fell under his review:—"Yesterday the Russians kept up a tremendous cannonade for half an hour, in the hope, I think, of finding out our line of fire; but as we were not ready, not a shot was returned. This morning we have let them know to their cost. We have at the present time about sixty siege-guns at work, and I think the French have about the same number. As the Russian batteries are very powerful, you may imagine the row that is going on. I was out with my company hard at work the whole of last night, and only got into camp in time to have a cup of chocolate and go on to the hill to see the opening of the ball, which was grand in the extreme. In about an hour and a quarter the smoke lifted, and we found we had silenced a white tower on the extreme left; but there is a great deal more to be done yet, and I shall not be at all surprised if we are obliged to carry it by assault after all. I cannot tell you how tired I am; and it is only the excitement that keeps me going. We have just got orders to be ready to turn out in a moment, as they may perhaps attempt a sortie—I only wish they would. Three, P.M.—Since I left off we have paraded, and every precaution has of course been taken. Loud cheers from our men; I must be off. I found the cheering was caused by our having set fire to a magazine near a redan, which has been pushing us hard; consequently their guns in that direction are silenced."

The same officer, resuming his journal late at night, adds—"The explosion was a Russian redoubt, which appeared to do some mischief, and, at all events, silenced their battery. Some astonishment has been felt at our cannonade not going on all night, as, up to this moment (about eleven, P.M.), since sunset we have had nearly a dead silence, which, at all events, shows that master Nick's subjects have had enough of it to-day, without troubling us with their usual shots. It has been a lovely day, and the sight this evening was certainly very beautiful. Ladies, if they could have got here, might have sat on the hills with us, and watched the operations. I certainly had a closer and better view of Sebastopol than I have had before, but I will wait until we are inside to give you a description. On looking over the town, through the smoke from our batteries and their own, you could just distinguish the fleets, and see the flashes from their guns in the volumes of smoke which constantly obscured them from our view. The landscape was most lovely. What the casualties have been during the day I have not been able to ascertain, reports vary so much, but at all events not great. An assistant-surgeon of the 20th regiment was killed; some other officers

were also reported to be killed; but I could not ascertain the fact."

The perusal of such letters gives the reader an insight into the feelings and impressions of the actors, as the more consecutive narrative does as to the events.

The bombardment by the fleets was arranged between the admirals and generals to take place contemporaneously with that on land. At ten o'clock on the night of the 16th, the ships were ordered by signal to "be ready for action at eight o'clock in the morning." As the land bombardment was to begin at half-past six o'clock, it is inconceivable why the admirals should order their captains to be ready at an hour so much later. Admiral Dundas represents, in his despatch, the value of the bombardment by sea, even if no forts were destroyed, and no batteries silenced, as consisting in the moral support afforded to the army, and in the relief extended to it by drawing away the enemy's gunners to the seaward defences. Both these forms of assistance could be given much better at half-past six than at eight; and better at eight had the appointment been kept than at half-past twelve, when the first guns from the ships opened upon the forts. The delay of six hours was a cause of great depression to the troops. When the French batteries became nearly useless, at ten o'clock in the morning, an attack from the fleets would even then have been most opportune in relieving the English from the concentrated fire of nearly the whole artillery of the garrison; but no support, moral or material, was rendered by the shipping until more than half the day was over.

Measures were taken by the ships' crews to be ready at the appointed hour, and it was no fault of the sailors or the captains if delay ensued. The dilatoriness and want of quick perception on the part of the commanders was the real cause of the untimely execution of everything attempted by sea.

On the night of the 16th, a boat went in with muffled oars to take soundings, and examine two shoals near Forts Constantine and Alexander, which were likely to impede an effective proximity of the ships. This dangerous duty was performed with skill and courage. The boat "rounded the shoals," and got quite under the forts, so that the crew could hear the conversation of the guard. There were two Russian steamers outside the sunken vessels, keeping watch like sentinels, but their vigilance was not wakeful, for the little craft maintained its noiseless course unseen, and actually entered the spaces between the sunken ships, and determined in the negative the question whether large ships could force an entrance. Having accomplished all that was committed to their enterprise, the brave crew returned

safe to the ship with the specific intelligence sought. The fineness of the night at once facilitated this achievement and incurred the danger of detection. The sea was smooth, without a ripple, and the smallest boat might venture safely anywhere; but the stillness of the evening made the least sound upon the water audible, and the bright starlight covered its surface with a chastened lustre, by which a vigilant watcher might have easily detected any dark object floating at a distance much farther than the boat was, either from the sentries on the forts, or the gun-ships which were posted at the harbour's mouth.

The morning of the 17th, as has been already remarked in describing the land operations, was misty and calm. Both these circumstances retarded the movements of the fleets; but a want of arrangement and purpose was the chief impediment, by which any other might easily become formidable. The calm made it necessary that the sailing ships should be towed into position by the steamers. This was accomplished, not by the mode which is usually called "towing," but after the plan which was adopted at Petropaulovski, narrated in a previous chapter. The sailing ships were lashed to the steamers—the latter being at the off-side, and thereby protected from the fire of the enemy, so that they could not be disabled, and their important assistance lost. In this way they were to proceed as follows:—The French fleet was to be placed southward of the harbour, at the length of seven cables from the cliff, and were to bombard and cannonade the Quarantine, Alexander, and Artillery Forts; the English were to take position opposite the northern forts; the Turks to take station midway between the allies. The ships were to be broadside on, across the harbour, in such a way as to bring the greatest possible amount of fire upon the batteries. From the Bay of Cherson to the Wasp Battery is computed to be about two English miles, and upon a line of this extent the fleets were to display their force.

On the morning of the 17th they lay off the mouth of the Katcha, but two detached squadrons were at Balaklava and Kamiesch, assisting the British and French armies in those harbours. The first squadron was under the command of Sir Edmund Lyons, the second under that of Admiral Bruat. The fleets moved from the Katcha in such order as would bring the French in the rear, followed by the Turks and the British. The French not only performed their own task clumsily, but impeded their allies; the Turks were still more in disorder, increasing the difficulty of the English in taking up the positions assigned to them. The causes of the confusion appear to have been the want of skill on the part of all the admirals-in-chief, French, Turks, and English, in

handling such vast armaments, and maintaining close co-operation with independent commands. The smoke from the land bombardment was blowing out to sea, and obscured the fortifications, rendering it difficult for the officers to mark the objects against which they were to direct their fire, or take post in the precise position allotted to them. From this cause partly, the French lay too much to the north, displacing the Turks from their assigned position, who of course obstructed the British; so that the *Queen*, when coming to the spot where her fire was to open, found the Turkish admiral's ship already in occupation of it. So far as the smoke from the shore was an impediment it happened to be so because the admirals allowed half the day to elapse before they were at the post of duty. The early morning was so calm that the smoke hung in dense volumes over the contending gunners; and long before the wind sprung up, which blew it out to sea, the cannon of the fleet should have opened upon Sebastopol. Had Sir Edmund Lyons, instead of being with his detached squadron at Balaklava, and acting under orders, been entrusted with the command of the united fleets on the 16th, or earlier, the question of ships *versus* forts would at all events have had a more perfect solution, and the British troops would not have been left for hours to bear the violent cannonade which was concentrated upon them. In fact, the bombardment by sea was maintained only by the first French ships which arrived at their stations, and by the detached squadron of Admiral Lyons, which, passing through the line, engaged the forts of the enemy in close and desperate encounter. Admiral Dundas remained where he could neither do nor suffer much. Admiral Hamelin went in well, and had many and hair-breadth escapes. The following is the most exact representation we can impart of the positions and distances actually taken up. The reader will see how impossible it was at such ranges to effect the demolition of the forts, or even seriously to damage them. The shoals rendered it impracticable to go near enough for the former purpose, the plan of attack precluded the accomplishment of the other. Had Admiral Lyons been well seconded in his bold attempt to make up for all these deficiencies, history would have made a different record of the issue. A gentleman unconnected with either branch of the service, or with the press, thus describes the positions:—

"Place a good map of the coast before you, and describe a circle having its centre at Cape Constantine, with a radius of 1720 yards, and another having its centre at Cape Alexander, with a radius of 1990 yards, and the western point of intersection will give you the position of Admiral Dundas's ship. Alter the first radius to 770 yards, and the second to 1590,

and the same process will give you that of the *Agamemnon*. Substitute 1208 for 770, and 2280 for 1590, and the point of contact will show the position of the *Terrible*. The British ships were arranged in a form something like a pair of compasses, nearly closed, and *minus* half of one leg. Speaking more precisely, it was an acute angle, formed by two irregular lines, which, sloping towards the north-east from the *Britannia* and the *Agamemnon*, met at the *Terrible*. I will now write their names in the order which they would take in the imaginary figure I have described:—

British Line.	Towed by	Distance in yards from Cape Constantine.
<i>Britannia</i> .....	<i>Furious</i> .....	5129
<i>Trafalgar</i> .....	<i>Retribution</i> .....	1620
<i>Vengeance</i> .....	<i>Highflyer</i> .....	1589
<i>Rodney</i> .....	<i>Spiteful</i> .....	1300
<i>Bellerophon</i> .....	<i>Cyclops</i> .....	1160
<i>Queen</i> .....	<i>Vesuvius</i> .....	1140
<i>Lynx</i> (lock-out ship) .....	.....	1149
<i>Sphinx</i> (ditto) .....	.....	1150
<i>Tribune</i> (ditto) .....	.....	1340
<i>Sampson</i> (ditto) .....	.....	1340
<i>Terrible</i> (ditto) .....	.....	1410

Then, returning in a direction back towards the south-west, the—

<i>Albion</i> .....	<i>Firebrand</i> .....	1250
<i>Arethusa</i> .....	<i>Triton</i> .....	1149
<i>London</i> .....	<i>Niger</i> .....	1049
<i>Sanspareil</i> .....	.....	889
<i>Agamemnon</i> .....	.....	770

The *Spiteful* occupied a place inside the angle, between the *London* and the *Sphinx*. I have indicated all the ships by their distances from Cape Constantine, because it is necessary to have a common standard of comparisons; but you will, of course, remember, that the *Agamemnon*, and all the vessels north of her, were also exposed to the Telegraph and Wasp Forts, as well as to some recent earthworks, higher up the coast. Some of these ships were, indeed, much closer to the last-mentioned forts than to Fort Constantine. The French and Turkish men-of-war took up their positions in a line stretching in a south by south-westerly direction from the *Britannia*, to a point within 260 yards from the shore. They were placed in the following order:—

French and Turkish Line.	Towed by
<i>Napoléon</i> .....	———
<i>Henri IV.</i> .....	<i>Canada</i> .
<i>Mahmoudie</i> .....	<i>Turkish Admiral</i> .
<i>Valmy</i> .....	<i>Descartes</i> .
<i>Ville de Paris</i> .....	<i>Primoguet</i> .
<i>Jupiter</i> .....	<i>Christophero Colombo</i> .
<i>Turkish</i> (two-decker) ..	———
<i>Friedland</i> .....	<i>Vauban</i> .
<i>Marcen</i> .....	<i>Labrador</i> .
<i>Montebello</i> .....	———
<i>Suffren</i> .....	<i>Albatros</i> .
<i>Jean Bart</i> .....	———
<i>Charlemagne</i> .....	———

I should add that these lists represent the order and composition of the lines at half-past one, when they opened fire; but, by half-past

five, the following were almost the only ships engaged with the forts:—*Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, *Rodney* (on shore), *Bellerophon*, *Queen*, *Sampson*, *Terrible*, *Spitfire*, and *Sphinx*. I have received another account, which puts the *Britannia* at 2500 yards, and the *Agamemnon* at 800 yards, from Fort Constantine; and which places the latter ship at 750 from the Telegraph Fort, and at 1200 from the Wasp Fort. As regards Fort Constantine, perhaps the apparent difference may be explained by the position of its batteries on the coast. The first scale is measured, not from the batteries, but from the Cape. The sea round Sebastopol is so shallow, that even at the place occupied by the *Britannia* there are only fifteen fathoms water; while Admiral Lyons, who pushed his ship—no prophet was needed to predict it—as far as she could go (into five and a quarter fathoms), did not get closer than the point I have above indicated.”

The French were first in action; they were followed by the few Turkish ships, which were also engaged before the British formed line, but at so great a distance that their fire was ineffectual. It was nine o'clock in the morning before those ships which were first to move from the Katcha received any orders to advance, and slowly and confusedly were these orders obeyed. All the steamers of our allies, except the *Pluton* and *Eumæide*, were lashed alongside the sailing ships, to push them towards the batteries. Immediately upon leaving the Katcha, our allies found the advantage of certain precautions which they had taken on the nights of the 15th and 16th, when the captain of the *Pluton* laid down buoys along the coast to guide the course of the fleet; on this account the *Pluton* took the lead. She was followed immediately by the *Charlemagne*, which was ordered to anchor close by the shoal, so that the succeeding vessels might occupy places to the north and north-east of her. The French line-of-battle ships were towed more slowly, or rather driven more slowly, into position than the admiral had calculated, in consequence of their great size and weight in proportion to the steam-power which propelled the vessels lashed to them. French writers represent the progress as about two knots an hour—half that rate of progression would be nearer the truth; these writers also state that at half-past twelve their ships opened fire, but it was many minutes later, and so slowly and imperfectly, that the bombardment by sea could hardly, with any propriety, be described as beginning until after one o'clock. It was half-past one before an English ship fired a shot. The *Vautour* had the honour of “leading fire.” Having worked her way into a little creek, her position seemed favourable, and at first her guns appeared to

tell upon the batteries of the enemy. The Russians fired too high. A French officer describes the effect as a "light whistling, like the noise made by certain birds of prey, audible at the masthead." When the battle began in earnest, the *Tautour* being obliged to go in nearer shore, to make way for the *Charlemagne*, found the shelter of a tongue of land, which, slight as it appeared, afforded comparative impunity. The *Tautour* soon discovered, what ought to have been understood by the admirals before, that the nearer the batteries the safer the ship. Not a man was lost on board this ship; her masts, from which all the yards had been taken down, escaped untouched. Three balls were lodged in the paddle-boxes, and as many in the hull, when she stood out at the greatest distance; not a shot from the batteries took effect when she went well in. This little steamer had been half an hour engaged before her efforts were seconded, so slowly were the operations of the French navy performed. The *Charlemagne*, at last, came to her assistance, but worked in so awkwardly, and opened fire with so little promptitude, that before a shot from her guns was directed upon the fortifications, considerable damage was sustained. Several shots told upon her hull; her masts were considerably cut up; and a shell, bursting in the engine-room, spread destruction there which it was not easy quickly to repair. She, however, avenged the mischief thus received; for a shell from one of the 80-pounders struck Fort Constantine, rending the space upon which it exploded, and throwing up a cloud of dust and broken wall.

The first French line dressed by the *Charlemagne* in the direction N.N.W., the *Napoléon* and *Henri Quatre* coming on first; the second line so formed as to fire through the interstices of the first. The two Turkish ships uselessly prolonged the French line; and further on to the N.N.E. of the second Turkish ship, a line of eight British was formed, the nearest portion of the English fleet. The *Montebello* and *Jean Bart* fired vigorously, and suffered considerably. The average distance of the French ships was about 1500 metres, a distance rendering their own fire almost innocuous, and placing them within a range at which the enemy had the greatest advantage. This arose partly from the shallowness of the water, but mainly from the bad seamanship of those in command. Ships in order to damage strong fortifications must fire their guns double-shotted; and this can only be done within 500 yards. The French, with the exception of the *Tautour* and *Charlemagne*, were placed at more than twice that distance, and some of their ships were 2000 yards off. The French admiral, as we have already shown, states in his despatch that the

Russian fire slackened at half-past two o'clock: this was true so far as Fort Constantine was concerned, and partially true of Fort Alexander, where, however, the cannonade was resumed again with the greatest fury.

Admiral Hamelin had a narrow escape. Leaning by the poop of his flagship, a shell fell within a yard of him, and, bursting instantly, killed one officer and a sailor, and mortally wounded an officer who was on duty near him. The coolness and self-possession of the brave admiral were the admiration of officers and men.

A French naval authority asserts that 25,000 shots were fired by Admiral Hamelin's fleet. This enormous discharge of heavy missiles upon the defences must have told very decidedly, even at a range of 1000 yards, had it been delivered rapidly and simultaneously from the broadsides of the fleet. But the ships of our allies came into action one by one, instead of advancing in line; and as each vessel came within range of the enemy it was smitten by shot and shell, and damaged before it could return a single stroke. The approach of the fleet of our ally was very imposing. The ships were beautifully constructed; and however unhandy their crews, as compared with those of the English fleet, they displayed all the heroism for which both the army and navy of France are so justly famed.

The reported loss of the French fleet was sixteen killed and 200 wounded; but we fear that this was much under the number, at all events of the slain. Many of those reported wounded were mortally so. We scarcely think that an equal loss was inflicted by the French upon the defenders of the batteries. The Turks were in a position to give or receive so little harm that it was a waste of ammunition to blaze away as they did, broadside after broadside, for so many hours.

When the English joined in the attack, they came on ship by ship, committing the same error as the French had committed. The scene around Sebastopol, when they had all taken up their positions, was one of the grandest ever presented. Some thousands of cannon emitting their flashes, the booming of their reports over the calm sea, and the echoes of the broadsides, and of the land batteries from the hills, encircling the flame-begirt city, formed a *tout ensemble* beyond all conception sublime. As the smoke ascended, a dark canopy was formed, beneath which the flashes from ships, forts, and trenches, were seen like lightnings warring with lightnings, as if the gods of mythic story had borrowed the shafts of Jove, and raged in mutual strife. Above the roar of battle in the trenches, the bellowing broadsides of the ships were heard; and notwithstanding the constant volleys which the fleets poured out, the crews could hear the rumbling thunder

which rolled through the trenches. The scene on board each ship which came seriously into action was startling. Officers and men were in the highest excitement; the latter stripped to their shirts, or naked to their waists, begrimed with powder, and stained with blood, working the guns with hot energy, and shouting defiance upon the foe. Shells were bursting upon the decks; cannon-balls piercing their hulls, or dashing the water up around the combatants; spars snapping; splinters flying; and above every noise, the voice of command was heard directing or cheering the men for a desperate struggle. None who witnessed it by land or sea, from trench or fort or ship, can ever fail to have a vivid memory of the first day of the bombardment of Sebastopol.

The English came into action as the French had done—the liners lashed to steamers: none of the British ships came under fire until the French had been a full hour engaged, thus giving the defenders of the forts the advantage of a defence in detail, and allowing them to keep their men fresh. Had Admiral Dundas really desired to make the attack ineffectual, he could scarcely have laid his plan for such an object more fitly. The *Queen*, *Britannia*, *Trafalgar*, *Vengeance*, *Rodney*, and *Bellerophon*, with the *Vesuvius*, *Furious*, *Retribution*, *Highflyer*, *Spitfire*, *Spiteful*, and *Cyclops*, alongside, formed the outer line, under the command of the admiral-in-chief, Dundas. The advance-line was under the command of the second admiral, Lyons, and consisted of the following steamers:—the flagship *Agamemnon*, the *Sanspareil*, *Sampson*, *Tribune*, *Terrible*, *Sphinx*, and *Lynx*, with that useful little appendage, the *Arrow* gun-boat, accompanied by the sailing ships *Albion*, *London*, *Arctusa* (these were lashed to the steamers *Firebrand*, *Niger*, and *Triton*).

A little steam-tug, the *Circassia*, commanded by Mr. Ball, led the way, carefully sounding as it went, and marking out the positions for the other vessels. This little vessel was exposed to great danger going in, but went in so completely under “the dip” of the enemy’s guns as to neutralise the peril. The mode in which she was commanded by Mr. Ball earned the admiration of the fleet.

Sir Edmund Lyons appeared to select the post of danger, but in reality it was the post of safety. He got farther in than any of his consorts; and as the guns of the forts could not be easily lowered to reach his ship, the fire passed over it, doing execution at a greater distance. Sir Edmund has been universally represented as breaking through the order of battle, and performing a most daring exploit, contrary to the intentions of his chief. This impression is unjust to Admiral Dundas. The arrangement belonged to the latter; but Ad-

miral Lyons asked and obtained permission to conduct the *Agamemnon* under Fort Constantine. The position he took up was one designed by Admiral Dundas to have been occupied by some other ship of the advanced line; but the request of his second in command was courteously complied with. The *Agamemnon* lost less men than any other British ship brought within range of the enemy’s guns. The first ships that went well in after the *Circassia* had felt the way, were the *Terrible* and *Sampson*, whose gallant commanders maintained the character for enterprise which they had won by their conduct throughout all the operations of the fleet. These two smart steamers, pushing rapidly through the fire from the fort, anchored opposite two small batteries, which, from their peculiar situation, could inflict great mischief upon the fleet, and frustrate the efforts of Admiral Lyons even to keep his position. One of these batteries was called the Telegraph, from its proximity to the signal-station; the other the Wasp, from its power to annoy in proportion to its size. The steamers opened briskly upon these batteries with shells, especially upon the Wasp. The *Agamemnon* was by this means allowed to come in to the edge of the shoal with comparative impunity, and take up a position admirably chosen, so as to do great damage, and receive little. From this circumstance she was enabled for four hours to pour her broadsides into Fort Constantine, until the towering fortress trembled beneath the blows. As she advanced, her hull received several round-shot, and more than one shell exploded upon her deck; but when fairly in, she chiefly suffered in her masts and rigging, being below the range of the casemates. The *Albion* and *London* followed the *Agamemnon*; but taking up their positions at a greater distance, they were precisely where the Russians could do them most injury. After a hopeless struggle, both vessels were driven out. Not so the *Sanspareil*, which followed closely in the wake of Sir Edmund. She seconded his fire upon the fortress with telling power; but being farther out than his ship, she came within the range from the casemates, and was terribly cut up, scarcely a part of her hull, masts, or rigging that was not impaired; and the loss of men on board was greater than in any other ship of either fleet. At last the *Sanspareil* was obliged to sheer off, and leave the *Agamemnon* to thunder alone against the fort, which seemed belching flame, and which sent its balls in showers upon the water, few of them falling near enough to hurt the sturdy *Agamemnon*. At last some of the guns were lowered in the casemates to get a nearer range, and the ship speedily felt this altered condition of affairs. Her masts and rigging were so cut up, that it was marvellous they did not go overboard.

Nor did all the shots strike her aloft; her hull and decks were stricken by several large shot. Sir Edmund expressed a wish that some of his officers would venture over to the *Bellerophon*, and bring her to his aid. A lieutenant undertook the perilous mission; and rowing off in an open boat, sought that ship. It seemed an undertaking prompted by despair; all expected to see the gallant little boat and her noble freight go down together, struck by some ponderous ball, or shattered to pieces by the bursting of a shell. All around, both descriptions of missile fell in a torrent of force and fire, yet onward sped the boat until the brave lieutenant reached his destination, and delivered his message. That message was a coarse one, unworthy of a great man upon a great occasion, when, whatever his dauntless bravery, it could not become him to use the language of low bravado, or profane recklessness. "Tell him to come in; these forts will sink me, and I'm d—d if I leave this." The captain of the *Bellerophon* promptly obeyed, and got in with little loss to the spot assigned to him, whence he threw a terrific broadside upon the fort. By this time the Wasp and Telegraph Batteries had sorely smitten the *Sampson* and *Terrible*, and were flinging their bolts upon the *Agamemnon*. The *Bellerophon*, after delivering the one crushing broadside upon the large fort, poured a shower of shells into the Wasp, scattering guns and men with rapid destruction. The brave ship did not come off scatheless in this encounter, a shell, bursting in her forepart, set fire to the lower deck, and the entire destruction of the vessel was apprehended. Ceasing to work the guns, all hands rushed forward to extinguish the flames: this was fearlessly and promptly done. It was well the Wasp had lost its sting before the ignition of the ship, or entire wreck would have been in all probability her fate. But while the attention of the crew was directed to the flames, the anchor dragged, and the vessel drifted towards the shoal, where she would have been an easy prey to the enemy. This critical juncture was observed by the captain of the *Spitfire*, who, dashing in, took the disabled *Bellerophon* in tow, and brought her out of action, the Russians cheering at her compulsory departure, the British because of her fortunate rescue. The *Agamemnon*, delivered from the tormenting Wasp, remained, confronting "the great fort," hurling the shot from her broadsides against it with incessant combat. The *Arethusa* frigate, and her little consort, the *Triton* steamer, suffered still more than the *Bellerophon*. The *Triton* towed the *Arethusa* under fire, and in doing so received a cannonade so heavy, that the Russian naval officers in the batteries were astonished that she was not shattered or sunk. The little steamer then

hauled round, bringing the broadside of the *Arethusa* to the foe. This put the *Triton* under shelter, as she was covered by the larger bulk of the sailing-ship. The men of the former then rushed on board the latter, to assist in working the guns; and seldom has a first-class frigate dealt forth a broadside so formidable as was poured upon the enemy. Broadside and battery uttered their defiance in quick and terrible response, the little steamer vibrating from stem to stern with the shock. Rigging, ropes, and yards, were cut by shot. Balls flew over the deck of the frigate, and hit the funnel and paddle-wheels of her consort. Shrouds, gaffs, stays, and all the furniture aloft which guides or garnishes a ship, hung in tangled tatters. Some of the most useful men among the crew of the *Triton* were wounded by splinters of shells. At last there was danger of both vessels sinking, and the frigate became nearly helpless. Her cockpit was smeared with the blood of wounded and slain; her rigging was shot away, or lay scattered about her decks, and it was evident she could no longer be useful. The *Triton* towed her out of line; but in doing so she was raked with shells, her decks were covered with wounded, and several were slain. When she got out of range, there were twenty-two holes in her funnel; yet in this condition she contrived to bring her charge to Constantinople, to be docked for repairs. When both vessels arrived there, they bore fearful evidence of what the sailors call "a severe mauling." The *Salvador* had a more narrow escape of wreck than either the *Bellerophon*, *Arethusa*, or *Triton*. A shell burst in the captain's cabin, and set fire to a coil of ropes. The powder-magazine adjoined, and there was imminent danger of its being exploded. A cry of fire, always so alarming on board ship, rang through the vessel; the pumps were worked, and the magazine deluged with water. The ship was saved, but the powder was spoiled, and her efforts rendered nugatory. The *Albion*, on coming out of action, was found to be so damaged that she followed the *Arethusa* to Constantinople to be docked. The *Rodney*, as Admiral Dundas's despatch relates, tailed upon a reef, and was exposed to a destructive fire, which shattered her masts. She must have soon been a wreck had not the active little steamer *Spitful* got her off, but becoming in the effort a sharer in the damage.

The loss of the English was forty-four killed, and 266 wounded. It must be admitted that of the wounded many died; and none among the men were reported wounded who could still do duty. The *Britannia*, the flagship of Admiral Dundas, only contributed nine slightly wounded to the general loss; and although she was struck repeatedly, it was at such long range that, except for the honour of it, her

officers need not have said anything about it. Several of the officers and men sent home to the public papers such accounts of the engagement as would leave the impression that they had been active combatants and sharers in the general danger: no doubt every officer and man on board would have rejoiced if their ship had partaken with the "saucy *Arctusa*," or the gallant *Sanspareil*, or stubborn *Agamemnon*, the brunt of battle. One shell, however, fell upon the poop of the *Britannia*, exploding near Admiral Dundas, and placing him for a moment in as great danger as the leader of the French navy had been from a similar cause. If this ship was too far out of the way to receive many visitors of that description, she was also too remote to send many to the enemy; she, however, threw shell and shot all the afternoon, and fired many useless broadsides.

The loss of the Russians was very heavy; they admitted that the naval bombardment cost them five hundred men and several officers, two of whom were admirals. Several of the casemates were severely battered, Fort Constantine silenced; also the Telegraph Battery, and the Wasp destroyed. Still the effect produced did not answer general expectations. We cannot but think these expectations unreasonable: ships *versus* stone walls was not a case fairly decided by the issue of the day. Had gun-boats been attached to the fleet, and had it been possible for the ships to have got well in under the forts, which the shoal-water prevented, we are convinced that the victory for ships against forts would have been signal. But when to these disadvantages were added a timid and confused command, and the unskilful manner in which the ships came into action—already noticed—it ought to have been matter of congratulation that the results were no worse, and that the enemy suffered so severely. Admiral Nachimoff was killed by the fragments of a shell, and Admiral Korniloff was dangerously wounded, and ultimately died in consequence of his wounds. He was one of the officers who accompanied Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople on his famous mission concerning the keys of the Holy Places, and the protection of the Greek Church. The two admirals who had planned and executed the brutal and cowardly massacre of Sinope had now both fallen, and men could scarcely restrain the feeling that it was a providential retribution for the outrage against humanity perpetrated on that day.

The courage of the British sailors during the whole afternoon was worthy of the reputation of their class. As an instance of their intrepidity, on board the *Sanspareil*, eight men were swept away from a gun which they were working; the two who remained, coolly went

on loading with their sponge and rammer as if nothing had happened. Night at last closed around the combatants, and the ships withdrew; those who were spectators describe the contrast then presented to the scenes of the day as producing some of the strangest sensations they ever experienced. The heat, smoke, noise, danger, and shouts of conflict, were followed by a clear and serene night, bright with innumerable stars, reflected in long lines of light upon the tremulous sea. On board everything was quiet, the reaction consequent upon excitement giving to the stillness of discipline an intensity of which all were conscious.

Thus ended the opening day of the bombardment of Sebastopol, and all attempts on the part of the fleets to force an entrance or crush the batteries by which the harbour was commanded. Yet this day of toil, blood, and din of battle, was the terrible prelude of other days more bloody and terrible, ere the standards of covenanted France and England waved beside the crescent above vanquished Sebastopol. The *St. Petersburg Journal* gave certain accounts, evidently garbled and perverted, purporting to be extracts from the despatches of Prince Menschikoff, in which he was made to say, after referring to the land bombardment in terms of absurd triumph and falsehood, "At noon on the same day, fourteen vessels of the allied fleet attacked Sebastopol by sea, directing their fire against Fort Constantine and battery No. 10. The shortness of the time and the smoke rendered it impossible for Prince Menschikoff to furnish complete details of the loss on either side, but the Russian cause had sustained a severe loss in the death of Admiral Korniloff, whose leg had been carried off by a round-shot, and who died on the spot. The Alexander Battery, and battery No. 10, had not suffered much, but the Constantine Battery had been greatly injured. On the land side none of the Russian batteries had suffered, except No. 3, in which nearly all the pieces (thirty-three in all) had been dismounted. The Russian loss was estimated at 500 killed and wounded, among the latter Admiral Nachimoff, very slightly. The vessels which had taken part in the bombardment on the 17th, and which Prince Menschikoff believed to be all French, had gone away in the direction of Cape Chersonese. The smoke on the 17th, and a thick fog on the 18th, had rendered it impossible for Prince Menschikoff to state the enemy's loss, but he says it would seem that one ship of the line had been seriously damaged, and two steamers set on fire by red-hot shot."

It is remarkable that while in some positions on shore the roar of the artillery was deafening, and the sublimity of the whole conflict most impressive and even awe-inspiring,



yet in others the sound was represented as coming with a muffled and mumbling tone, and so subdued that conversation in a moderate voice could easily be maintained. An officer of British infantry thus described what he heard and saw:—"I must say it has not been quite so tremendous as I supposed. The noise is something like that which you may have heard in one of the large steam workshops in our dockyards at Woolwich, when the great hammers are at work; moreover, as the Royal Artillery and the Jack-tars from the men-of-war had the work pretty nearly to themselves,

there was but little excitement near us, the remainder of the army quietly sitting at the tops of the hills, in front of the line, spectators of the scene, in places where certainly, yesterday, they would have had unpleasant visitors, in the shape of shot and shell. But to-day the enemy's guns were fully employed on our batteries. What the effect of the day's work has been, I do not venture an opinion. The White Tower, which seemed their strongest work on this side of Sebastopol, and most frequent annoyance, was the first object, and was very soon silenced after the firing began."

## CHAPTER XL.

### ATTACKS UPON EUPATORIA.—CONTINUATION OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL TO THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

"List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle rendered you."

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V.*

WHILE the bombardment proceeded at Sebastopol, the Russians closely watched Eupatoria, and the gallant little garrison was obliged as closely to watch them. Some guns and rocket-tubes were landed from the fleet on the 19th, which increased the confidence of the garrison; but it was never tempted for a moment to imagine that it could rest in security. Every day skirmishes occurred. The Russian videttes were always lingering about; and the main body consisted of a brigade of cavalry of nearly 4000 men, besides some infantry and a strong force of horse-artillery. The British worked hard at the defences; a deep ditch was cut across the flat ground at either entrance to the town upon the north and south, and strong breastworks were raised behind the ditches; guns were planted upon earthworks raised to receive them. The fieldpieces and rocket-tubes landed on the 19th were placed in redoubts raised at the back of the town, barricades were raised across the streets which debouched upon the steppe, and Captain Brock at last assured himself that a cavalry attack, supported by even a large artillery force, could not be successful. Throughout October and November the Russian cavalry daily reconnoitred, advancing close up to the place, and were driven back by the artillery and musketry of the defence. Bodies of French sailors and marines were landed after the 19th, who were very eager for a brush with the enemy, whom they were disposed to hold too cheaply. It soon became evident, from the vigilance and enterprise of the Russian cavalry, and from the frequent notices of Eupatoria in the press of St. Petersburg, that the importance of the allied occupation began to be felt by the Russian armies and government. It was said

that the emperor felt keenly the impolicy of allowing the allies to take possession of it, and repeatedly sent angry and urgent orders to Prince Menschikoff to dislodge them. The prince might have replied in the quaint couplet which an old dramatist put into the mouth of Lord Sarsfield before the battle of Augrim, when Ginkle stormed Athlone, and when the French general St. Ruth gave an order similar to that of the Emperor Nicholas—

"Easily said—would they as soon obey,  
We'd make the scellums for their entrance pay."

Prince Menschikoff gave stringent orders to attempt anything that was possible for cavalry and artillery to attempt, and promised upon the first opportunity to reinforce the troops before Eupatoria by an infantry corps and a sufficient number of heavy pieces of artillery. On the 20th of October the Russian cavalry were able to effect considerable mischief, mainly through the over-confidence and consequent carelessness of our allies. The accounts of this skirmish which reached London and Paris were very meagre, but the St. Petersburg papers wrote in a style of high triumph concerning it. The following went the round of those journals, and was copied into all the German papers:—"At Eupatoria the operations have been limited to skirmishes between our outposts of lancers and Cossacks with parties of the enemy who attempted to leave the town. On the 20th a detachment of volunteers, composed of Lieutenant Goriatchoff, Cornet Bego-malets, and twenty lancers of the regiment H.L.H. Mad, the Grand Duchess Catherine Mikhailowna, and some Cossacks, taking advantage of the thick fog, galloped up to the town itself, plunged into a crowd of Tartars who

were outside the wall, killed twelve on the spot, took two prisoners, wounded a great number, pushed into the town on the heels of the fugitives, killed the three French sentinels at the barrier, and while the town was in complete confusion, withdrew, driving before them cattle, sheep, and horses, to the number of 1000. In this skirmish Cornet Bogomalets was slightly wounded with a lance."

This was the most successful exploit of the Cossacks against the little fortress, which it now deserved to be called. In the winter a more determined assault was made, an account of which must be reserved for future pages of this narrative.

On the 13th of October the bombardment of Sebastopol was resumed. Before proceeding to recount its events, and those which followed, it is desirable to form some estimate of the forces of the assailants and assailed. On this subject an Austrian military paper of authority observed at the time:—"The fortresses of Sebastopol are said to command 800 pieces of artillery, while, with the army at Bagtché Serai, 100 field-guns can be brought into action by Prince Menschikoff. The numerical strength of the Russians within Sebastopol is estimated at 34,000 men, and at Bagtché Serai 30,000. It is, however, more than probable that the Russians are stronger than this estimate would imply; for Prince Menschikoff is said to have retreated from the heights of Alma in good order, with nearly all his guns, and more than 20,000 men. The Russian army which suddenly made its appearance and retreated before the English on their march from the battle of Alma to Balaklava, was represented as 15,000 strong, and considerable reinforcements are since known to have entered the Crimea and marched from Perekop to Bagtché Serai. The distance from Perekop to Simpheropol is about eighty miles, and Bagtché Serai lies at about half that distance between Simpheropol and Sebastopol, or twenty or twenty-five miles farther. This would make the distance from Perekop to Bagtché Serai a week or ten days' easy march for any large body of troops, but it is quite possible that reinforcements may have reached Prince Menschikoff much more rapidly. At any rate there are reasonable grounds for believing that the Russians under Prince Menschikoff will not be less than from 50,000 to 60,000 strong."

One of the Prussian journals thus noticed the probabilities:—"General Osten-Sacken is still at Perekop, awaiting the arrival of the reinforcements. It is very probable that he will take the separate command of the reserves, while Prince Menschikoff will confine his operations to the defence of his position near Sebastopol. These reinforcements that are so much talked of would, it was antici-

pated, in the first place, reach Simpheropol by the 12th or 14th. We read now in a despatch from Odessa, that it is believed that the reinforcements will not arrive at their destination before the 25th of October, when it is presumed the garrison in Sebastopol (computing both the northern and southern sides) will number 25,000 men, and the army in the field at least 30,000, independent of the garrisons of Bagtché Serai, Simpheropol, and Perekop, which, taken together, will be at least 45,000 men, raising the Russian troops in the Crimea to the number of 100,000—a force greater than that of the allies, who cannot muster 80,000, and these are rapidly diminishing from hard work, insufficient hospital attendance, bad food, the diseases of the climate, and the guns of the Russians."

While putting these sheets through the press, a general officer, who took a distinguished part in the siege, has placed in the author's hands an estimate of the garrison of Sebastopol, at the time when the bombardment was opened, the correctness of which he then took great pains to ascertain, from the importance of such information to the position he occupied:—

#### GARRISON OF SEBASTOPOL.

Superior Troops—16 Naval Regiments, about	14,000
Garrison Artillery .. ..	4,000
Working men, drilled and organised....	3,200
Invalid Regiments .. ..	2,000
Dockyard Troops .. ..	2,000
Troops of the Line.....	5,000
	<hr/>
	30,200

Independent of the Northern Forts and Lines, }	5,000
the garrison of which numbered about .... }	

Accurate accounts of the allied forces have appeared in previous pages, and, notwithstanding the causes of diminution referred to in the Berlin paper just quoted, the reinforcements which arrived made up for all, and somewhat increased their number. The importance of a correct estimate of the relative strength of the contending hosts is necessary, in order to do justice to the strategy, of the generals, to explain the necessity for accepting or forcing battle, and to account for the character and issue of the contests. The entire Russian army, generally, in western Europe, so exaggerated as to its numbers, was thus estimated by an English gentleman resident in Vienna:—"The following *ordre de bataille* of the Russians has been received in Vienna, and we have reason to consider it entitled to credit:—Imperial Guards—41,000 infantry, and 12,000 cavalry, with 120 cannon; Grenadier corps—36,000 infantry, and 5000 cavalry, with 112 cannon; sixth infantry corps—288,000 infantry, and 30,000 cavalry, with 720 cannon; and two reserve corps, with 80,000 infantry. The

army of the Caucasus numbers 30,000 men, infantry; Orenberg, 25,000; Siberia, 20,000; Finland, 20,000. The total of the cavalry attached to these four armies is calculated at 20,000, with 530 cannon. The grand totals are 540,000 infantry, 67,000 cavalry, and 1482 guns."

If his account be precise, and, at the time, we believe its precision was not disputed, the amount and character of the Russian reinforcements might have been foreseen by our generals and their governments, and their military arrangements distributed accordingly. At the opening of the bombardment, and still more as the month of October advanced, the British felt the want of additional troops to carry on the stupendous work devolving upon them. It was not altogether the fault of the British government at home that reinforcements did not arrive. There were, at this very juncture, troops at Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, and Scutari, which would have been ordered to the Crimea if Lord Raglan had demanded them; he, on the contrary, stopped the transmission of regiments and detachments from Constantinople at the very time the men were dropping in the trenches from overwork, cold, and sickness; it was his lordship's opinion that the forces operating before Sebastopol were quite sufficient. Had he been one of those generals identified in heart and hope with his own soldiery,—like Napoleon, Cromwell, Sir de Lacy Evans, and other military chiefs to whom their armies were attached,—he would have better known the wants and toils of his troops; and instead of forbidding the transmission of fresh bands, he would have urged their speedy arrival.

Before proceeding to narrate the events which followed the memorable 17th of October, we will give a few instances of the courage and condition of the troops up to that date. A private soldier of that noble regiment, the 42nd Highlanders, thus relates his experience in a letter from Balaklava, dated the day before the opening of the bombardment:—"It is a month since we landed in the Crimea, and we have not had off our shoes since, only to change our socks, or wash our feet in a burn, and that is very rarely done. We have had no tents since we came. We lie out in the open air night and day, the sky for our covering, and the fields for our bed. We sometimes come across some straw to make a bed to keep our bones off the stones, so you can picture to yourself how we live; but, thank God, we have had very good weather, very little rain, but very heavy dews at night, and it is getting very cold. I have to get up off the ground at night and run about to make my blood warm. We are quite benumbed this morning."

It is impossible to believe that, had either

the army or navy a *head*, that such sufferings would have continued unmitigated. Both the military and naval chiefs were without energy or acuteness; nothing requiring comprehensive conception was thought of, nothing requiring a comprehensive management was executed.

The following instances of individual prowess cannot fail to interest our readers:—A 55th man had gone into a garden some distance beyond our lines, when to his astonishment he was attacked by a Cossack, armed with a pistol and long lance. The son of the Don came down full tilt, but his weapon was kept off by means of a huge stake. The pistol was now called into action, but in vain—the soldier clinging tightly with both hands to the lance. Fear now attacked the Russian, and, thinking discretion the better part of valour, he left his weapon in our warrior's hands and fled. The soldier carried his trophy home in triumph to the general of his brigade, who gave him a sovereign for his noble conduct, and promised him immediate promotion.

A British naval officer writes thus to his friends in Yorkshire—"What unquenchable pluck those Frenchmen have—game to the backbone. Our purser, Bowley, when ashore next day, met a party carrying off a French officer badly wounded—one arm shot close off, and other wounds besides. He asked the poor fellow to drink a little brandy and water, and he immediately pulled out a flask of his own—drank to Bowley—sung out 'Long life to the Emperor and the English!' and then fell back exhausted. Their pluck never dies away."

To the Russians, the English appeared as singularly eccentric; and it is not to be wondered at, when the strange freaks they played are considered. A curious adventure happened one night to two of our sappers. Wandering about in the evening, they completely lost their way to the camp, and suddenly found themselves inside one of the Russian earthworks. A sentinel challenged them, whereupon the men, perhaps under the impression that it was good Russian, replied, 'Bono Johnny.' The consequence was that the alarm was given, and the men pursued. A volley was fired without effect at the two indiscreet sappers, but one of them soon received a bayonet in the body, and was thrown over the wall into the trenches as dead. The other, though slightly wounded, escaped. Towards morning, the man who had been thrown into the ditch concentrated all his energies, and dragged himself into the British camp, from whence he was conveyed to Balaklava. He reported that inside the earthwork he saw a battery of forty 56-lb. guns, probably taken out of the useless ships.

There is no exaggeration of the hardihood and recklessness of the common soldiery in the

following *moreau* from the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*:—"The men looked upon the whole firing as a spectacle got up for their especial amusement, and expressed their approbation or disapproval according to the merits of the case. If a shell burst within twenty yards of the group, it was hailed with a universal 'Bono Johnny;' but if, on the contrary, the projectile chanced to burst in the air (as often occurred), the men appeared even disappointed."

It must not be supposed that all the daring and enterprise was on the side of our own fearless soldiery, officers or men. The correspondent of the *Morning Post* gives the following specimen of the adventurous spirit of our neighbours and allies, the French:—"Our engineers have been daily engaged reconnoitring; but they go out, to my mind, far too *cock-halt*, and so at once attract attention. They should take a lesson from the French. Towards the evening, four Zouaves were seen walking, as it were, reeling drunk towards the walls of Sebastopol, just above the ship which had so long annoyed us. The Russians, thinking they were a sure catch, let them come quite close, and then sent out half-a-dozen armed men to bring them in; upon which the Frenchmen took to their heels at a railway pace, followed by the shots of the hopeful Russians, and reached their camp in safety, possessed of all the information they required as to the position and strength of the several forts and ships against which they are especially to act. These pretended friends of Bacchus were shrewd engineer-officers seeking important knowledge."

The correspondents of our London morning papers not only communicated intelligence which, but for them, had never reached the British public, but gave opinions in reference to military facts and probabilities, which would have done no discredit to our generals. The following is a specimen of the condition of things at the juncture of the bombardment. The expectations of Sir John Burgoyne were also those of the army generally, but we believe that several of the generals of division did not participate in them:—"Cholera at the camp is still very severe, and many cases are brought thence daily in the arabas to Balaklava. As yet, the greatest Russian ally has been the exceedingly beautiful clear moonlight nights, which would have rendered plainly visible to them the commencement of our engineering operations. I have taken another ramble across the dreary-looking country towards Sebastopol, and again looked down upon the enemy hard at work at the fortifications of their doomed city. While I was sitting in a friend's tent, the shot and shell frequently came whizzing over us, and during my stay a

shell unfortunately fell and exploded in a tent occupied by soldiers of the 68th, killing a sergeant and sentry, whose post was 200 yards off, and severely wounding three others. A shot the day before had taken a rifleman's pack from his back without injuring him. Sir John Burgoyne, it is said, speaks positively of a few days only being required to reduce the place. From deserters we hear that the Russians are determined to resist to the last; several Poles have come to the camp, who speak of the strong disaffection of their brethren in the town. There was some skirmishing at the outposts yesterday morning, when four Englishmen and six Cossacks were killed, and two guns have been captured from the enemy near Sebastopol. Yesterday, also, a body of Russian troops, consisting of 4000 cavalry, and 3000 infantry, with Cossacks in advance, came from the eastward to about three miles from Balaklava. Cavalry and horse-artillery were immediately sent against them, and the Guards and Highlanders immediately got under arms. They were fired into by the artillery, and immediately retreated. This appeared to be a reconnaissance, and there is a report that a numerous army is in their rear. The marine camp on the heights now musters 1200 men, and they take the garrison duties of Balaklava. Three of the Greys were captured the night before last—they were upon outpost duty, and no doubt must have been very lax in their look-out. While I write, there is heavy firing going on in the direction of Sebastopol, and most probably, before this reaches you, it will be crumbled to pieces. I should not be at all surprised if the enemy attacked this place shortly with a large force, which we know is in the neighbourhood. They would naturally endeavour to cut off the retreat of the besieging army, and annihilate their base of operations. The French opened a fire upon Sebastopol two days ago. A three-decker (they say the *Twelve Apostles*) is careened over as much as possible, and is troublesome; and a gunboat with heavy guns is also disposed to be annoying. It is said that the first step will be to destroy these vessels at a long range. Seventeen howitzers have been landed from our fleet, and are to be posted on the heights, and the English pieces altogether will number on the land side about 150. The *Terrible* has landed four 68-pounders, and the *Beagle* (gunboat) yesterday sent her two heavy Lancaster guns on shore. The French are also landing ships' guns."

When the tidings of the 17th of October reached western Europe, the disappointment was extreme; and it required all the efforts of the governments and press of France and England to reconcile the people to the failure. They had been taught by the *Moniteur* and

other journals, to expect that even the rivalry and emulation of two great nations was a guarantee of success, and in consonance with the opinion attributed to Sir John Burgoyne, that the city could not hold out, except for a few days. The despatches of the chiefs, naval and military, dispelled that illusion, and there was a reaction, especially in France, of a very depressing character. The *Pays* endeavoured to soothe the mind of the French metropolis thus:—"The taking of an important town, defended by its position as much as by the soldiers within its walls, is always a great enterprise, surrounded with enormous difficulties. Men of light and superficial minds can alone feel surprise at the prudent slowness with which the operations of a besieging army, when it wishes to secure success, must be directed. Since public attention has been fixed on the Crimea, everybody knows the strong situation of Sebastopol. It is known that this town is protected by powerful fortifications; it is known that it will be defended with all the courage of despair. The Russians will not consent to lose this magnificent jewel of the czar's crown without a fierce struggle. We must neither dissimulate the difficulties nor the obstinate resistance which our brave soldiers will have to encounter. We do not belong to those who systematically depreciate their enemies. The Russians have certainly not the fiery dash of the French, nor the slow but continued and impassable march of the British: their reputation for strategy has rapidly sunk since the commencement of the campaign of the Danube, and they do not display the skill and boldness they put forth in the wars of the Empire; but their resources are still great, and not to be treated with disdain; nevertheless, they cannot long contend with the united arms of France and England."

During the night of the 17th, and early morning of the 18th of October, the Russians worked hard to repair the injuries suffered by their works, and by dawn on the 18th they were ready to resume the contest. The British, upon whom the toil and combat of the previous day mainly depended, continued their strenuous exertions, and were ready by daylight to renew the bombardment. The French were in no condition either to aid their allies or hurt their enemies. The admirals gave up all hope of reducing the sea defences, and left the bombardment altogether to the land forces. In a word, the English troops were alone prepared, on the 18th of October, to contest the victory. The Russian admiral gave a tolerably correct summary of the day's proceedings: according to the *St. Petersburg Journal*—"On the 18th, the English fire was less active than on the day before, and the French had hardly fired at

all. Prince Menschikoff attributes this to a diversion made without the walls by General Semiaikine, who appeared in the enemy's rear, and thus diverted their attention from Sebastopol." The prince, however, overrated the effect of the diversion by General Semiaikine; for although they were principally French troops who advanced to repel it, their doing so had no influence in slackening the fire of the French lines, which were almost silent because the previous day they were so thoroughly disabled.

At early dawn the British had the forethought to elevate their guns and gain the range before the enemy's cannonade covered the works with smoke, and rendered any accurate aim impossible. General Canrobert represented in his despatch that the English had got eight mortars into position by the time (on the 18th) that he wrote his despatch. Some mortars were brought up, but not half the number supposed by the general. These brought into play did little good, for although they were well worked, the shells were old ordnance stores, and would not explode. The English magazines were found to be too small, and there was a continual deficiency, therefore, of ammunition, so that each gun was only fired once in every ten minutes. Some military critics aver that the execution thus accomplished was greater than by more rapid discharges. It did not appear at the close of the day that such an opinion was well founded. The British fire on the 18th was by no means so destructive as on the preceding day. The Russians had improved, and their fire was unremitting and terrible; their Flagstaff Battery enfiladed the British lines, and it required all the energy and heroism of the sailors and soldiers to stand to their guns. The Jack-tars emulated their own courage and usefulness of the day before, and they found in Captain Peel a commander to their taste. Perhaps it might in truth be said, that no man in any of the armies engaged on either day exposed his person so rashly as this dauntless man. His conduct, in this respect, would be deserving of censure, were it not that it powerfully stimulated the energy and daring of his crew. Lord Raglan, in his despatch, affirmed that the Russians responded to the British fire, although "*in a somewhat less degree.*" It seems presumptuous to correct the despatches of a commander-in-chief, but in this instance it is necessary to historical truth to do so. All witnesses, civilians and soldiers, amateurs and combatants, aver that the fire of the Russians on the 18th was heavier than that of the British, and also more powerful than their own fire of the preceding day. During the night of the 17th, six of the largest guns from the Russian ships were

placed on their works, and a number of their lighter guns removed for others of larger calibre. The aim of the Russians was excellent; their shot whistled through the embrasures of the British batteries continuously, and not always innocuously. Lord Raglan ordered red-hot shot to be fired, and carcasses to be thrown into the town, and good effect followed these measures; as the furnaces for heating the red-hot shot were brought up, the enemy directed a heavy but ineffectual fire upon the road which led from the camp. Lieutenant Peard, who was on duty twenty-four hours in the trenches, including the day and succeeding night of the 18th, and early morning of the 19th, describes what may be called life in the trenches upon that day, in the following terms:—"The full power of the sun's rays came upon us, and there was nothing to protect us from them but a few gabions and fascines, which we piled up in front of us; our men were all lying in the trench, using the embankment as their pillow, when a round-shot struck it, and sent almost a ton of soil and sand on the top of them. Some two or three were on their backs fast asleep, with their mouths open: these were completely covered up, and almost smothered. The sappers were now busily employed in making the magazines larger, and others were laying a platform for a mortar, which was opened that day, but without much effect. It was placed close to us, and we were nearly stunned when it was fired." The canister-shot used (about the size of a tennis-ball), did more execution on this day in the English trenches than either shell or cannon-ball, so far as the infliction of death or wounds was concerned.

The French made great attempts to assist the English by re-opening the batteries on their extreme right, but the light brass guns were borne down by the crashing balls of the Russian ship-artillery. Shells were also poured into the French trenches, and an explosion, as on the day before, paralysed all further efforts. The French right, however, was not silenced until the Flagstaff Battery was much disfigured. About ten o'clock, the Russian army in the field (referred to by Prince Menschikoff, in the despatch already quoted) approached, under cover of a fog, and were creeping up towards Balaklava, when they were fortunately desisted. The Turks detected their approach, and opened fire upon them from a redoubt. Lord Raglan and staff galloped towards the firing, followed by strong detachments of French. The British cavalry also sounded to horse, but before they arrived, the Russians retreated. Several shot were plunged into their masses from the redoubt garrisoned by the Turks. At three o'clock, Mr. Russell, in his journal, recorded—"the

Russians are pressing us very sore, returning three shots for our two." At this juncture, Colonel Hood, of the Guards, was killed; he was on duty in the trenches, and met his death from the explosion of a shell. He was not the only gallant officer who fell that day in the trenches.

The British riflemen were destructive to the enemy's gunners; lying down in front of our batteries, at a considerable distance, wherever they could obtain cover, they watched the appearance of a Russian head or hand above the earthworks, and which, in a great majority of cases, was instantly hit by a Minié bullet. The Russians at last threw out skirmishers in opposition; the two parties met in the quarries, the British having the advantage until their ammunition ran short, when, taking up the loose stones which lay in heaps around them, they "pelted" the Russians, who, for a few moments seemed struck with astonishment, and whether as a point of honour, or from surprise, or because their ammunition also failed, they imitated the men of the British Rifle Brigade, and threw stones in return. The scene was amusing, especially to observers on our side, as the Russians were but feeble opponents in stone-throwing, and soon fled, abandoning the quarry to their antagonists, who held it until ammunition was obtained. Mr. Russell refers to this incident in his journal as occurring on the 19th; but Mr. Peard, who had better opportunities of knowing, having seen the transaction, relates it as having occurred on the second day of the bombardment. About half-past three o'clock an explosion near the Redan dismounted several Russian guns, and gave to the British a seasonable advantage. When evening closed, the battle might be fairly considered a drawn one—the French were the chief sufferers; the British batteries maintained their character for great solidity, and in loss of men the disadvantage was on the side of the Russians. Night brought quietude; and to the Russian sappers and artillerymen it brought repose, for their places were taken by civilians and drilled dock-labourers in the works, who were fresh to carry on the necessary repairs, while the sleeping sailors and gunners were re-invigorating for the toils of renewed combat. There was, however, but little rest for the British: those who fought by day had, in many cases, to watch and work by night, so inadequate were their numbers to their undertaking. Never did a few brave men bear up against such odds, and seem so strong of heart.

During the night of the 18th few shots were fired on either side; it was spent in repairing the damages incurred. On the afternoon of that day, British ships reconnoitred the sea-defences, and perceived that whatever destruc-

tion of life the artillerymen and sailors of the garrison suffered, no great mischief was done to the forts. They bore evident traces of the struggle, and were much defaced; it was estimated, however, that an outlay of some twenty or thirty thousand pounds would restore the fortresses to their original beauty and completeness, while, for the purposes of defence, they were still as formidable as ever. All chance of making an impression upon them by the fleets was evidently lost. It would be necessary to have a new fleet of gun-boats, and to send in some larger vessels as sacrifices, in order to make any serious impression. The bold scheme of sinking the ships across the entrance to the harbour effectually thwarted the navies of the Western powers. It was resolved by the admirals to give up all attempts to force the harbour, or bombard its fortifications.

The morning of the nineteenth dawned softly and serenely upon the combatants, and the fire on both sides was renewed. The French were still inefficient; they made powerful efforts during the night to prepare new batteries near to the English lines, and they re-mounted a considerable number of brass guns, such as proved so inefficacious on the previous days. These were served with great skill when they were directed upon the enemy, but neither skill nor bravery availed—the pieces were too light, and went down with the works on which they rested beneath the ponderous metal of the foe. Not so the English, they returned the fire of the Russians as skilfully and bravely and energetically as their allies, but their cannon were of the right sort, and answered heavy stroke for heavy stroke against the battlements of their enemy. Very early on the 19th the English, however, suffered from want of ammunition. The skill of the officers in actual conflict was such as the nation might be proud of—it almost equalled their unsurpassed and unsurpassable heroism; but *out of battle* the imperfection of all the arrangements forced itself upon non-professional observers, and was the subject of keen and mortifying comment among the men. The almost superhuman exertions of the soldiers and sailors, and their officers, made up for recent deficiencies, but could not supply the want of either bread for themselves or powder for their guns. Yet, even in the latter respect, much of the bad arrangement was nullified by the prodigious labour and romantic carriage of the British. A young artillery officer, named Maxwell, was foremost amongst those who endured toil, surmounted difficulty, and incurred danger. “The valley of death,” as the road was called, by which *materiel* was conveyed to the trenches, was repeatedly traversed by him with the greatest coolness, to bring up

ammunition; a spell seemed around his life—as if Death levelled his dart in vain at the supremely brave. The road which he passed and re-passed with impunity was called “the valley of death,” because of the unremitting fire which the enemy kept up, to prevent the supply of what the sailors quaintly called “gun fodder.” Some very heavy artillery was added to the English attack in the early morning of this day, and other pieces were ordered, but the difficulty of getting them up was too great for the overtaken men. The energy of the sailors during the 19th, was in character with their exertions the two previous days, and it might be truly said of them they won “golden opinions from all sorts of men.”

The death of Lieutenant-colonel Alexander, of the Royal Engineers, caused regret throughout the whole army. Captain Gordon succeeded him, and his place on the left attack was taken by Major Tylden, one of the best officers in that department of her majesty's service. The engineer department was not filled by officers of the rank and experience which ought to be possessed by men holding these important positions; the abilities which many of them displayed prevented any injurious effects from this circumstance, but the Commander-in-chief at home was seriously responsible for the deficiency in number and seniority of the engineer officers employed at this juncture of the siege. There was but little wind throughout the day, and the smoke, in consequence, settled upon the bastions and earthworks, and filled the trenches, blinding the gunners and covering parties on both sides, and impeding the precision of their mutual fire. The calmness of the day was very serviceable to the besieged, for in the afternoon the town was on fire, the bombs from the British batteries having ignited some military stores, the conflagration spread to the neighbouring buildings. The garrison succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

A new weapon of destruction was now used by the British. No army is so famous for its rocket practice; this was well proved during the Peninsular and German campaigns of the last great war; and much hope was entertained from the play of these missiles upon Sebastopol. The hope was to a great extent disappointed, but still mischief was inflicted upon the enemy in a new form, and tending to disconcert their troops by its novelty, and the alarm excited among the inhabitants. To these rockets the firing of the town was in part attributable; it was expected that the dockyard buildings, and even the ships, would be ignited, but these expectations were not realised.

The Lancaster guns were very effective on this day; the most contrary accounts arrived

in England concerning their value as weapons of offence; the men began to like them better, and to work them more accurately; still their aim was erratic. Persons who seated on the Picket-hill looked down upon the combat, described the Russian civilians as moving about the town most audaciously until the rockets came into play, when the streets were emptied of all persons, except the soldiers passing to and from their posts. Sometimes these rockets would drop among a group of persons conversing, and, suddenly exploding, would fall in showers of fire, well calculated to spread alarm. Rifle conflicts, similar to those of the previous day, were renewed on this, and the victory was signally on the side of the British. They proved much better marksmen than the sharpshooters of the enemy; and many of the gunners fell upon the ramparts of the defence, pierced through the head by the Minié rifle ball. On the night of the 19th, the defenders worked with the most sedulous industry, so as by morning to have nearly finished new works to protect the ordnance stores and buildings, which the English had shown so much anxiety to demolish. When day dawned, these new works were not deserted by the workmen, who continued their labour, not only until the British batteries opened, but worked on under fire with intense energy, and a dogged pertinacity not interrupted by the balls, shells, and rockets of their assailants. During the 20th, the conflict raged as before: our allies did little to help us—our enemies much to resist us; and our brave men did everything that the brave could do under circumstances so adverse. The two 68-pounders brought up the night before did good service, and two others dragged up during the day proved of equal value. The heavy shot from these guns fell with crushing power upon the embrasures of the enemy's works, killing the artillerymen, smashing gun apparatus, and driving up the material of the earthworks as if they were scattered by shells. The precision with which these new guns played upon the defence was beautiful, at all events to the military eye.

On this day the artillerymen at last began to show signs of weariness and weakness; some of them fell down under the guns they were serving, their strength utterly exhausted; others slept while the roar of artillery filled the affrighted air, and missiles scattered the earth over them as they sank into profound and overpowering sleep. The horses of the artillery and baggage, engaged in bringing up ammunition and various other supplies to the trenches, were put upon short allowance; there was no hay for them, although plenty still existed at Balaklava, and a few pounds of barley furnished their rations. All around the shores of the Black Sea, fodder was

to be procured in abundance, and the idle fleets floated at the Katcha, in their safety and beauty, like swans in the evening seeking the reeds of the secluded margin of a lake; but no effort was made, by general or admiral, to feed the horses—a duty of the uttermost importance, but which no one seemed to feel, and which appeared to belong to no one's range of obligation.

The news of the sudden capture of Sebastopol, which had arrived in England, quickly following the tidings of the battle of the Alma, had reached the camp, and gradually circulated through the army; it was this day the subject of general conversation, even in the trenches and under fire, and produced a depressing influence upon the men, as leading them to feel that more was expected in England than it was possible to perform, and that the reinforcements and supplies so desperately needed would not be sent. The government and the commander-in-chief have been frequently excused in reference to the destitution of the army, and the starvation of the horses ultimately, on the plea that the severity of winter bid defiance to ministerial skill and official foresight; but now, so early as the 17th of October, the sea was open, the land unfrozen, the weather magnificently fine, but there was scarcely food for the horses; the men of the artillery had only five hours rest out of the twenty-four, and the infantry eight. Had the force actually in the Heraclian peninsula been well handled, and urgent requests made by the general-in-chief for supplies of men and material to his government, or for Turkish troops and food supplies to the British ambassador at Constantinople, all this misery might have been prevented, and the nation saved the lives of some of its bravest sons, and of millions sterling in property.

During the 20th, the Russians experienced considerable loss from the balls and shells of the English. The latter only lost three men, but between thirty and forty were wounded, some fatally. The French, although of no use to their allies, were good marks for their enemies, and they suffered more than the English, upon whom all the battle devolved. The state of the French batteries was much commented upon throughout the camp—all sympathising on account of the chagrin our allies must have experienced in not sharing in the honour of the fight, but many murmuring at the defective arrangements which led to such a state of things.

At this time a rumour circulated through the English camp, which increased the dissatisfaction. It was to the effect that General Canrobert had command of the French fleet, as well as of the French army, and that by his interference the arrangements of both admirals



were paralysed. A distinguished British general, who himself had high naval authority for what he wrote, gave to the author the following account, while these pages were passing through the press :—"The *on dit* amongst naval men in the Crimea, with regard to the bombardment of the 17th October, 1854, was, that an arrangement was unanimously made, at a meeting on the 16th, of the French and English admirals and captains, to the effect that the English fleet should attack the forts on the northern side of the harbour; the French fleet the same on the southern side. The English fleet to pass down from its anchorage off the Katcha by single ships, the flag-ship leading, and having delivered broadsides, to move on in a circular course, and be succeeded by another, and so on in succession, each ship coming into action again as often as the duration of daylight would admit. Everything was so arranged for this mode of attack on the following morning. But before daybreak on the 17th (the day of the action), French officers arrived on board the *Britannia*, the English flagship, with a request that the arrangement, as above determined on, should be altered, in consequence of an order to that effect from the French military commander-in-chief,—for the French fleet was actually subject to the orders of the military chief. As the order of General Canrobert was peremptory, the French naval commander-in-chief had no option. And this, in fact, virtually imposed a necessity on the English naval chief to conform to it. But it thence became indispensable to acquaint the English captains of ships that the whole plan adopted on the previous day was to be altered. Delay, therefore, became inevitable, to enable the captains to be called together, and be made acquainted with the new plan of attack ordered by General Canrobert. It was, moreover, a *dead calm*, and a long time was occupied in bringing the heads of the line-of-battle ships into the intended direction. The whole of them were sailing vessels, with the exception of one—the *Agamemnon*—which is a screw steamer of the first class. The *Sanspareil* is also a steamer, but so defective as to her machines, that she was little to be depended on for self-propulsion. The sailing line-of-battle ships had each a steamer lashed along their sides. The distance of the Katcha anchorage from the entrance to the harbour of Sebastopol is four miles. The French (of which four were steamers) were already, and had been for some time, off and within Kamiesch Bay, at three miles distance from the harbour. And their headmost ships were enabled to get into action some time earlier than the English, but at very long range. The arrangement proposed and agreed to by the commander-in-chief (it is said) of the English fleet was, that the

allied fleet should form a line across the harbour mouth. Accordingly, as the ships got to their stations, they were to anchor. When the line was completed, the *Britannia* was on the right of the British fleet. The French steamer, the *Napoléon*, was on the left of the French fleet. These two ships were within pistol-shot of each other, in front of the mouth of the harbour; and, though 1500 yards distant, exposed to a destructive cross-fire from the north and south forts, and being armed with 32-pounders our fire was effective. The line from before Fort Constantine was so short, that the ships were almost touching each other. The guns of the forts were of equal or greater calibre. The fire from the whole allied line commenced at half-past one, and continued till after dark, when objects were no longer distinguishable. All the English fleet, except the *Agamemnon*, had sent one-third of their crews on shore, to form the naval artillery brigade. These men detached were the *élite* of the crews. The consequence was, that after the action a good deal of difficulty took place in weighing anchors: and this was a serious objection to the plan ordered by the French military chief."

About nine o'clock on the night of the 20th, a general alarm was spread through the lines: the Turkish infantry in the redoubts, in the plains of the Tchernaya, or, as some call it, the valley of Balaklava, fired several discharges of musketry, and it was presumed that the Russians were advancing in force in that direction. Bombs and cannon speedily emitted their fiery contents, and the hill-side flashed with the repeated discharges. Mr. Russell thus describes the cause of the disturbance :—"The Turkish musketry was directed upon some Cossacks, and the batteries had mistaken the preparations for chibouque lighting of a Turkish advanced picket for flashes of musketry, and blazed away—fortunately in the thick darkness of the night, having given their guns sufficient elevation for the shells to pass harmlessly over the heads of our astonished allies, and burst far beyond."

The Garden Battery tormented both British and French, and the shells produced much havoc in the French trenches.

During the night of the 20th, about 2000 French were employed in preparing a heavy twelve-gun battery: the Russians came to know what was going forward, and made a very bold and skilful sally, and by calling out "*Ingles! Ingles! ne tirez pas, nous sommes Ingles!*" they deceived the French, and leaping into the trenches, spiked two mortars. The French, with their characteristic presence of mind and quickness, soon recovered from their surprise, and bayoneted several of the Russians upon the mortars they had spiked, and drove the

rest from the trenches, directing a volley upon them as they fled; several prisoners remained in the hands of our allies, of whom nearly all were wounded. The battery was completed, and opened successfully upon the enemy, but was silenced as the day advanced by the heavy fire of the Russians, who fired slowly but with good aim; indeed, they appeared to be deficient in ammunition the greater part of the day. The French sappers worked with indefatigable toil and courage the whole of the 20th and the following night, and the morning of the 21st.

During the 21st the French perseveringly pushed on their zigzag approaches, in spite of the enemy's fire, and made desperate efforts to prepare new batteries closer to the hostile lines, and in more advantageous positions. The British sustained, as on the previous days, the weight of the attack, and received the chief fire of the defence. The two Lancaster guns were removed, being no longer serviceable. The shells, rockets, and red-hot shot of the English did much damage during the afternoon, and set fire to the town in the direction behind the Redan. In about three quarters of an hour the town was again in flames near the same place; very little damage seemed to be done by these fires as viewed from the British positions; but it was afterwards ascertained that the first of them did great mischief, setting fire to the hospital, and causing the loss of many lives among the sick and wounded. An officer of General Cathcart's division, recording the events of this day, says, "We all became wearied with the sameness of our work as well as with its fatigue, and with the monotonous roar of the cannon. Often have I sat upon the Picket-hill and watched the cannonade until my head ached, and longed for any more vigorous course of action which promised a speedy termination to the existing state of things."

The Russians had now completed a new work behind the Redan, to protect the Arsenal and government stores. The second division suffered a good deal of annoyance from a very heavy gun got up by the enemy towards Inkerman. To meet this a battery was erected, on the night of the 21st, for two 18-pounders on the British heights above Inkerman. The construction of this battery did no credit to our engineers or sappers; it was imperfect for the object intended, too slightly built, without any breastwork; it was thirty feet long and eight feet high; no *banquette* for the troops to fire from with musketry was formed, an omission fatal in its consequences; it was called the Sand-bag Battery.

On this night several of our sappers went astray, and also some men of the artillery; for, although the night was beautifully fine, a mist fell like a veil, after sunset, over the opposing

lines. There appeared to be a great want of intelligent precaution in the engineer and staff arrangements, for, even in the daylight, officers and men were continually missing the positions assigned to them. The correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, noticing this fact, accounts for its frequent recurrence during the whole siege in the following terms:—"The necessary working parties in command of a field-officer were told off for trench duty, and proceeded at dusk to the slopes overlooking the town. Here, after wandering about for some time, the whole party returned to camp as they went. The engineers were unable to find in the dark the lines they had traced for the batteries during the day; thus twenty-four hours were lost. As, during the course of the siege, many ridiculous accidents of an almost similar nature occurred—accidents by which both men and officers lost their lives and were taken prisoners, it will not, perhaps, be amiss to contrast our mode of operations in this respect with those of our gallant allies. Three or four days before the nature of the attack had been decided upon, their engineer officers set to work and took a perfect survey of the ground round the south of Sebastopol. In this plan the conspicuous heights received arbitrary names, by which they were immediately known through the French camp; and the bearings of the heights from the principal buildings in the town of Sebastopol were correctly laid down. The French took their plans with theodolites; the English had no theodolites with them. The French plans were immediately copied on a large scale, and given to the officers in command of working parties. With such clear charts before them they knew instantly the nature of the ground they would have to defend, and by having the names and bearings of the hills, it was impossible for them to lose their way. To avoid the latter absurd mistake, which was constantly happening to our own troops, the French adopted the very simple expedient of marking the paths to the batteries with a row of white stones on each side. These were not so large as to attract the enemy's attention, yet sufficiently so to prevent even strangers on dark nights from getting out of the route to the trenches. Even at the English engineers' office there was no general plan of the English and French attacks with the Russian defences. The plans that were in the office could hardly be called easily accessible to the officers in command of working parties. They, therefore, went to their posts almost in entire ignorance of the points most likely to be assailed, and those which it was most important to defend. To this hour ninety-nine out of a hundred of our officers in the Crimea have seen no detailed plan of our own trenches, and certainly none of

the French. They were always in ignorance of how far the works of their allies could be successfully attacked, and consequently how far such a success would jeopardise their own batteries. It is quite true that any English officer who applied to the French authorities could always receive a pass by means of which he was permitted to inspect the French works during the day for which the order was issued. But it was hardly to be expected that officers who passed two-thirds of their time in our own trenches, would devote the short period they had for rest in acquiring a knowledge of the French works at the risk of their lives. The result of their ignorance was, that for the first month or six weeks of the siege, it was a matter of common occurrence for our men to miss their way, and either lose the night before they found it, or get shot or taken prisoners by the enemy. The officers of the different trench guards, who had to post the out-sentries in front of the parallels, suffered so severely from want of knowledge of the ground, that the duty was at last considered as the most dangerous that could fall to their lot."

His Royal Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar was wounded in the trenches while assisting in the Sailors' Battery. He had displayed great courage, and won the hearts of the rough sailors who cheerfully obeyed his commands, declaring that he could fight like a Briton.

Before the fire of the 21st ceased, a deserter made his way by some means into the English lines, and stated that their redhot shot had destroyed a small steamer. His testimony was afterwards found to be true. The English fire told severely this day upon the Redan, which had only three guns "alive" in the evening. The fire of the Russians evidently slackened, and had the English batteries been well supplied with ammunition, the Redan would probably have been silenced, and some serious impression made upon the batteries of the Garden and Round Tower. Our sailors complained of the smallness of the embrasures in the new 68-pounder battery; and both sailors and artillerymen complained much of the smallness of the chambers in the trenches used as magazines. Our sappers seemed to feel some discouragement from these complaints. Notwithstanding the effect produced upon the Redan, a general misgiving as to the scientific fitness of the plan of attack prevailed throughout both armies. The French laid the blame of the plan adopted upon General Burgoyne, the English upon the chief of the French engineer staff; but there were many in both armies who placed it to the account of Lord Raglan, to whom, it was alleged, General Canrobert was too deferential; while others said

that Lord Raglan allowed his own superior judgment to be overborne by his more forward and less experienced colleague. Mr. Wood presents the following remarks on this subject:—"The nature of Sir John Burgoyne's plan, which was rejected *nem con.* at the council of the 7th, has, I believe, never transpired; but it was impossible that it could have been framed upon more erroneous grounds than the one adopted on the 8th. Rightfully or not, the blame due to the latter was always bestowed upon General Bizou, the French *chef-de-génie*. According to his view (if it really was his view), the Flagstaff Battery was the vulnerable point of Sebastopol—the key of the whole position. Upon that and the surrounding works the real attack was to be pressed by the French on the left; the Malakoff and the Redan were works of no moment as regarded the event of the siege. The English batteries were to engage them at long range, but more to divert the enemy's attention and keep down the fire. This fatal error in the plan of attack was one which lasted throughout the winter, and until the arrival of the English engineer general, General Jones. By it the Russian positions in the Redan and Malakoff were left comparatively uninjured, and as the enemy never fell into the mistake of believing that the Flagstaff was the key of their position, but knew, on the contrary, that the fate of the whole place hung on the Malakoff, they were enabled at leisure to strengthen the latter to an extent which almost surpasses belief, and which has certainly never been witnessed before in the annals of warfare."

During the night of the 21st, the 68-pounders were taken down from the Five-gun Battery to the right attack, except one, which fell over, rolling down the hill and killing several of the horses. Almost the last thing which happened this night was the capture of Lord Dunkellin, who was going to the trenches with a working party, but lost his way, and was taken prisoner, further exemplifying the mischief which arose from the imperfect information concerning the general plans of the siege possessed by the officers of the army generally. Lord Dunkellin is son of the Marquis of Clanricarde, and heir-apparent of the title. His lordship was treated kindly by the Russians, and was soon after exchanged. Being near-sighted, as well as very imperfectly acquainted with the positions of the batteries, he almost wandered into the enemy's lines.

The interest of this day was not confined to the trenches. Early in the afternoon a large force of the enemy suddenly appeared in front of Balaklava, and manœuvred there in such a way as to keep its garrison in great suspense. The Tunisians, from their advanced position, exchanged shots with the Russians. The cavalry

division was sounded to horse, and the 93rd Highlanders in the valley, and the Turks and marines on the heights, were under arms the remainder of the day. In the evening the assailants retired slowly, and in a confident manner, as if relying upon a strong support. They fell back in the direction of Traktar, and halted on the slopes ascending from the Baidar valley. On this spot they bivouaced for the night, to the number of about 5000 men and three troops of horse-artillery. Sir Colin Campbell, suspecting that this was in reality the advance-guard of a numerous body designed for a night attack, caused the troops to remain under arms, or to lie down in their ranks in their great coats, without bivouac fires. The cavalry also remained booted and spurred, with horses saddled, ready to turn out at a moment's notice. The correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, who has obtained so justly a celebrity for his accurate information, remarks upon these necessary precautions—"Though the latter step (remaining without bivouac fires) was adopted to prevent the enemy ascertaining the weakness of the numbers that held the position, the necessity for contracting the line seems not to have entered the heads of the English chiefs. Perhaps this is to be accounted for by the great importance General Airey attached to the possession of the Woronzoff Road, and which he still persisted in believing was one of the only two routes which communicated with the town. But this which, if true, would have been a sufficient reason for holding the road, would also have justified its being held in strength. Still no attempt was made to reinforce the 250 Turks who garrisoned the redoubts, or to advance supports nearer than a mile and a half, to what all saw must of necessity be the first point attacked."

As the work published by the writer of the above extract has obtained such extensive circulation, it is necessary to make some strictures upon this quotation. However dull Lord Raglan and General Airey may have been, it was scarcely possible for them to reinforce the redoubts, or send supports nearer to them than the positions occupied by the cavalry brigades, from the paucity of men in the British army. The troops were drooping from fatigue and over-work, and could not have any additional labour imposed upon them. Neither could detachments be spared by General Canrobert. The dilatoriness of the commanders in ordering up reinforcements was the true cause of these shortcomings, and this arose from the want of information as to the number and resources of the enemy, and the want of any organised system by which it might be obtained. General Airey and his chief, upon whom the responsibility ultimately

rests, were wrong in attempting to hold so extended a position with such an inferior force, notwithstanding the importance of commanding the Woronzoff Road. The battle of Balaklava, unhappily, too soon demonstrated this. The animadversions upon General Airey's obstinacy in believing that the Russians had no other roads to Sebastopol, arose from the hallucination under which the correspondent laboured, that there was a road from Inkerman along the southern shore of the harbour. He does not seem to be aware that General Airey came at last to agree with that opinion. It was utterly groundless. No officer had so good an opportunity of forming a tolerably clear conjecture on this matter as Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans, whose division being placed on the extreme right of the English lines, and nearest to Inkerman, would, both by what they saw and heard, have some suspicion of the existence of such a mode of ingress to the city. The general has, in conversation with the writer of these pages, positively declared that no such road ever existed. William Upton, Esq., assistant engineer to his father, Colonel Upton, who constructed the Docks, must have known if such a road existed previously to the siege: he has assured the author that there did not, and is of opinion that the obstacles to its construction were such as to render it improbable in the extreme, if not impossible, that such a work had been afterwards accomplished. On the 486th page of this History, other evidence is afforded against the opinion entertained by the *Herald's* correspondent, and which General Airey, after so long and so sensibly resisting, at last adopted.

After General Evans discovered and cut the pipes by which water was conducted to Sebastopol, the great aqueduct was made a mode of entrance and exit to the city—at least so deserters alleged. The pipes were discovered only a few inches beneath the surface of the ground, close to the house where Lord Raglan held his quarters; but this did not cut off a supply of water from the garrison, who drew it from seven wells at the head of the harbour, and which the British commander-in-chief permitted to be done without any effort to prevent it, although perfectly within range of his fire, had he chosen to plant a long gun in a position to command them. The cutting off the water-course, by leaving the aqueduct dry, left a good passage for troops destined to attack, and perhaps surprise, General Evans' position. So circumstantial was the correspondent of the *Herald* on the subject of this road, that in his volumes containing a revised edition of his letters, he thus wrote:—"The momentous question was long in doubt. No one believed but that the Russians had a road along the

south shore, or would soon make one. General Airey, who was bound by the duties of his position to know the roads, was consulted. He said that decidedly no road existed along the south shore. He afterwards went further, and said that from the natural obstacles, such as ravines, rocks, &c., it was impossible to make one. The truth was, that the road had been making for some considerable time, and was publicly opened and used for traffic nearly four months before the allies invested the south side of the town." Wheresoever this generally careful writer obtained this information, it was, in all its circumstances and details, untrue.

As questions connected with the docks, canals, and aqueducts, and in relation to the other topics referred to in the foregoing extracts, will frequently arise in the history of the siege, it will facilitate their discussion, and enable our readers to approach them more familiarly, if we here refer to the aqueducts and docks more particularly than in the general description of Sebastopol, already given, it was possible to do. The following is taken from the *Moniteur de la Flotte*:—"The canal or grand aqueduct of Sebastopol was about twelve versts in length. Its width was six feet, and its mean depth seven feet and a half. It commenced above the bridge of Traktar, skirted in a straight line that celebrated plain, and passed at the foot of the hills occupied by our army. It traversed part of Careening Bay, on a succession of small stone arches, which gave it the appearance of a Roman aqueduct. At its entrance into Sebastopol were several extensive works. The latter only were blown up, the destruction of the remainder being perfectly useless. The aqueduct of Sebastopol was intended to convey the water of the Tchernaya to the docks. The port of Sebastopol properly speaking, also called the Southern Port, or Bay of the Arsenal, is situate at the distance of 1550 yards from the entrance of the roads, and on the southern bank. It is upwards of 2000 yards in length. On the eastern side of the port, about 2000 yards from its entrance, opens the bay, at the extremity of which were six wet docks for ships of the line, constructed with stone or granite, on the plan of those of the military ports of England and France. They communicated with the sea by means of two magnificent sluice gates, which were opened to admit war vessels requiring repairs. The ship being once placed on the graving dock, the gates were closed, the basin was drained by means of an engine, and the carpenters and others could then set at work. This operation was effected in the most regular manner. The canal of the Tchernaya afterwards served to fill the dock and float the ships when the repairs were completed. The six wet docks were placed on one line, two by

two, parallel with each other. The last two, situate nearest the wall separating the town from the suburb of Karabelnaia, were, according to a plan proposed by Admiral Istomine, who was killed during the siege, to be lengthened, and appropriated to screw ships. Those basins and the Tchernaya canal had been constructed by a French engineer, M. de Riancourt. There was another hydraulic work which was destroyed during the siege, namely, the subterranean aqueduct, supplying the great reservoir and the fountains of Sebastopol with water, issuing from a spring about five versts from the city. This aqueduct was constructed by an English engineer, Mr. Upton, to whom it does great honour, and whose family still inhabit the Crimea."

A gentleman alluded to by the *Moniteur de la Flotte*, has drawn up for the author the following account of these stupendous works, which have conferred upon their author a world-wide renown:—

"The Sebastopol dry docks were approved for construction by the emperor in the year 1831 (the necessity for them having been pointed out by the then commander-in-chief of the Black Sea fleet and ports, Admiral Greig, a Scotchman of great scientific attainments, both as an engineer and astronomer), at which time a committee was appointed under the presidency of a Major-general Berg, with two other members; one for conducting the accounts, called the scientific member; and the other for providing materials, making contracts, &c., called the economical member; besides which there was a secretary, with assistants, treasurer, numerous clerks, &c. The entire superintendence and responsibility for the construction of the works, the demanding, certifying, and issuing of the necessary materials, formed the exclusive duty of the builder, Mr. Upton; who was also the projector, to whom was attached an assistant, and an efficient staff of engineer officers.

"The formation of the canal from the village of Chovgma to the docks, was commenced in the year 1832. But for the first two years little was done at the docks themselves. However, in the year 1837, when the emperor visited them for the first time, the docks were in such a state of forwardness that he saw the superiority of their construction over those at Cronstätt, and exclaimed, 'Ah, I see the mistake we have made, we have no inverted arch.' He complimented the builder at each fresh surprise, seizing him by the hand, and calling to his attendants, '*C'est magnifique!*' He afterwards expressed a wish to the commander-in-chief, Admiral Lazarev, that Mr. Upton should enter the corps of hydraulic engineers, which he consented to do, as a field-officer. Consequently he became a lieutenant-colonel, and was

afterwards promoted to the rank of colonel, and decorated with the orders of Stanislaus and St. Anne, of the second class.

"The docks were constructed at such an elevation above the level of the sea, that the water could be filled in them and the basin to thirty feet above that level; the walls being elevated four feet six inches above the height of the water. The absence of tide in the Black Sea caused this to be the most advantageous system that could have been adopted; as after a ship had been taken into dock, there was no leakage to pump out, or interfere with the repair of vessels. Three locks were necessary to raise the vessel to the height required, with a rise of ten feet to each. The openings at the gates of the locks, and two docks for ships of 120 guns, were sixty-four feet. For one eighty-four-gun ship dock, fifty-four feet; and for two frigate docks, forty-five feet. These dimensions were given by the authorities at the commencement, and were afterwards found too small for the class of vessels required; but as two docks for ships of 120 guns were made instead of one, as originally intended, this evil was in some measure obviated. The arrangement of the docks was thus:—a frigate dock on each side of the upper lock; then the basin; and the three remaining docks on the opposite side of it. The gates, nine pair in number, were undertaken by Messrs. George and Sir John Rennie, at their establishment in London. The builder's assistant, Mr. William Upton, having been sent over by the Russian government in the years 1843-1845, with the necessary drawings and instructions for their construction. The ribs were of cast iron, with wrought iron plating. The lock gates weighed upwards of 200 tons each pair. The nine pair cost more than £30,000, although the price was very low. They were erected by means of traversing cranes, without any accident. The heaviest heel-posts weighed eleven tons.

"The canal to supply the docks has an elevation of about sixty-six feet at the commencement. There is a fall of two feet three inches in a mile, with nine feet reserve at a reservoir near Inkerman. It runs over six stone aqueducts; the largest of which is a handsome construction of sixteen arches across the valley of Hooshakov, a pleasant resort in the summer time, as there is a capacious pavilion, surrounded by forest trees, well adapted for a dancing saloon. The canal also runs through two tunnels; the largest at Inkerman, 938 feet long, is through a limestone rock so compact, that not a single fissure was encountered, and the water was passed through it without any artificial precaution; the whole forming a solid stone trough.

"During the excavation of this tunnel, considerable doubt existed in the minds of the

inhabitants, as to the practicability of accomplishing it. Even the member of the scientific department of the committee—a colonel of engineers—gave it as his opinion that it would take ten years to accomplish it; and that it would be impossible to make the two ends meet. At each end, for the excavation, three men were employed in relays, day and night, others carrying away the refuse; and it was finished in fifteen months, long before the different prophecies concerning it had ceased. No shafts were required, as the height of the rock above was considerable, in proportion to the length of the tunnel. One of the stone aqueducts, of eleven arches, meets the tunnel, and conveys the water to it, across a valley having a perpendicular rock on each side, from which the freestone, employed in the construction of the docks and public buildings at Sebastopol was taken. This stone (if not exposed to a damp saline atmosphere, or not previously absorbed in salt water, as frequently occurs in the delivery) has the property of hardening by exposure to the air, particularly all horizontal surfaces on which the rain falls, or when completely immersed in sea-water. The outer shell of the rock, from long exposure, is as hard as flint; and it was this probably that induced those who had not given the subject due consideration, to suppose the undertaking one of greater difficulty than it really was. The other tunnel is near the powder magazine, between Inkerman and the Careening Bay. It is 105 feet long, through a perpendicular rock, rising abruptly out of the water.

"The scientific members of the dock committee were frequently changed, from their continual interference with the builder, particularly before he became an officer in the Russian service. They could not understand why they had no authority over him. One of them, a major in the corps of Civil Engineers, gave in a written denunciation of the whole project, founded on what he considered philosophical reasoning. He attempted to demonstrate that the continually accumulating friction of the water against the sides of the canal, at a given distance from its commencement, would cause the water to come to a stand-still. He also discovered that the builder, from want of scientific attainments, had omitted to take into consideration the effect that capillary attraction would have in obstructing the passage of the water. In fact, he considered that you might as well attempt to carry water in a sieve, as to convey it by that canal. These insulting remarks were replied to by the builder, and forwarded to the commander-in-chief, and by him to the emperor; and the philosopher was given a new appointment somewhere in Siberia. The canal from the vicinity of the Careening Bay to the

Docks has been lately lined with stone, and a part of it tunnelled, to avoid a large mass of earth which began to slide towards the Bay. The water of this canal, before arriving at the docks, supplies the fleet. It was filtered by passing downwards through a mass of coarse sand in one division of an apparatus, and then upwards in another, containing finer sand, until it reached an outlet leading to a cistern, from whence it was conveyed by pipes to five taps at the quay. As the river Tchernaya Raitchka does not afford a sufficient supply during the heat of summer, an engine-house was erected, with two engines by Maudsley and Field, of 30-horse power each, with three pumps, to which the sea-water was admitted by a culvert; so that a vessel could be taken into dock by this means, when there was a deficiency of water in the canal. It was twelve miles long, four feet deep, twelve feet wide at the top, and four feet at the bottom. The docks were built principally of the freestone from Inkerman, backed up with rubble from the neighbourhood. For the upper course and vertical bearings of the gates, granite from the Bug was used. The first ship was taken into dock in the year 1849, but the docks were still in an unfinished state. In 1850, the largest vessel in the fleet was docked. In 1851, the builder, Colonel Upton, died, when his duties were conducted by his son and assistant, Mr. William Upton, until July, 1852, when the dock-committee was annulled; and what remained was entrusted to the Russian engineers. In the year 1853, in consequence of the vessels being increased by the adaptation of the screw, it was decided to make an alteration in the locks, to increase their length. On which occasion the Russian government availed itself of the superior judgment of Mr. Walker, the English engineer. The expense of the docks exceeded, it is thought, £1,500,000, but this sum was much increased by the delay in assigning money, in consequence of which, the pumping water, salaries of the numerous officers and artificers, &c., were incurred for a longer time than was necessary."

Before dawn of the 22nd, a transport arrived with shot and shell, which gave confidence to the men, who saw with uneasiness the failure of the ammunition—the supplies of which were, in common with all other arrangements, regulated by the presumption that Sebastopol would fall in a few days, or at furthest, in a few weeks. The mis-calculations of Menshikoff as to keeping the heights of Alma were not more presumptuous than those of the allies as to the capture of Sebastopol.

The morning of the 22nd opened with some encouragement to the English; their allies had brought about twenty guns into action; the fire of the enemy was slack, it was believed

from want of ammunition. Their batteries, however, seemed thoroughly repaired, while the British retained the gaps and derangements caused by the heavy fire they had sustained. The men were too few and too fatigued to repair the damage. The French not only drew upon themselves some portion of the enemy's fire, but the practice of their artillery was good, and not a few Russians fell by their guns. The British and French rifles harassed the Russian sailors and artillerymen, by firing at them through their embrasures from the broken ground in front. Many men fell in the Malakoff and Redan from this cause. As the day advanced, this rifle practice became sharper; and so close did our men advance, and so well was their aim directed into the embrasures of the Malakoff especially, that the garrison sent out skirmishers to dislodge them. This drew away the attention of our sharp-shooters from the embrasures to the Russian riflemen, and a severe combat occurred, in which our men greatly overmatched their opponents in aim, rapidity of movement, and individual courage. The Russian sharp-shooters, powerfully reinforced by troops of the line, pushed on to the covers from which our men fired, who used their rifles with deadly skill as the enemy's infantry advanced, and then received their charge with the bayonet; countless hand-to-hand contests occurred in this way, sometimes in hollows and behind rocks, where the spaces were too small to allow of regular charges in line, and there fierce and confused combats with the but-ends of rifles and muskets took place. When the Russians retired, the batteries played upon them, and they were pursued into their works by a piercing fire from the British Rifle Brigade and the Chasseurs de Vincennes; about thirty of them lay near the contested hollows, and a still greater number before their own works. Our men complained, and with reason, of the wretched state of the ammunition, especially of the shells, the fuses of which, in many cases, would not burn.

The British lines suffered from the Russian steamer *Vladimir*, whose captain had repeatedly shown talent and enterprise throughout the war. She came up to the head of the harbour, and opened fire on the right attack, and put more than twenty men *hors de combat* before a shot could be given in reply. A large traverse was erected to oppose her, and when she found she could no longer shell the English with impunity, she hauled off. Major Tylden, whose energy and ability deserve the highest praise, placed twenty guns in position on this attack, which he directed. This did not by so many increase the fire of the preceding day, for more than half that number had been silenced before the night of the 21st. No adequate preparations had been made to silence

or injure the Russian ships; this had been unaccountably neglected since the siege commenced. During the 22nd, attempts were made to atone for this oversight; and Captain Chapman not only succeeded in repairing old traverses and platforms, but also in commencing a new battery for 32-pounders, which, being within 550 yards, was expected to do considerable execution among the shipping.

Before evening our allies, notwithstanding the hopes of vigorous co-operation with them in the morning, were again silenced, and their works cut up in every direction. A number of deserters came over in the dusk of the evening, and their report was such as to encourage the besiegers. According to them, the besieged were greatly daunted; instead of volunteering to serve in the batteries, they had to be forced thither in their turn of duty. Three thousand had been killed and wounded since the 17th. The shops were all closed, the trading community had deserted the town, having placed their goods in strong stone cellars. The deserters represented the conical balls and shells—those of the Lancasters—as doing the chief mischief. These balls, falling in the centre of the town, killed many women and children. The supplies of food were stated to be good, fresh, and abundant.

The English suffered mainly from fatigue; so complete and solid were their works, that very few lives were lost, and very few were even wounded. The principal achievement of the day was the silencing of the Barrack Battery. It annoyed our French friends, causing them great loss; and they sent a request that, if possible, the British should draw off a portion of its fire: this they did with a vengeance, for the whole battery—works, guns, and men—was dispersed before nightfall. The British were not a little pleased at rendering this service to their allies, who were always so prompt to render any assistance to them. The Garden Battery, by which the French also had suffered, received a considerable share of attention from the English artillerymen, and was much battered, and nearly silenced before darkness came to its relief. A few hours after nightfall a loud explosion occurred in the town, near the head of the great harbour. It was expected in the besieging lines that some magazine had taken fire; it was, however, occasioned by the accidental ignition of the contents of a powder waggon, while driving through the streets; some damage was done to the neighbouring buildings, and several civilians wounded; two horses were killed.

An officer of the 20th regiment gives the following interesting account of his experience on this day. It will be seen from his narrative how badly armed his regiment was. The value of the Minié musket was never fully

appreciated until (as it may be justly said) it decided the battle of Inkerman. There was time enough to have armed the 20th, and every other regiment of the line with this weapon, instead of the old musket. Lord Hardinge, the Commander-in-chief at home, was urgent for the supply of these rifles; but he met with dissuasives and opposition on every hand, and his endeavours were to a great extent frustrated by the indomitable adherents of the old way in everything, who infest the official ranks at the Horse Guards. "I went out with Captain B—, 20th, K—, and 250 men, to a picket-house in the ravine on the left, and in advance of Chapman's Battery. It was a very pretty spot, and appeared to have been used as a tea-garden by the inhabitants of Sebastopol, as it is at a convenient distance from the town, and had gardens well laid out. There was also a beautiful spring shaded by fine trees, and a great many caves in the rock, which showed marks of fires having been lighted in them. The house was well built, with substantial walls, and large, lofty rooms; the ceilings were positively black with flies. Two poor dogs were the only remaining tenants of the house; these the soldiers treated with great kindness. How changed the quiet hamlet must have seemed to them! They must have wondered where the gentle hand that had so often fed them was gone. They still, however, occupied the door-step undisturbed, and did not seem inclined to follow us. The sappers were busily employed in taking up the floors from the rooms, for platforms of a new two-gun battery which was being made on the left of the ravine above this picket-house, about 550 yards from the inner arm of the harbour. This was intended to play upon the shipping below. From this battery we expected great things, as it was such a good distance for redhot shot. The picket-house was full of shattered furniture, sofas, tables, and glass bookcases, which were all broken and cut to pieces. No shot, however, came near it, which was a comfort, and we sat in one of the rooms and ate our breakfast. The flies here were so numerous that we began to imagine that we were to be visited with one of the plagues of Egypt. A short distance in advance, in the valley, was a wall, which, running across, formed a protection for an advanced party, and I was sent hither with thirty men, with orders to defend it to the last. I sent out and posted my sentries some distance in front, at the turn of the ravine, just to the right of the French works; and on the return of my sergeant, he reported to have seen two Russian soldiers sitting under a tree, and to have beckoned to them to come to him, but they sat still and took no notice of his invitation. I ordered my sentries not to fire at



single men, as it would only disturb our picket; and as our men were only armed with the old "Brown Bess," and not the Minié rifle, the shot would probably have been in vain. After some little time the report of a rifle was heard, and then another, which was quickly responded to by my sentries; a brisk fire then ensued between the two parties; and finding that we should have a great disadvantage, K—— asked me to allow him to go and drive them in; and my men, hearing what was going on, came up and volunteered for this service almost to a man. I selected fourteen, with a sergeant, and gave orders that they were not to go too far. The sentries during this time were blazing away, and the French sentries had now crept up, and were beckoning to us not to advance. As soon as our men turned the corner I heard some file firing, and bullets came whizzing over our heads. Shortly after, some fieldpieces were heard, and our fellows came doubling back, quite blown, and in the greatest excitement, each with his little anecdote of what he had done. K—— told me they had driven in the Russians' picket past their picket-house, and had killed three men; but some small battery opening on them, after a great deal of difficulty he managed to make our men retire. One or two of the enemy's picket had remained in the house, and peppered them from the windows as they returned. They did not touch our men, though the grape-shot came very near them. The sentries were not again annoyed that day, but a poor fellow was brought to the house from the trenches mortally wounded, who died shortly afterwards, and was buried under a tree in the garden. At night the sentries of the 50th regiment fired into our reliefs, but did no harm."

When the troops retired at night, fires were seen in various parts of the town, and remained burning for some time; but whether caused by our rockets and redhot shot, or by accident, could not be ascertained. Sir John Burgoyne had mentioned the substantial character of the stone buildings, resisting shells and rockets, and, if ignited, burning so slowly as to give ample time to the inhabitants to extinguish the fire, as one of the difficulties of the siege. Certainly on this, as on former occasions, the garrison and inhabitants succeeded in quenching the conflagrations in a short time.

Captain Childers was killed while watching the effect of a gun which he had ordered to be discharged.

The morning of the 23rd presented the enemy's batteries and works in a state of thorough repair; it seemed as if labour and material were exhaustless within the town. Our men were rapidly reducing in number, not from the blows of the foe, for not more

than an average of fifty per day were killed and wounded; but from fatigue, salt provisions, and want of every sanitary requisite for a camp. About 700 men had been sent from the lines to Balaklava, unable to attend to duty; and of the fine army which landed in the Crimea, and the reinforcements which followed them, Mr. Russell estimated that not more than 16,000 men were fit for duty. This startling statement, published through the world by the *Times* newspaper, astonished and appalled friends and foes. The truth of this statement was officially denied in both Houses of Parliament. Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, exhausted all the ingenuities of verbal artifice and subtle evasion which they could command, to convince the members and the country that the statement could not be true. Subsequent events showed that Mr. Russell was a moderate and faithful man, and by no means placed matters in their worst light. It was painful to find that the official authorities in the Crimea, conniving with those at home, wrote express denials of these statements, denouncing them as gross exaggerations, when they must have known them to have been even less than the truth. Lieutenant Peard represented the number available for good service, at the end of the 23rd of October, as less than half the number given by Mr. Russell. In fact, there were few men in the British infantry, artillery, engineers, or sappers and miners, that were not knocked up. Hardship and disease depressed them, although still their dauntless courage sustained them against every stroke of fortune. The hope of battering down the earthworks of the enemy began to give way; the men were ready to remain and die in the trenches, but they began to despair of conquering a place which every night was revived as if by magic, and was found every day stronger than on that which preceded it, notwithstanding the laborious and scientific cannonade to which it was subjected. In vain were guns dismounted, batteries broken up, or the gunners shot down through the embrasures, a single night sufficed to repair every disaster.

An impression began to prevail in England that the Russians had adopted a new system of defence—earthworks instead of masonry; and that this new system was invincible. Lieutenant-general Sir John Burgoyne, the British general of engineers, endeavoured to dispel the impressions thus popularly taken up, and his remarks will throw much light upon many incidents of the siege which were yet to follow.

"Some erroneous conceptions have gained currency of late in England (for abroad they have no idea of the kind) that the prolonged

defence of Sebastopol has been greatly due to the superiority of earthworks over those of masonry,\* and the ability with which the Russian engineers have availed themselves of that discovery, as it is assumed to be. A few years ago this point was strongly advocated and warmly discussed; and now that a brilliant defence has been made at Sebastopol, and that earthworks were employed there, a deduction is endeavoured to be drawn that it is a triumphant proof of the soundness of the arguments of the supporters of that system, with which it has, however, no connexion whatever. The Russians had to raise their works of defence on a sudden emergency, and with rapidity, and they adopted, in this respect, the means employed time out of mind—namely, earthworks; and not from choice, but for the best of all possible reasons, that they were the only ones open to them; and, in fact, the great credit which is undoubtedly due to the Russians, is not for their ingenuity in employing earthworks, but for their energetic defence, notwithstanding the weakness and imperfection of such works.

“The leading arguments against masonry are, that besides its great expense, it can be battered down from a distance, and that the splinters from it are more injurious to the defenders than the shot and shells; but it must be recollected that these evils are not a necessary part of masonry works, but where they exist are usually unavoidable, either from occurring in fortifications of very old date, or in confined situations, where there is not sufficient space for the regulated course to be pursued—namely, of sinking the wall below the level of the ground, leaving the parapet of earth alone exposed to view.

“If the system of earthworks is to be taken as a modern improvement, it must be as compared with that previously established in modern times by military engineers, which implies always, as the rule, parapets of earth, and escarp walls well covered from exterior view, till only the breadth of the ditch intervenes. This at once and entirely removes the two evils above adverted to.

“One of the principal ingredients in defensive works is an obstacle to the approach of the assailants, and the best obstacle is a wall or vertical face to be surmounted. If this exceeds thirty feet in height, it becomes very formidable indeed; an escalade (which, while the wall is entire, is the only resource) is the most desperate of military undertakings, and never succeeds but by absolute surprise, or from very great weakness on the side of the

defenders. The consequence is, that it is necessary to have recourse to a breach, but, in such well-covered works, the breach can only be formed by batteries established at the edge of the ditch, and it is well known the vast increase of difficulty that the besieger finds in proportion as his approaches and batteries get nearer to the place; and, after all, the breach or breaches being made, he has only the limited extent of those openings as an ingress, whereas the earthworks present one universal breach throughout the whole extent of the place. The entrance into the place is, in fact, reduced at the breaches to what the earthen escarpments were from the commencement everywhere.

“Apply this reasoning to Sebastopol. The French, by immense efforts and sacrifices, gained lodgments at thirty yards from the ditch of the enemy’s works. It is stated that the difficulties so multiplied upon them, that it would have been almost impossible for them to establish themselves nearer; and yet, had the place been fortified by the ordinary description of permanent works, it would have been necessary to place and maintain breaching batteries on the very edge of the ditch, by which openings of only a definite extent could have been made, which never could have afforded space for the heavy assaulting columns, by which alone the place was taken. The retrenchments also within the outer line would have been of the same character, and their escarpments would have been entire.

“I have not adverted to the question of opening such a place by mining from any distance. In the first place, offensive mining may be checked and impeded by an underground contest with great facility; secondly, it is extremely difficult to open a practical breach by mine; it is only to be effected by an enormous chamber and mass of powder, which would greatly increase the difficulties. Then the opening would be even more limited in extent than if effected by cannon; and if the assault is to be made from a distance, it has still all the unknown intermediate impediments to be overcome to arrive at the breach.

“The energy displayed in the defence of Sebastopol does great honour to the Russian arms; but it may be well to reduce that merit to its proper limits, and not suppose that either in skill, labour, or bravery, they surpassed the allies. Warfare is a difficult game, and, as with players at chess or whist, that general is the best who commits fewest errors.

“The siege of Sebastopol exhibited, no doubt, errors on both sides; but whilst those of French and Russians were tacitly submitted to, as of unavoidable occurrence, and amply compensated for by general merit, attention has been loudly called to innumerable lapses on the part of the British—some well-founded,

\* By “works of masonry” are meant those in which the rampart of earth is supported by a wall of masonry, as in modern systems of fortification, in contra-distinction to works of earth only, where the rampart is continued at the natural slope of earth to the bottom of the ditch.

but very many emanating from the minds of critics who had no knowledge of the business of which they constituted themselves supreme judges, nor made any allowance for the circumstances of the case. For the defence of Sebastopol the enemy possessed immense advantages:—1. The positions all around it were exceedingly strong in features, and in many parts presented a very rocky soil to the attacks. It is true that it was not regularly fortified; but there were along the front substantial towers, old earthwork walls, and strong buildings that could be turned to good account against any attempt at a *coup de main*. 2. It had within it, not what could be called a garrison, but an army of not less, probably, than 25,000 men; it was, in fact, not a fortress, but an army intrenched on a very strong position, along a line of moderate extent, with its flanks perfectly secure. 3. It contained the resources of a very large naval and military arsenal—probably the largest ever collected in any one place—with those of a fully manned and equipped fleet of fifteen or sixteen sail-of-the-line, besides other vessels, which furnished, in addition to the material, not less than 10,000 good seamen gunners, quite competent to every service of batteries. 4. Over the flank, on which was decidedly the front for attack, they held the commanding ground on the opposite side of the harbour, greatly in advance of their line of defence of the south side; so that the attacking party in their approaches were taken in flank and rear for a distance of not less than 2000 yards from the place. Although the range from that side was considerable, and much cover was afforded by the undulations of the ground, still, from the circumstance, and the very great command possessed by the enemy of artillery of the heaviest nature, this advantage caused great annoyance to the allies, restricted them from availing themselves of many otherwise favourable sites for batteries and works, and acted as a powerful support to the defence. 5. The force of the allies was too small to make it possible to invest the place on both north and south sides (and there cannot be a doubt about the propriety of choosing the south); the consequence was, that the communication between the place and the country, in which they had a manœuvring army, was free and unobstructed for the whole period of the siege; the garrison could be augmented, reduced, or relieved at pleasure; every supply could be sent into it, and sick, wounded, and encumbrances removed from it at will. Nor should it be omitted, among the advantages, that the town and buildings in general, many of which were very substantial, though not absolutely incombustible, were of such a nature that no great efforts were required to prevent fires from spreading.

“The criticisms passed on the British officers and on the military proceedings in the Crimea by some individuals have been far too severe; they show a disposition, whether intended or not, utterly to disparage everything connected with the military service; in fact, the facility and brilliancy of pointing out supposititious errors, instead of the dull matter-of-fact assumption that duties may have been well performed, is very tempting.

“One mode of detraction is to advert in flaming language to the superior manner in which the Russians carry on their operations, and what superior ability and labours they have exhibited in their defence of Sebastopol. We are far from wishing to retaliate by language of disparagement on their merits; their officers and men have exerted energy, skill, and bravery, and deserve well of their country; but they also have committed their errors, and we cannot allow them to be considered as our masters in skill any more than in courage.

“We have before adverted to the credit given them for the adoption of earthworks, and shown that they had no other resource; and it would almost seem to have been a species of compulsion with them; for it is somewhat remarkable that the Russians appear to make use of exposed masonry in fortification more than the engineers of any other country. Their sea defences are almost exclusively of that description, not always on the absolute necessity of circumstances, but frequently where the shores present commanding sites, well adapted to powerful earthen batteries. But there is a still more striking proof in the very position that has given rise to the discussion. The great tower of Malakoff, of only ten years' standing, was most injudiciously devised. It certainly would have acted as a great support against an early assault of the position, although it might have been greatly improved for that object, but against approaches and batteries it was worse than useless. It was immediately silenced, and very soon extensively breached; its ruins must have been very embarrassing, and it must have cost much labour to put the lower remnant of it in a shape to have been in any degree useful. Had the same expense and labour been applied towards the construction of a good fort or redoubt on that hill, on the modern principle, of about 700 yards interior periphery of parapet (which appears to be about the size of the work actually constructed during the siege), escarps and counterscarps reverted, earthen parapets, and *caponnière* flanking defences, and the interior with sufficient traverses and full of casemates, most certainly the attack of it would have been attended with far greater difficulties than as it actually existed; and we all know the efforts that, even

in its actual state, were required from our gallant allies to obtain possession of it. It will hardly be considered an excuse that this tower was given to the empire by the munificence of an individual whose name it bore, because, though the funds were provided by him, it was designed and constructed by the Russian military engineers.

"Then we hear a great deal of the 'gigantic' works raised by the Russians. No doubt they were gigantic, but how could they be otherwise by the labour of 25,000 men for a twelve-month? And what were the works of the allies but gigantic? If the number of miles of trenches, the batteries, and guns mounted, and the defensive works, were enumerated, the aggregate amount would appear enormous. Then the works of the Russians were of comparatively limited extent. They had a few leading points on which their greatest efforts would be concentrated, such as the Bastion Central, Bastion du Mât, the Redan, and Malakoff, &c.; each of these would naturally present a formidable aspect. The Russians, moreover, were but a short distance from, and with good roads to, their resources, which were in perfect order, and included abundance of timber; while the allies were seven, eight, and ten miles from theirs, with a great height and terrific roads intervening.

"There is some confusion in the ideas formed of the character of the Russian works. We hear of the wonderful labyrinth within them to obtain bombproof cover, and adding, as commonly supposed, to their defensive power; but this, it is apprehended, is not the case. These improvised casemates must have been very necessary and judicious, but they must have been rather an encumbrance to the defence, and quite inferior in that respect to the arrangement of the regular permanent work, as above suggested. Altogether, although we would give to the enemy every credit for their manly defence of Sebastopol, we must claim for the allies, and for every branch of their services connected with the attacks, the merit eminently due to them for their energetic exertions."

The foregoing is a very remarkable paper, containing a fair and clear vindication of the principles of the attack, and the courage and skill of the allies; and no man can do justice to either the defence or the siege without keeping in view the general principles there laid down; yet we cannot but concur in the opinion now prevalent in Europe, that the allied commander-in-chief was deficient in skill, energy, foresight, vigilance, and care, at the period of which we write, and that the magnitude of the undertaking was neither comprehended nor adequately provided for by the Western governments.

On the 23rd, the Russian general sent to Lord Raglan a flag of truce, requesting an armistice of some hours for the purpose of burying the dead. Lord Raglan, knowing that this was to gain time, either to complete or repair batteries, or bring up ammunition, and not having any dead to bury in his own army, refused the request, assigning that fact as his reason for so doing. The Russian chief resorted to a most barbarous revenge—the dead within his lines were brought beyond them, and left to decay upon the surface, so that the allied skirmishers could scarcely endure the stench; and this circumstance was undoubtedly the cause of sickness in both armies. The French had many in hospital, but did not suffer so much as the English from sickness, because their rations and medical care were so much superior; nor did they lose so many men from fatigue, because their numbers enabled them to change the working parties more frequently; but by the night of the 23rd, they had lost twenty officers and nearly 600 men in killed and wounded, according to their own admission; it is probable, however, that the number was much greater.

In England, at this juncture, great eagerness was evinced for news from St. Petersburg, from which city the first detailed intelligence of events in the Crimea was generally received. On this date Prince Menschikoff directed a despatch to his master, which the *Invalide Russe* professed to publish for the benefit of the Russian public. It presents the incidents which we have recorded, from a Russian point of view, suppressing Russian reverses, and exaggerating every real or apparent success. "A report received from Prince Menschikoff, dated October 23 (x. s.), gives the following farther details in continuation of his former report on the operations before Sebastopol:—On the 20th of October General Sémiakine renewed his offensive movement from the village of Tchorgoum on the right bank of the Tchernaya, advancing for that purpose two columns on Komarz, and on a small fortification which the enemy had constructed a little behind that village. Our detachment having found that these two points had been abandoned, returned to its former position, which it regained at nightfall. In consequence of this movement the English troops advanced anew upon Komarz, and opened a fire of musketry and artillery against the heights which we had quitted, but beyond this attempted nothing. In the night of October 20, several detachments of volunteers were sent against the enemy's batteries. One of these detachments, composed of five officers and twenty-seven men, suddenly entered the French trenches, spiked eight mortars and eleven guns, and as speedily returned to the place,

after having thus made the enemy's battery useless for the work of the morrow. This fortunate sortie, which spread alarm in the enemy's camp, cost us two officers killed—Lieutenant Troitsky and Prince Pontiatine, of the marine guards—and a sailor. The other detachments found the enemy everywhere vigilant and active, and returned to the place with a loss of twelve men wounded. During the bombardment of the 20th, we lost in all fifty killed, including three officers, and 197 wounded, of whom five were officers. On the 21st and 22nd of October the siege batteries of the enemy continued to bombard Sebastopol, but the damage caused to our fortifications was, as on preceding days, of small extent and easily repaired, so that in none of our bastions has the firing been interrupted. Our loss on the 21st was thirty killed, including one officer, and 160 wounded, of whom three were officers. Our loss on the 22nd is not exactly known. On the night of the 21st and 22nd one of our pickets, composed of eight men, seeing an English patrol of forty men approaching, boldly threw itself on the enemy and dispersed the patrol, and made its commanding officer, Lord Dunkellin, a captain of the Guards, and son of Lord Clanricarde, prisoner. From the seaward the enemy has attempted nothing."

In the above account of the successful and ingenious sortie of the 20th, the number of mortars spiked is exaggerated, and the cannon alleged to have been also rendered unserviceable is a fiction; perhaps it was so reported to the prince by the leaders of the enterprise. In the following despatch of General Canrobert there is as little candour as in the Russian document there was moderation. Canrobert conceals from his government the fact (or his government mutilated his despatch) that, not only were his works entered, but a number of his mortars spiked.

*Before Sebastopol, Oct. 22.*

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL,—Our works of approach continue according to the plan indicated in my preceding despatch of the 18th. I have not time to write to you at length, but I have the honour to send to you the journal of the siege, which will make you acquainted with all the details of our operations. The difficulties with which we meet are of two kinds—those which result from the nature of the soil, the solid stratum of which, already insufficient, diminishes in proportion as we approach the place, and those resulting from the number and calibre of the pieces of artillery which the enemy plants against us almost in a right and very extended line. In this respect, the resources which he draws from his vessels stationed in the port—men as well as materials—are almost inexhaustible; while ours, although augmented by the loans which we make from the two fleets, are necessarily limited. The 65-pounders, the 80 howitzers, and the 12-inch mortars are, in short, almost the only artillery upon which we can rely. This position renders the siege of Sebastopol one of the most laborious operations which have been met with for a long time, and the efforts which we are compelled to make to carry them into effect will explain the delays which have arisen. In the night of the 20th the enemy made an attempt to spike our guns, which failed. A few men, who, by a surprise,

entered our batteries, were killed there by the officer in command. The losses which we have experienced from the fire of the enemy are by no means so considerable as might have been expected, considering the difficulties of our position, which I have explained to you. I send successively, and by all the means which the fleet places at my disposal, my wounded to Constantinople, where our hospital resources have assumed a more satisfactory character. The state of health of the army is satisfactory. The maladies which have arisen have been produced by the excessive fatigue which our brave soldiers have had to undergo. The naval gunners who have landed have also been attacked with illness. They evince a courage and devotion which are remarked by the whole army. Accept, Monsieur le Maréchal, the assurance of my respectful devotion.

The General Commander-in-chief,

CANROBERT.

*To the Minister of War, &c.*

The despatch of Lord Raglan, written a day after, affords a little more information. It informs the English war-minister, however, that the French batteries opened on the 19th, and had "continued ever since." If, by continuing, his lordship meant that they were not entirely blown away, he is correct; but if he meant to convey the idea that they continued to fire upon the enemy without interruption, the statement is at variance with the facts, as they were repeatedly silenced.

*Before Sebastopol, Oct. 23.*

MY LORD DUKE,—The operations of the siege have been carried on unremittingly since I addressed your grace on the 18th instant. On that afternoon, the French batteries not having been able to re-open, the enemy directed their guns almost exclusively on the British intrenchments, and maintained a very heavy fire upon them till the day closed, with less damage. I am happy to say, to the works, and with fewer casualties than might have been anticipated. On the following morning, shortly after daylight, General Canrobert not only resumed his fire from the batteries which had been injured, but materially added to the weight of his attack by the fire of batteries which he had caused to be constructed the previous day; and these have continued ever since; and he has had it in his power to push his approaches forward, and, like the English, materially to injure the defences of the place; but these are as yet far from being subdued, neither is a serious diminution of their fire perceptible. Our fire has also been constant and effective; but the enemy, having at their disposal large bodies of men, and the resources of the fleet and arsenal at their command, have been enabled by unceasing exertion to repair their redoubts to a certain extent, and to replace many of the guns that have been destroyed, in a very short space of time; and to resume their fire from works which we had succeeded in silencing. This facility of repairing and re-arming the defences naturally renders the progress of the assailants slower than could be wished; and I have it not in my power to inform your grace, with anything like certainty, when it may be expected that ulterior measures may be undertaken.

I have the honour to transmit to your grace the return of killed and wounded between the 18th and 20th instant inclusive. In my last I announced to your grace the death, which had just been reported to me, of the deeply-lamented officer the Hon. Colonel Hood, of the Grenadier Guards. No other military officer has since fallen; but Major Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar was slightly wounded on the 19th. His Serene Highness insisted, however, upon remaining in the trenches until the detachment to which he was attached was relieved at the usual hour, and he has now resumed his duty. Captain Lord Dunkellin, of the Coldstream Guards, was unfortunately taken prisoner yesterday morning before daylight, in front of the trenches.

The naval batteries have continued their exertions without intermission, and I regret I have to report the death of two gallant officers of the royal navy—the Hon. Lieutenant Ruthven, who has died of his wounds, and Lieutenant Greathed, of her majesty's ship *Britannia*. Both are universally regretted. The latter received a mortal wound while laying a gun, after having, to use the language of Brigadier-general Eyre, who was then in charge of the trenches, "performed his duty in the batteries in a manner that excited the admiration of all."

A considerable body of Russians appeared two days ago in the vicinity of Balaklava, but they have since withdrawn, and are no longer to be seen in our front. I have reason to believe that Prince Menschikoff is not in Sebastopol. He is stated to have placed himself with the main body of the army in the field, which is represented to be stationed in the plains south of Bagtché Serai. Admiral Korniloff, the chief of the staff, and temporarily in command of Sebastopol, is reported to have died of his wounds the day before yesterday.—I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

*His Grace, the Duke of Newcastle, &c.*

On the same day 10,000 Russians crossed the Tchernaya, and reconnoitred. On the 24th, 500 recovered invalids from Scutari were landed at Balaklava, but as they marched out to the camp many of them fell down on the way, unable to proceed. It was in mournful keeping with the treatment of our poor sick soldiers, to send them on to the severe climate of the Crimea, and the labour for which the strongest were scarcely equal. The English mortars had nearly ceased fire, the shells were useless; it was hoped that the worst had been consumed, but the last sent up were inferior to the former. The complaints of want of material were very general in the army at this time. Gun-carriages, wheels, timber, tools, ropes, horses, powder, balls, and shells, were

required in far larger quantities than they were supplied, while the enemy seemed strong in all these sinews of war. The arrival of commissariat officers, and officers of the Irish constabulary, was an encouraging omen that the government at home were beginning to think more of their army in the Crimea.

The Russians commenced firing on the morning of the 24th from a new battery. The number of their guns now amounted to 230, and fresh works were in progress. The French sappers and miners were indefatigable, but their artillery still failed to bring a sufficient number of heavy guns into play.

During the 24th, the enemy in the valley of the Tchernaya continued to reconnoitre the British right and rear, and they repeatedly approached the redoubts held by the Tunisians. It was obvious that they considered the weakness of these works, the distance from all support, the small number of troops under the command of Sir Colin Campbell, the scanty corps of observation under Bosquet, and the defenceless condition of Sir de Laey Evans' flank, as constituting a combined plan to tempt them forward. They were kept back by the conviction that such apparent weakness concealed some trap, into which the allies would, by the display of that weakness, allure them. On the next day, Liprandi, who commanded the Russian forces on the Tchernaya, received from his spies a full and clear account of the forces opposed to him, and made those attacks which issued in the battle of Balaklava.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start! The game's afoot,  
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge,  
Cry, 'Heaven for Harry, England, and St. George!'"—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V.*

THE night of the 24th of October was passed in the trenches as other nights during the bombardment had been; fewer shots were, however, fired by the enemy. The morning of the 25th dawned obscurely; the mists of the Crimean October hung over the heights, and rested upon the beleaguered city; and the bombardment was resumed as on other days, and, as usual, responded to by the garrison. The mists which hid from view the city and its defences extended over all the valley of the Tchernaya, from the head of the harbour of Sebastopol to the gorge of Balaklava, and far east across the plain, enveloping the heights opposite to those upon which the allies were encamped. Under cover of this veil the Russians, who had been lingering in the Tchernaya valley, were enabled to push their Cossacks forward to examine the

positions of the Earl of Lucan, Sir Colin Campbell, and General Bosquet.

Although this task was very imperfectly performed, from the dimness through which everything was seen—if seen at all—yet they were enabled to ascertain the "ostentatious weakness" of the positions, and to make such report to the Russian general as would decide him in the course he had already meditated. This was no less than a grand attack upon the allied flank and rear, so as, if possible, to capture Balaklava, destroy its stores and shipping—perhaps hold the place, and compel the allies, eventually, to lay down their arms, or embark under circumstances of despair and ruin. Reinforcements had been repeatedly received by the enemy in large numbers, as well as supplies of all kinds; while both men and muni-

tions arrived in dribblets to the allies, utterly disproportionate to their labours, the task assigned them, and the new dangers which had gradually gathered around. A powerful army corps, under the Russian general, Liprandi, who had distinguished himself in forcing the Danube, occupied the valley of the Tchernaya in positions which secured them against any sudden attack from the allies, had they been able to attempt the like, and which facilitated a surprise on their side against Balaklava. Favoured by the character of the morning, Liprandi put his corps in motion before dawn, and at daylight commenced the series of operations which are generally known under the title of the battle of Balaklava.

The first tidings received of the event in England were from Russia. The *Journal de St. Petersburg* contained the following, which is represented as announcing a glorious victory over the English :—

“His majesty the emperor has just received a report from Aide-de-camp General Prince Menschikoff, dated the 25th of October :—

“Our offensive operations against the besiegers began to-day, and were crowned with success. Lieutenant-general Liprandi had orders to attack, with the division under his charge, the private entrenched camp of the enemy, which defends the route from Sebastopol to Balaklava. This operation was executed by him this morning in a brilliant manner. Four redoubts, in which we captured eleven pieces of artillery, are now in our possession. The principal redoubt of the enemy, which was defended by the Turks, was carried by assault by the Azoff regiment of infantry, under the command of Major-general Sémiakine, commander of the brigade, and the commander of the regiment, Colonel de Krudener, who distinguished himself in this affair.

“The English cavalry also opposed our detachment. Under the command of Lord Cardigan, it charged with extraordinary impetuosity the brigade of Hussars of the 6th division of cavalry, but, taken in flank by four squadrons of the combined regiment of Lancers in reserve, and forced upon the cross-fire of shot of the artillery of the 12th and 16th divisions of infantry, and upon that of the men armed with carbines of the first brigade of the latter, it suffered considerable loss.

“The 1st brigade of the 16th division, under the command of Major-general Jabokritsky in person, was pushed forward in advance to prevent the enemy from turning the detachment of General Liprandi. At the same time that it attacked our Hussars, the English cavalry rushed at a gallop upon the battery of position, No. 3 of the Don, where some of the gunners were put to the sword.

“The loss of our infantry in this affair does not exceed, as it appears to me, 300 men both in killed and wounded. As to that of the cavalry and artillery, it is not yet known even by conjecture. Major-general Khaletsky, commander of a regiment of Hussars of his Imperial Highness Nicholas Maximilianovitch, was wounded by a sword on the ear and arm. It is difficult to calculate with certainty the loss of the enemy, but it was very heavy.”

The following pages will show how little truth this despatch contained. It describes General Liprandi as having under his command only a “division,” whereas a strong army corps was placed at his disposal, variously estimated at from 20,000 to 50,000 men, but most generally set down at 35,000. The estimate formed by Mr. Woods, who witnessed the battle, was 25,000 infantry, 4000 cavalry, and thirty or forty cannon. Distinguished officers of experience have assured the author that this estimate is probably correct. The despatch of Prince Menschikoff, or rather the account of it given in the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, is useful as putting us in possession of the names of the officers commanding the different detachments.

Liprandi's force advanced from Tchernogoum upon the Woronzoff Road. He halted at the mouth of the Baidar Valley, on the north of this road, and rested his right wing upon the hills near to Tchernogoum. From the main body four battalions of infantry were detached upon the left; these crossed to the south of the road, and advanced upon Kamara, a little village which was near the right front of the English position, and only 4000 yards beyond their lines. Before giving any further description of the Russian advance, it is necessary to describe with some minuteness the ground to the east of the plateau on which the allies formed their encampments, and to the north and east of Balaklava, the depot of the British munitions and resources.

The country presents the appearance of a great plain, partly divided into two valleys by a ridge of hills called the Fedukine heights; these valleys, meeting again beyond the range of heights, form one plain of several miles in extent from the plateau on which the allies stood, stretching away to a range of hills beyond. Through this plain the Tchernaya river finds its way to the harbour of Sebastopol. From the disembogement of the Tchernaya to the ruins of Inkerman is about a mile, and there the average width of the valley is only three-quarters of a mile, being narrowest opposite to the ruins; from Inkerman the hills separate more, until, at the Traktar Bridge, it has a width of four miles. A range of low hills traverses this plain, upon which redoubts were erected, each garrisoned by 250 Tun-

sians, auxiliaries of the sultan's army. This range was north of Balaklava.

The nearest of these elevations to the plateau was above the village of Kadikoi. The most eastern was called Canrobert's Hill; not for the absurd reason assigned by Mr. Woods—that General Canrobert declared it to be untenable, but because there Lord Raglan and the French general met when, after the celebrated flank march, the latter descended into the valley of the Tchernaya. The number of the hillocks occupied by the redoubts, and garrisoned by the Tunisians, was four. On the most remote of these (Canrobert's Hill), some good intrenchments were made, and earthworks thrown up; but the other three were surmounted by carelessly constructed redoubts, which it would be difficult to defend under any circumstances; and which, although the most exposed positions of the allies, were garrisoned by their worst troops—men who scarcely knew the use of arms, and were without any of the moral characteristics so necessary to form a good soldier. These redoubts were occupied for the purpose of commanding the Woronzoff Road, and of defending Balaklava from any sudden attack, such as Liprandi now attempted.

The first of these defensive works, called No. 1, was a mile and a half from Balaklava, and very nearly a mile from No. 2, which was higher up the Woronzoff Road. Nos. 2 and 3 redoubts were each a mile from their supports. No. 4 was close under the plateau where General Bosquet was posted with a *corps d'observation*, consisting of French and Turkish troops. General Bosquet's position also dominated the Woronzoff Road, and part of the plain of Balaklava; his lines could only be approached by a surprise. The works erected along that position (the eastern ridge of the plateau) were as strong as French military engineering could, under the circumstances, make them.

The Woronzoff Road lay from Baidar and Traktar Bridge, and crossed the plain of Balaklava on the low ridge of hills already described as dividing the plain into two parts. Winding up the heights in rear of the light and first divisions, it was continued through the camp into Sebastopol, entering by the cemetery, on the right of the Redan. There was another road, the situation of which must be kept in view in the various operations which were conducted in the valley of the Tchernaya from the 25th of October—the Simpheropol Road—which, winding down the northern heights of Inkerman, crossed the Inkerman vale, and the bridge there over the Tchernaya, came up the opposite Inkerman heights, and passed through the camps of the second, first, and light divisions, and joined the first-mentioned road near

the windmill, which served as an English powder-store.

If the reader will keep in view the general outline of the country as here presented, with its roads and leading military features, the series of actions comprised in the battle of Balaklava, and their general bearing upon the immediate and more remote results, will be more easily comprehended. Liprandi having advanced towards Kamara, formed line at right angles with the redoubts held by the African auxiliaries. It was half-past six o'clock before the Russians began their attack. When they came in sight of the Turkish redoubts they halted, and remained some time in observation, instead of dashing on at once to gain possession. In each of the Tunisian redoubts there was a British artilleryman to assist in directing the guns; upon the appearance of the Russians some of these men sent intelligence to Lord Lucan, who at once sent off an orderly to Sir Colin Campbell, by whom the dragoon was ordered forward to head-quarters with a despatch to Lord Raglan. His lordship on receiving the tidings, sent across the ravine to General Canrobert, requesting his assistance, and set about his own arrangements for meeting the impending danger. Lord Lucan, upon receiving the intelligence from the redoubts, ordered the bugles to sound to saddle; it was fortunate for the dispatch of this order that the men were at the moment leading their horses forth to water. In a very few minutes the heavy brigade was ready for action. This fine brigade consisted of five regiments, two of Dragoon Guards, namely, the 4th Royal Irish, and the 5th,\* commonly called the "Green Horse." The former, although nominally an Irish regiment, was nearly altogether composed of Englishmen; while the latter, nominally an English regiment, was composed principally of Irish. The other three regiments were the same that at Waterloo, under Sir William Ponsonby, was known by the designation of the "Union Brigade," because consisting of an English, a Scotch, and an Irish regiment. The 1st Royal Dragoons, the 2nd Royal North British Dragoons or Scots' Greys, and the 6th or Enniskillen Dragoons.† These five regiments had, when sent out, consisted of about 250 men each, but were now reduced in the aggregate to about 720. The 5th had suffered horribly in Bulgaria from cholera; the Enniskillens had lost men by fire on shipboard, and horses by other disasters at sea; and all the

\* In various accounts this regiment is called the 5th Dragoons, there is no 5th Dragoons, that regiment having been disbanded many years ago.

† The origin or meaning of this designation may be unknown to many of our readers. Enniskillen, or Inniskillen is the county town of Fermanagh, in the province of Ulster, in Ireland, where the regiment was raised.



regiments were reduced by cholera, diarrhoea, and dysentery, in the Crimea. The want of proper fittings in the transports had been the chief cause of the loss of the horses.

The light brigade had their horses saddled soon after, and stood like "greyhounds in the slip," ready for action. This brigade consisted also of five regiments, the 4th (Dragoons), the 8th (Royal Irish Hussars), the 11th (Prince Albert's Hussars), 13th (Dragoons), 17th (Lancers). It mustered about 680 men. The commander of the heavy brigade (as will be seen elsewhere) was Brigadier-general Scarlett. The light was commanded by Major-general the Earl of Cardigan.

While the cavalry brigades were getting ready for action, Sir Colin Campbell made the best preparations, circumstances and time allowed, for the more immediate defence of Balaklava. The 93rd (Highlanders) were posted to the right of the cavalry, in front of a steep conical hill; to the right of the Highlanders there were placed two regiments of Tunisians, and a few companies of newly-arrived Turkish conscripts. On the heights, a detachment of sailors and marines, with a few hundred invalids, were drawn up, and heavy ships' guns were placed in battery. While Sir Colin was effecting these arrangements, the Russians, who had unaccountably halted when they approached the Tunisian redoubt, which was nearest, again resumed their advance, and presented the heads of their columns south of the Woronzoff Road, below the hills near Kamara. To check their progress, two batteries of artillery, commanded by Captains Barker and Maude, were detached with the Scots Greys; and the light cavalry moved across the plain towards the redoubts 2, 3, and 4. Barker's field-battery opened fire upon the enemy, and was instantly joined by Maude's horse-artillery. The fire of these 6 and 9-pounders was very spirited, but the Russian guns were more numerous, and, as usual, of heavier metal than ours. Twelve-pounders, similar to those which, in the autumn of 1853, and the spring of 1854, were so effective in Asia Minor, were employed by the Russians on this occasion, with similar tokens of their usefulness. These guns were moved with as much celerity as our 6-pounders, and handled with as much ease. The Duke of Wellington relied greatly upon the facility with which the British 6-pounders could be used in action, and on more than one occasion considered the rapidity with which they could be employed as counterbalancing heavier weight. Waterloo seemed to afford some ground for such an opinion; but at Balaklava the Russians moved and worked their 12-pounders as rapidly and easily as the British managed their lighter guns: if the latter produced a greater proportionate effect, that was due to the skill

of the officers in command, and the precision of our gunners. Seldom have British guns been worked in the field with equal gallantry and address; and by their instrumentality the Russians were kept at bay so long, that the time thus lost seriously impaired the execution of their plans. The British artillery was at last obliged to withdraw from *want of ammunition*. Their loss was very severe, and especially in the case of Captain Maude, who was dangerously wounded by the bursting of a shell on his horse. This gallant officer had rendered the most valuable services to his country, and his misfortune excited the regret of the whole army. The Greys retired with the artillery, falling back upon the position where General Scarlett's brigade was drawn up. The Russian infantry then moved forward in five distinct columns, flanked by cavalry, who threw out clouds of skirmishers in advance. A powerful force of artillery moved on before these dark, dense columns of infantry.

As seen from the plateau on which the allies were posted, the progress of the Russian troops was extremely impressive, for by this time the mists had disappeared, as if swept away by the rising sun. The field of action seemed formed for a great military display. The opposite hills, composed of limestone rock, glistened in the morning light, and everywhere scarped and indented in forms the most grotesque, wild, and varied, contrasted powerfully with the dark-brown landscape below, covered with parched and often stunted herbage, or dark moss. The whole country seemed, with its wild sweep of plain, encircled by rude upland, rock, and mountain, as if intended for a theatre of war.

As the main body directed their course towards the Turkish redoubts, loose bodies of Russian horsemen scattered over the plain. Upon these a French mortar battery, situated on the edge of the plateau, and connected with the corps of observation commanded by General Bosquet, opened with effect, throwing shells into various groups, and dispersing men and horses with prompt and terrible destruction. The Russians made no attempt to return this fire, but kept steadily in view their object—to enter the gorge of Balaklava. To accomplish this, it was necessary to expel the Turco-Tunisians from the eminences on which they had been posted; and, therefore, advancing to the principal redoubt on Camrobert's Hill, their artillery opened fire. The redoubt mounted six iron guns, 12-pounders. The Tunisians, unaccustomed to war, perceiving before them a powerful army, no supports near them, and no Europeans, except a gunner, to assist or direct them in the works, lost all self-possession, and ran about the redoubt uttering cries of despair. They fired their guns in an aimless volley,

which did no mischief, and then fled like a disorderly rabble dispersed by mounted police.

The mode in which the Russians captured this redoubt was timorous, and utterly deficient in military spirit. Instead of boldly advancing, when it was obvious no resistance could be offered to them, they opened a cannonade at some distance with two troops of horse-artillery, and for little less than ten minutes sustained this useless fire. The cavalry were then thrown out in skirmishing order, and as cautiously as if an army corps had been drawn up behind the hill. The officer in command of the Tunisians soon thought it time to provide for his own safety, and, leaving his troops to take care of themselves, mounted his horse and galloped away. Many of the men seemed to think it their duty to follow their leader, and rushed out of the redoubt; the enemy's cavalry closing around them, shot some as they clambered over the earthwork, and sabred others on the plain. Some of the Cossacks scrambled into the redoubt, their wiry little horses literally climbing the frail ramparts; there the scene presented was truly pitiable; many of the Tunisians, too much frightened to escape, were slaughtered by the spears of the Cossacks; the cries and helplessness of the Africans brought no pity—it was a military *Sinope* on a small scale. The unfortunate wretches did not know how to ask for quarter, and the conquerors were alike without mercy or magnanimity. Far over the plain, even to Balaklava, might be heard the piercing cries of the Africans, as they fell by the weapons of their sanguinary victors, or fled in frantic despair towards the next redoubt garrisoned by their countrymen.

The Russian infantry took possession of the redoubt, and found the guns ready loaded. The British artilleryman who had been in redoubt No. 1, had not been able to spike any of the guns from the whirl of confusion in which he was involved by the terrified Tunisians; the Russian artillerymen, therefore, soon turned all the pieces against the second redoubt, and upon the advanced position occupied by the 93rd Highlanders. Sir Colin Campbell prudently withdrew the regiment, from a useless exposure, under the shelter of a gentle elevation in the plain. Ammunition had now arrived for the British artillery, and a field-battery was placed on the more exposed flank of the 93rd, and returned the enemy's cannonade.

Meanwhile the right wing of Liprandi's force advanced against No. 2 redoubt. No. 1, which had already been captured, was the strongest of the four; No. 2 was badly constructed, badly armed, and badly garrisoned. No defence was made, unless the firing of two guns at an elevation which rendered them

harmless, and a straggling volley of musketry by which no one could be hit, might be called so. The scenes which were presented in No. 1, were now to be witnessed in No. 2; the same helplessness, confusion, and flight; the officers creating much of the disorder, and setting the example of cowardice. In this case, however, they were sooner out of the work than their comrades at No. 1, for every man had cleared the defences before the Russians entered. The unfortunate fugitives did not gain much by their promptitude; for the Cossacks, anticipating it, met them with spear and pistol as they fled, strewing the plain with their dead. Most of the runaways cast their arms and accoutrements from them, and sped with great rapidity, some towards the third redoubt, and others towards the position of the Highlanders. The Cossacks were too fleet, and a great number fell beneath their lances: some, however, turned in their flight, and, with cries of mingled despair and rage, rushing ferociously upon their pursuers, in the suddenness of the unexpected attack, unhorsed or disabled them; those who had the courage, or fury as it seemed, to do so, generally escaped.

At this period, Lord Raglan arrived upon the scene of action, partly preceded and partly followed by the first and fourth divisions, the 1st French division, and a squadron of *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. The British commander-in-chief descended the ridge of the plateau where General Bosquet was posted, and then with his staff and a numerous body of officers, French and English, whose corps were not engaged, he ascended an elevation from which he could command a view of the whole theatre of conflict. At the moment of his arrival the Tunisians ran out of redoubt No. 3, which, although the nearest to the lines, they abandoned with most alacrity, not even firing a musket as they fled. The Cossacks, as in the other cases, speared and shot down many of the fugitives. Their early flight, however, enabled the majority to reach the Highlanders' position, where they drew up in an irregular way upon the right flank of their countrymen, already posted in line with the British regiment. The Russians immediately entered the redoubt, and secured the guns, which had been spiked by the British artilleryman. Their advance was then slackened; for redoubt No. 4, although not so near the lines as No. 3, opened a galling fire upon them. The fire of the British fieldpieces was delivered with a rapidity and precision which also kept at bay the advancing columns, and compelled the cavalry to gather up their skirmishers.

The general position of the British at this juncture was as follows:—The Highlanders now occupied the slope of the undulation

beneath which they had taken shelter from the superior artillery of the enemy. To their right lay the two Tunisian regiments; further to the right what was left of the fugitive Tunisians from the redoubts. On the extreme right, but some distance in front, Barker's field-battery was rendering excellent service by replying to the captured guns in redoubt No. 1, and checking the advance of the enemy's infantry from Kamara. To the left the cavalry divisions were in separate lines of brigade, the heavy considerably in advance of the light. In the rear, upon the heights commanding the entrance to the harbour, the marines, invalids, a few sailors, and the heavy ship-guns were posted.

There can be no doubt that the position of the English was critical; but we cannot concur with some writers, that had Liprandi boldly advanced, he might easily have captured and held Balaklava. Mr. Woods says—"Had Liprandi pushed forward his whole force, he must have forced the entrance of Balaklava; and once in, half an hour would have sufficed to destroy all our stores and shipping. But the Russian general appeared either to doubt the extent of his own success, or else to be feeling his way, ere he trusted his troops in a pitched battle with the soldiers who had forced the heights of Alma."

Upon these remarks it may be observed that, had Liprandi captured Balaklava, and occupied it, the allies would not have been compelled to raise the siege; they could still have used the neighbourhood of Cape Cherson, Kamiesch, and Arrow Bay, where their allies had their depots. It is true that Liprandi might have penetrated the gorge, but a couple of good war-steamers, and a resolute fire from the heights, would have caused him severe loss; while the movement of the two British divisions, and the French division already named, upon his flank and rear, with the cavalry, and these troops instantly reinforced, would have probably caused the Russian general the loss of his army. The opinion of Mr. Woods is well supported, however, by military authorities; but Liprandi himself seems to have regarded it in the light we put it—for the appearance of the British and French divisions descending from the plateau was sufficient to cause the astute commander to draw in his force, and content himself with the capture of the redoubts. With so large a force as that which he had at his disposal, it is impossible to conjecture what would have been the result had he adopted a bolder policy. It is certain that, although he would have suffered much from the British frigates at the head of the harbour, and from the small force on the heights, he could, with such a body of troops as appeared at his disposal, have taken possession of the high

ground above the harbour, and, in that case, everything in it would have been destroyed by his guns. Perhaps the true solution of Liprandi's conduct may be, that his forces were considerably less than observers from the plateau supposed. Large bodies of men in the distance are generally exaggerated by beholders; and if such was the case, as is probable in this instance, Liprandi, remembering how these divisions fought at Alma, would, as he saw them descending from the plateau, wisely hesitate before he risked his army in the encounter. The Russian officers all felt that the defeat at the Alma had greatly disheartened their troops, and it discouraged, on their part, all hazardous enterprise. The Russian accounts state Liprandi's army to have been under 20,000 men.

It appears, however, that Lord Raglan was filled with apprehension that the event supposed possible by Mr. Woods would actually take place, for his quartermaster-general, Airey, was instructed to order Captain Tatham of the *Sinoom*, who commanded the harbour, to act upon the probability of such a contingency. That officer gave his directions accordingly; all vessels were directed to leave the harbour, and the drums beat to quarters on board the *Wasp* and *Diamond* frigates. Men were sent on board these ships to work the guns, their own men being on duty in the trenches. The ships were soon in readiness, and took up a position to defend the head of the harbour until the transports had got out to sea. From a careful examination of all the evidence accessible in connexion with these transactions, it appears to us that the order of Lord Raglan was hastily given, and was another instance of "the timid counsels" which so frequently appeared to prevail at head-quarters. It must be allowed that at the moment when Lord Raglan sent the order, the Russians were making bold movements, and appeared as if resolved to carry out a great enterprise. They pushed forward a strong cavalry division, exceeding 3000 men, between the redoubts, but their infantry still remained behind the ridge on the Tchernaya side.

The Grand Duke Millinovitch, who commanded the cavalry, divided it into three bodies; one of these he held in reserve, the other two were thus handled:—One body, about 1200 strong, moved gradually down the ridge which had been occupied by the Russian cavalry division into the plain where the British heavy cavalry brigade was posted; the other, about half that number, directed its course towards the hillock, on the slope of which the 93rd Highlanders and the Turks were placed. Very different accounts are given of what then occurred, some of which are altogether incorrect. The generally received

version is, that the Russian cavalry made a dashing charge upon the Tunisians and Highlanders, which the latter, left alone by the defection of their allies, repelled by deadly volleys of musketry. The truth is, the Russian cavalry never charged; they would undoubtedly have done so, had there been, on the part of the gallant Highlanders, the least wavering. At first, there did not seem to be the slightest intention of charging on the part of the Russians, as their force was utterly disproportionate to the line of infantry drawn up by Sir Colin Campbell, which consisted of about 700 Highlanders, and more than twice that number of Tunisians. The Russians, accordingly, approached rather as cavalry in a reconnaissance, than as about to perform a charge. They cantered down the hill at some speed, until they came within 800 yards of the infantry, when the latter fired; but it is an "open question" whether the cavalry had not halted *before* the volley—at all events, they had halted when the smoke of the musketry drifted away. Scarcely had the Tunisians discharged their pieces, when they turned and fled *en masse*; their officers, as in the flight from the redoubts, setting the example of *sauve qui peut*. We are not disposed to be severe upon these undisciplined and inexperienced troops for their conduct in the redoubts; if the same number of British troops had been placed there, "the only difference would have been, that we had lost both men and redoubts." But in the instance under notice, the conduct of these Africans was execrable; they fled before a force so inferior, and instantly upon the delivery of their fire. The flight was that of perfect rabble, without an attempt to rally, and stopped only when they found a temptation to plunder in the light cavalry camp, which they completely stripped. They not only abandoned their fellow-soldiers, allies in their own cause, but they plundered those soldiers who for that cause were on the instant receiving wounds and death. Seldom, in the history of war, has cowardice and rascality been so combined. These men would have rivalled the worst Bashi-bazouks that ever murdered and plundered friends, and fled before enemies.

The Russians had not a man hit from the distant volley of Sir Colin Campbell's infantry; and it is inconceivable that the gallant chief should have ordered a volley at such a distance—if he supposed the enemy were on the charge, he would have reserved his fire for a surer range. The cavalry, observing the shameful flight of the Tunisians, took heart again, and moved to the right of the Highlanders, where their allies had forsaken them. They did not spur their horses to the charge, but moved slowly, and afterwards put their chargers on a trot. The Highlanders brought their Grenadier

company to protect the menaced flank; perceiving which, the cavalry halted with evident indecision. At this juncture, the Highlanders delivered another volley—the distance was about half that at which they fired before—but very little effect was produced by it. The Russian commander, perceiving the unshaken front of the gallant Gaels, turned his men back to the base of the hill on which No. 1 redoubt was situated. There was, strictly speaking, no cavalry charge upon the Highlanders at Balaklava. Two volleys, very harmless, were fired by them upon a small body of Russian cavalry while reconnoitring their position, no doubt with the hope of finding an opportunity for a charge. Mr. Russell's account of the numbers of the cavalry, the rapidity of their onset, and the destructive force of the volley which especially checked it, is erroneous; and had that able and eloquent writer personally revised his letters, he would have seen the necessity for correcting such statements. These remarks are no disparagement to the brave Scots, or to their heroic chief—both leader and men would have stood their ground against any number, however resolute their charge; but such enduring courage was not called for upon the occasion in question.

In every narrative of the battle of Balaklava which we have met with, Sir Colin is represented as receiving *in line* a charge of cavalry; and this unusual feat is set to his account as an achievement of the greatest glory. It is alleged that the noble-hearted veteran declared that "he scorned to form his men even *four deep*." Upon this Mr. Woods remarks—"Sir Colin is far too good and experienced a soldier ever to think of exposing 700 men in a line two deep, to receive the shock of a charge of cavalry 600 strong and four deep.\* Had the Russians shown any sign of closing with the regiment, it would have instantly formed square."

This piece of criticism has lately received extensive credence; but it is not founded upon correct views of military usage. Infantry will not receive cavalry in line upon the open plain; or, if retreating and harassed by cavalry under circumstances favourable to the action of the latter, they will form square to repel them; but infantry will always, when they can, take up a position affording them the opportunity of an extended line of fire when attacked by cavalry. Sir Colin did so in this instance. He placed his infantry along the slope of an eminence, up which the cavalry must have charged at a disadvantage, while exposed to the extended line of fire which the infantry, so posted, could direct upon them. It may have been judicious to form square even in the advantageous position chosen by Sir Colin, but that

\* Sir Colin estimated them at 400, which was beneath the reality.

entirely depended upon the number and quality of the cavalry. In this case they were slightly inferior to the Highlanders in number, and greatly inferior in courage and discipline; it was natural for the general to form the resolve of braving, with "the thin red line," the assault of such a force. This is not simply the view of the author of these pages, but that of some of the most experienced generals in the service; and who deem it very doubtful whether a man of Sir Colin Campbell's habits and character would utter the vaunting language which is attributed to him.

The following is Sir Colin's report to the Adjutant-general:—

*Camp Battery, No. 4, Balaklava, Oct. 27.*

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that on the morning of the 25th inst., about 7 o'clock, the Russian force which has been, as I already reported, for some time among the hills on our right front, debouched into the open ground in front of the redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3, which were occupied by Turkish infantry and artillery, and were armed with seven 12-pounders (iron). The enemy's force consisted of eighteen or nineteen battalions of infantry, from thirty to forty guns, and a large body of cavalry. The attack was made against No. 1 redoubt by a cloud of skirmishers, supported by eight battalions of infantry and sixteen guns. The Turkish troops in No. 1 persisted as long as they could, and then retired, and they suffered considerable loss in their retreat. This attack was followed by the successive abandonment of Nos. 2, 3, and 4 redoubts by the Turks, as well as of the other posts held by them in our front. The guns, however, in Nos. 2, 3, and 4, were spiked. The garrisons of these redoubts retired, and some of them formed on the right, and some on the left flank of the 93rd Highlanders, which was posted in front of No. 4 battery and the village of Kadikoi. When the enemy had taken possession of these redoubts, their artillery advanced with a large mass of cavalry, and their guns ranged to the 93rd Highlanders, which, with 100 invalids under Lieutenant-colonel Daveney in support, occupied very insufficiently, from the smallness of their numbers, the slightly rising ground in front of No. 4 battery. As I found that round-shot and shell began to cause some casualties among the 93rd Highlanders and the Turkish battalions on their right and left flank, I made them retire a few paces behind the crest of the hill. During this period our batteries on the hills, manned by the Royal Marine Artillery and the Royal Marines, made most excellent practice on the enemy's cavalry, which came over the hill ground in front. One body of them, amounting to about 400 men, turned to their left, separating themselves from those who attacked Lord Lucan's division, and charged the 93rd Highlanders, who immediately advanced to the crest of the hill and opened their fire, which forced the Russian cavalry to give way and turn to their left—after which they made an attempt to turn the right flank of the 93rd, having observed the flight of the Turks who were placed there, upon which the Grenadiers of the 93rd, under Captain Ross, were wheeled up to their right and fired on the enemy, which manœuvre completely discomfited them.

During the rest of the day the troops under my command received no further molestation from the Russians. I beg to call Lord Raglan's attention to the gallantry and eagerness of the 93rd Highlanders under Lieutenant-colonel Ainslie, of which probably his lordship was an eye-witness; as well as the admirable conduct of Captain Barker and the officers of the field-battery under his orders, who made most excellent practice against the Russian cavalry and artillery while within range.

I have, &c.,

COLIN CAMPBELL, Major-general.

Brigadier-general Estcourt, Adjutant-general.

In the despatch of Sir Colin Campbell, the word "charge" is applied to the advance of the enemy's cavalry towards the position of the Highlanders. The gallant general must have used the expression in a popular, and not in a military sense, for there was really no charge. Mr. Woods justly observes, "Every officer who was present at the battle of Balaklava knows perfectly well that, apparently, the enemy's cavalry had no more intention of charging the Highlanders than they had of charging the marines on the heights."

As the Cossacks fell back from before the infantry under the command of Sir Colin Campbell, the other body of Russian horse, consisting of two regiments of Hussars, made their way in the direction of the heavy cavalry camp. They descended the ridge in two lines, each line four deep; their march was as deliberate as if on a review. The sight was imposing; their light blue uniforms and graceful steeds (for they were excellently mounted) showed to great advantage, and their weapons and accoutrements glistened in the morning sun. As they approached near to the plain where the British heavy cavalry were preparing for an attack, they closed up, and advanced steadily in one compact body; the sun at this moment shone out more clear and brilliant than before upon the gay Hussar uniforms, and the swords of the proud horsemen, flashing in its light, appeared at a distance like swords of flame. Already two hours and a half had been consumed by the enemy in capturing the redoubts, cannonading the artillery, and reconnoitring the infantry. It was about nine o'clock when the Hussars wheeled round the high ground which kept them out of view of the British horse, and met them in the shock of one of the grandest cavalry charges on record. When the Russian troopers came down the hill, General Scarlett's brigade was still among the tents of their camp, in a position of great disadvantage: not only was time lost in extricating themselves from the tents, but some confusion was created by the cordage and other camp impediments. There was not room for the advanced line to make good their charge when the enemy came suddenly upon them. It is difficult to say upon whom the blame of this state of things should rest. The heavy cavalry were immediately under the command of Brigadier-general Scarlett, but the cavalry head-quarters was in their camp, and therefore it is alleged Lord Lucan should have personally seen to everything, and assured himself of the proximity of the enemy's Cossacks and Hussars. No such precautions, however, were taken as were necessary to enable the brigade to take any advantage of position, or even to charge on equal terms. Brigadier Scarlett is near-

sighted, and although a good regimental officer and a gallant man, was not experienced in a large command. Lord Lucan understood the cavalry service of Russia, and ought to have known the troops with whom he had to deal, and have had opportune cognisance of the proximity of the enemy to his own head-quarters. The British were formed into two lines, the first of which consisted of the Scots Greys and Enniskillen Dragoons; the second consisted of the 1st Royal Dragoons, and the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards. The 5th Dragoon Guards, General Scarlett's own regiment, constituted the reserve.

Spectators of the scene have described the moment of onset as exceedingly exciting. Just as the opposing lines came clearly into view, the Russian tramp ceased with a sudden rattle of accoutrements; and then, advancing their squadrons on the extreme right and left of their line, it assumed the form of a semi-circle, and again moved on, in double line, as before. All was stillness over the whole plain, where so recently the cannon boomed, and the sharp rattle of musketry startled the ear of the listener with the angry sound so peculiar to it. The neigh of the Russian horse could be heard on the height where Lord Raglan took post to observe the battle, and the noise of their arms, scabbards, and accoutrements, came thither in a continued jingle—so still were the groups of officers by whom the allied chiefs were surrounded. The British, during this brief time, seemed as if men and horses were statues. At a distance they appeared perfectly motionless. On came the Russians, their speed increasing. The British officers might now be seen moving along their lines, and as they passed, a slight motion showed that the men were closing up.

The excitement amongst the staff of the two generals-in-chief, the numerous groups of officers, English and French, amateurs, and men of letters, who crowded the height in front of the plateau, was so intense, that it seemed as if every man held his breath in suspense and awe. At last, the note of a cavalry trumpet rose clear and shrill over the valley—it was the *British bugle sounding the charge!* From line to line, from squadron to squadron, it was caught up—the hills repeating in wild echoes the martial summons. It was promptly answered by the living hearts to which it was addressed—the first line dashed onward to the charge, clearing the picket ropes and tent equipage as they could, their scarlet uniform and brazen helmets contrasting to the light-blue jackets, and the dark Busby's of the Hussars. There appeared an eagerness in our men to reach the enemy, as, with their raised sabres, they leaned forward in their saddles, and the line swept onward with a rushing sound like a torrent,

and like it gleaming in the sunshine. It is no exaggeration to say that the earth trembled beneath their horses' hoofs. The enemy had the advantage of the ground, and were more than thrice the number of the British—they swept down upon them like an avalanche. At last, the moment came when the opposing lines smote each other with sudden shock—a muffled and heavy sound, such as a large and ponderous body makes when falling upon grass or soft earth, was heard in the distance; the flashing of sabres could be seen, and then men and horses, whether friends or foes, none could say, rolling upon the field.

After the shock of the charge there was a slight recoil. It was momentary—the opposing lines instantly mingle—cheers and cries ring out from the heaving and contorted mass; the red jackets seem as nothing, in point of number, to the dark uniforms, in the midst of which they appear to struggle with vehement strength and resolution. After the lapse of a minute the red coats are through, and dashing onward, broken but impetuous, against the second line of the enemy. To the distant beholders this also was an exciting moment. As Scot and Irish burst through the first line, a cheer rang from the heights, which the brave fellows must have heard, for it seemed to inspire them with renewed determination to conquer; but when the beholders observed the thin and broken line dashing on against the second plateau of the foe, the deepest concern for their safety filled every mind. The second line of the enemy is speedily reached, and as speedily penetrated; but the overwhelming numbers of the foe seem to prevail. The red coats are surrounded and hidden; and the feeling, "they are lost," pervades the heart of every beholder of their desperate situation. But the suspense is short—for, as if a shell had burst among the Hussars, they are dispersed, and the little band of Enniskillens and Scots emerge. Both lines of the Russians now outflank them, and they are again enclosed in a dark circle, from which no valour can extricate them. At this moment the second line of the British is precipitated upon the enemy. The moment chosen is opportune, as the juncture was critical. The 1st Royal Dragoons and the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards penetrate like a sharp wedge into the Russian flank, supported by the 5th Dragoon Guards. The 4th Royal Irish are represented by some of the spectators as piercing the dense mass of Russians like a sharp instrument suddenly plunged into a soft body. The effect was instant, decisive, and terrible—the Russians were broken and discomfited. They did not attempt to rally; the dispersion was complete. The 5th Dragoon Guards, the regiment held in reserve, pursued them, dealing death by their sabres among the

fugitives. That was the moment for a light cavalry charge upon their flank. Had such been executed, the whole Russian brigade would have been destroyed.

The Russians re-ascended the ridge in great disorder, and fled in a tumultuous mass across the high road. Our Dragoon Guards followed, until the Russian cavalry drew up under protection of their artillery, which, playing upon the British, compelled them to retire from the heights, and the vicinity of the high road, to the shelter of a friendly declivity. Had the English light cavalry attacked the flank of the dispersed Russians, the latter would never have been able to obtain the shelter of their own cannon. Why this was not accomplished, is one of the mysteries of the campaign which the authorities and public at home have been ever since unriddling without success. Several of Lord Cardigan's officers urged upon his lordship the propriety of making such a charge, which he peremptorily refused, alleging as his reason what, if his impressions were correct, must have been satisfactory—that his lordship was bound to remain in his position until he received fresh orders.

The following is represented to have been the conversation which occurred between Lord Cardigan and one of his officers upon the dispersion of the Russian Dragoons:—

*Captain Morris.*—"My lord, are you not going to charge the flying enemy?"

*Lord Cardigan.*—"No; we have orders to remain here."

*Captain Morris.*—"But, my lord, it is our positive duty to follow up this advantage."

*Lord Cardigan.*—"We must remain here."

*Captain Morris.*—"Do, my lord, allow me to charge them with the Lancers. See, my lord, they are in disorder!"

*Lord Cardigan.*—"We must not stir from here."

*Captain Morris (to several officers).*—"Gentlemen, you are witnesses of my request!"

A happy disregard of orders has sometimes saved an army; and during this battle of Balaklava, Sir Colin Campbell and one of his officers rendered great service to the country by disobeying the orders of Lord Raglan himself. But the officer who so acts undertakes a most serious responsibility, and, in case of failure, he is sure to receive censure, perhaps dishonour. In this instance, the officer immediately above the Earl of Lucan in authority was the Earl of Lucan; and when it is recollected that between the noble brothers-in-law there exists a rancorous family and personal feud, Lord Cardigan may well be excused from incurring the risk of his lieutenant-general placing upon his conduct an unfavourable construction. Lord Cardigan had received precise orders to remain where he was, and watch a certain line

of ground over which the Russians might have attacked. If Lord Lucan deemed it necessary for his major general to deviate from these orders, he might have sent an aide-de-camp with new and special instructions adapted to the case. This might have been done, in the foresight which a lieutenant-general is expected to exercise, before the heavy cavalry charged. Lord Lucan pleads that the general character of Lord Cardigan's instructions was sufficient to have secured his co-operation in the emergency. It is upon that point that the whole question turns as to the culpability of Lord Cardigan neglecting to charge, and that of Lord Lucan in omitting to give his brigadier more positive directions.

The general of division accuses his junior of neglecting to exercise a sound discretion, and requisite military promptitude. In the *Times* newspaper of the 7th of April, 1855, the following letter from Lord Cardigan appeared:—

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"SIR,—A pamphlet having recently been published containing the speech of the Earl of Lucan, and an appendix having been added to it, in which reflections have been cast upon my conduct in the following terms, viz:—

"So disappointed was Lord Lucan at not having the support of the light cavalry brigade, that he sent by the first staff officer that became disposable, to desire that Lord Cardigan would always remember that when he (Lord Lucan) was attacking in front, it was his (Lord Cardigan's) duty to support him by a flank attack, and that Lord Cardigan might always depend upon receiving from him similar support."

"I beg to state in the most positive terms that no such message was ever delivered to me on the occasion referred to, nor one word said on the subject when I met the lieutenant-general commanding the division immediately afterwards, or at any subsequent time. Further, I have to add that just before the period alluded to, when the Russian cavalry attacked the heavy brigade, I had been personally placed by the lieutenant-general in a particular position, at some distance off, with positive orders to remain there, and to watch a certain line of ground over which the Russians might have attacked (and they had plenty of additional troops for the purpose); and in the event of such being the case, I had permission from the lieutenant-general to attack anything that might approach except close columns of infantry. The heavy brigade had at this time two fresh regiments to pursue the Russians if necessary.

"With regard to the second note, viz.:—

"The communication received by Lord

Lucan from Captain Maxse, A.D.C., was, that Lord Cardigan objected to his brigade being placed where it was, as there were batteries of the enemy on the left, which would open upon it. Lord Lucan, who was at this time riding up to the right flank of the light cavalry brigade, replied, "Tell Lord Cardigan that he is placed there by Lord Raglan's orders, but that I will take care of him." To show that Lord Cardigan had not mistaken his position, although no batteries did open then, the light cavalry brigade had not advanced more than 100 yards when they were fired upon, and Captain Nolan, who had placed himself in front of a squadron of the 13th Light Dragoons, was killed.

"I beg to state that the whole of this statement is incorrect. I have only to repeat what I have stated in my place in Parliament, that the only message I ever sent was, that the hills on each flank were covered with Russian riflemen and artillery leading to the Russian force stationed in the valley below, and the answer was, 'We were about to attack immediately.' A map has been appended to this pamphlet, containing a most unfair and untrue representation of the formation of the troops opposed to each other on that occasion. The enemy's battery is placed at the bottom of the valley in an oblique position, whereas it is notorious that the front of the battery was quite parallel to the front of the brigade attacking, the only point to lead upon being the centre guns of the battery. The map alluded to would induce it to be supposed that the brigade attacked without an enemy in front, and only received an oblique fire from the battery, as it is placed in the map. In addition to this large battery of about from twelve to twenty guns, which was square to our front, there were Russian batteries and riflemen on each flank. The attack having been ordered and executed by the light cavalry brigade—and in which attack no one man surpassed another in gallantry—I cannot permit the peril of that undertaking to be detracted from by any misrepresentation.

"I am, Sir,  
 "Your most obedient servant,  
 "CARDIGAN."

36, Portman Square, April 6th.

Lord Lucan thus replies:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"SIR,—In the *Times* of the 7th instant there appears a letter from Lord Cardigan, in which his lordship, after many days' deliberation, denies—and, as he says, in the most positive terms—having received the message I stated I had sent to him, conveying, perhaps, too mild a reproach for not having made use of his light cavalry in a flank attack, and a pursuit

of the enemy when they had been repulsed and routed by the heavy brigade, at the battle of Balaklava, on the 25th of October last. It is, sir, not the less true that it was sent to him through my aide-de-camp, Lord Bingham, who, I have every reason to believe, delivered it. I quite admit that I did not speak to his lordship on the subject—never having on any one occasion, to my recollection, allowed myself, directly or personally, to remark upon any act of Lord Cardigan's; so to avoid, as I succeeded in doing during the time that he was under my command, all altercation with his lordship—the prudence of which the major-general's letters to his divisional commander would, I think, establish.

"It is an error to suppose that two regiments of the heavy brigade were unengaged; there was but one, and this, from its position, could not be brought up in time. Lord Cardigan denies—perhaps, not so positively—having sent a message by Captain Maxse, objecting to the position of his brigade, in consequence of the enemy's batteries on his left. It is, again, not the less true that a message to this effect was delivered to me; my recollection is quite clear, and I cannot doubt it can be easily proved. I regret that the plan attached to the pamphlet should not please Lord Cardigan; it was done from memory, to meet different points in Lord Raglan's letter, and does not pretend to give every gun and man of the enemy, or to do more than show their positions. I believe it to be generally correct—certainly not less so than the description given in his lordship's present letter, and in the speeches in which his lordship has, at such length and on different occasions, brought his services before the public.

"I am, Sir,  
 "Your very obedient servant,  
 Castlebar, April 9. "LUCAN."

On the retreat of the Hussars before the heavy brigade, or rather before the 5th Dragoon Guards, the only portion of the brigade which had not been in action, and was therefore fresh enough to pursue, General Liprandi placed himself upon the defensive. He had already received three important checks:—the first from the field-batteries which were on the right front of Sir Colin Campbell's infantry, by the fire of which the advance of the Russian infantry in that direction was prevented; the second was given to the Cossacks who reconnoitred the Highlanders, and who, intimidated by their bold front, retired without attempting a charge; the third check was that by Scarlett's brigade—and this was so thoroughly felt by the divisions in that direction of the field, that Liprandi expected a general attack. It is, indeed, surprising that the two divisions of infantry—those of the Duke of Cambridge and



Sir George Cathcart, together with the French division which had descended the plateau, and the whole force of the cavalry and artillery, did not advance, re-capture the redoubts, and chastise the enemy. A general officer of great distinction, well acquainted with the whole field of action, and the character of the troops on both sides, has repeatedly assured the author that such a course would have deprived the enemy of a victory which he undoubtedly obtained, averted the injurious moral effect of leaving any of the redoubts in his hands, and of allowing him to carry off the guns. If the position were too extended to maintain, as Lord Raglan asserted in a subsequent dispatch, it should have been abandoned, not as the result of a success by the enemy, but because of the deliberate judgment of the allied chiefs, after that enemy had been repulsed from the ground he had conquered. If, at the juncture when the Russian Hussars fled to their guns from the pursuing British Dragoons, a general advance had been ordered upon a consistent and well-conceived plan, our light cavalry would not have been sacrificed, nor would the shame of a defeat have sullied our arms. No advance of cavalry, light or heavy—no exertions of Lord Lucan, could have prevented the enemy from carrying off the captured guns. A general advance of the whole of the French and British then on the plain, would alone have sufficed to retake the guns and the redoubts. It has been alleged that it did not suit Lord Raglan's purpose to bring on a general action—why not, if by it defeat could be averted and victory secured? It is argued that our army was weak, and a general action would have reduced it; but it would have reduced the enemy in still greater proportion. As it was, our sacrifice was as heavy as in all probability it would have been had a general advance secured redoubts, guns, and honour, and at the same time chastised the foe. The whole battle was one of blunders; and it is unjust and unbecoming to shift the blame upon particular officers, as it is the fashion to do, when it is so obvious that the planless and incapable direction of affairs from head-quarters was the sole cause of disaster and defeat.

Scarlett's heavy cavalry had scarcely reformed and retired, when the Russian infantry drew back into the plain of the Tchernaya, abandoning redoubt No. 3, but retaining Nos. 1 and 2 in great force. Each side seemed now uncertain what to do; and, as if to keep themselves occupied, they engaged in a distant cannonade. After some time spent in this desultory fire, the Russians made an advance from Kamara upon the English right. A general officer, who served during a portion of the Crimean campaigns, told the author of these pages that he had, on entering Balaklava from

the celebrated flank march, formed apprehensions as to the facility with which the Russians could offer mischief from this quarter. By a vertical fire they could have thrown shells from 13-inch mortars over the hill, causing certain injury, perhaps much destruction. Fortunately they never thought of this, or, at all events, never put it into practice. On this occasion their advance upon the British right was repulsed by the precision and activity with which the field-battery, posted near the 93rd regiment, was worked. The same zeal and skill which made this battery so effective in the early part of the day, in resisting a similar advance, was put forth by officers and men; but while most carefully discharging this duty, and when grave results depended upon its prompt and sustained performance, an order arrived from the quartermaster-general to retire with the guns, and place them on the heights to the extreme left. Had they been all suddenly deprived of reason at head-quarters, such a command might be accounted for, but on no other supposition. The officers in command were astounded. The enemy was steadily and gradually gaining ground, but the fire of these guns at once thwarted his design, and punished his hardihood. Had they been withdrawn, the flank of the Highlanders would have been uncovered, and assailed by the artillery of the enemy. The British artillery officers hesitated to obey so absurd an order, in the presence of so great a danger; but as the command to retire and take up entirely new ground was precise and clear, they were about to yield compliance, when Sir Colin Campbell, observing their movement, and wondering what could be its import, rode up and inquired. The officer in command boldly offered to obey the orders of Sir Colin, and to disregard that from head-quarters, if the general would venture to countermand the directions which obliged him to go to the rear. Sir Colin instantly assumed the responsibility, and the ridiculous order of the quartermaster-general remained unheeded for the remainder of the action, while the guns continued to render the most important aid to the safety of the position. Dreadful as were the consequences of the foolish order given soon after to Lucan, this order, had it been obeyed, would have involved consequences still more disastrous. Instead of repeating the order for retiring the guns, to take ground where they could be of no use, the Duke of Cambridge was directed to place the remainder of his division, under the command of the governor of Balaklava, near the spot where the guns were so important, thus securing the entrance to Balaklava from any attack by way of Kamara. The fourth division, under Sir George Cathcart's command, advanced to the slope over the Woronzoff Road; this was supported by the

first French division, under General Canrobert in person.

An officer who served in the fourth British division thus describes the general position immediately before the light cavalry charge, which will be presently related:—"Lord Raglan, who was on the hill above, and saw the whole gallant affair (of the heavy cavalry), dispatched an aide-de-camp immediately to Brigadier-general Scarlett to say, 'Well done!' who replied, with a countenance beaming with delight, 'I beg to thank his lordship.' The greatest enthusiasm now prevailed, and hearts and hands proclaimed their delight, and many a cheer rent the air. The loss of our heavy cavalry was but trifling, but they did not pursue their flying enemy very far. Lieutenant-colonel Griffiths, Major Clarke, and Cornet Pendergast, were wounded, but there were not more than half-a-dozen men killed. At half-past ten, A.M., the fourth division took up their position in the centre of the plain, in front of Balaklava, and the light companies in front on the left flank, with the heavy cavalry in reserve. The guns were on the right, and the 3rd Dragoons and Enniskillens on the right of the brigade, and the Greys and 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards on the left. A body of French cavalry, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, also came down to the valley, taking up their position some distance to our left." In describing the 3rd Dragoons as having a part in these arrangements, the gallant officer makes a mistake, or his publisher a misprint. The 3rd Dragoons is a light cavalry regiment, and was not in the Crimea; the 3rd Dragoon Guards is a heavy cavalry regiment, but neither was it serving in the Crimea. The 1st Dragoons was probably meant.

Before the above arrangement was completed, Lord Raglan sent the first of his two celebrated orders to Lord Lucan, which the former noble lord represented thus:—"The cavalry to advance, and take any opportunity to recover the heights; they will be supported by infantry, which has been ordered to advance on two fronts." Lord Raglan afterwards complained that no attempt was made to execute this command. Lord Lucan declares that the order presented to him was not what the commander-in-chief alleged, and no doubt intended, but ran thus:—"The cavalry to advance, and take any opportunity to recover the heights; they will be supported by infantry, which has been ordered. To advance on two fronts." Lord Lucan considered the order he actually received as impracticable, and scarcely intelligible. No advance of infantry, however, was made of the nature indicated; and had Lord Lucan attempted to recover "the heights" with his cavalry, the entire destruction of that force must have been the result. The

order was in keeping with the directions given to the harbour-master at Balaklava, to "get steam up—the Russians will be down upon us in half an hour." And with the order so bravely set at naught by Sir Colin Campbell, for the removal of Captain Barker's field-battery. The execution of such an order as that given to Lord Lucan, if its meaning be that the positions captured by the enemy should be stormed, could only have been accomplished by a movement of the whole of the allied army which had descended from the plateau—by the whole allied force, in fact, then occupying the plain. Had Lord Raglan pressed on a general action, which he admitted he desired to decline, then only would there have been any hope of dispossessing the Russians of the redoubts, and of the positions they had taken up.

Liprandi, also, had now made new dispositions. He retired with his forces towards the Baidar Valley, into a narrow gorge, with a steep acclivity on either side. On his left were the hills upon which stood the redoubts which he had taken in the morning—Nos. 1 and 2; and on the slope beneath them there were planted six pieces of cannon. On the opposite side, to his right, six more guns were planted on a slope somewhat corresponding. Their guns crossed fire, so as "to rake" an attacking body of troops. Across the front of the gorge twelve pieces were posted, which could sweep the whole valley; behind these the main force of Liprandi rested. With the guns on his right, two regiments of cavalry were placed at right angles with his front; on the left, also at right angles with his front, a body of rifles, equal in number to two ordinary battalions of British infantry, were dispersed. Immediately behind the guns which fronted the gorge the remainder of his cavalry were in line, and the infantry behind all. This was the exact position of Liprandi's army, the numerical force of which, and the number of guns posted in front and flanks, have been greatly exaggerated.

The British commander-in-chief supposed that the Russians *were about to abandon this strong position*, because there appeared some movements in the redoubts indicating that they were taking the captured guns out of them. His lordship instantly ordered, through his quartermaster-general, that Lord Lucan should advance, and prevent the accomplishment of the enemy's object. All the force at Lord Lucan's disposal could not have had the smallest effect in hindering the enemy from removing these guns; nor is there any conceivable light in which the order given to him can be regarded which makes it practicable. It was as follows:—

"Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, to follow the enemy, and

try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop of horse-artillery may accompany; French cavalry is on your right.—*Immediate.*

“RICHARD AIREY.”

After the above description of the position occupied by Liprandi, it reads very like mockery to send some 1500 cavalry, half of which had been desperately engaged with the enemy already, against a fortified position—for such it actually was—to prevent the enemy from removing guns planted on eminences which were occupied by powerful detachments, and supported by a whole army! The assistance of a troop of horse-artillery against such a force of guns is sufficient to excite a smile, if the results were not so awful. The information that French cavalry was on his left was little less amusing, as the force of Chasseurs d'Afrique did not reach 300 men, and he knew not what orders they had received. Lord Lucan obeyed this command, and incurred the great disaster of the day. The commander-in-chief subsequently charged him with a misconception of the directions which he received, because he was desired to advance and try to prevent the enemy from carrying away the guns, *not to attack at all hazards.* When Lord Lucan received this order, he could not conceive to what guns the commander-in-chief referred, whether to the captured guns in the redoubts, or the enemy's own guns in position. The order gave him no information, nor did the bearer of the order throw any certain light upon the subject. Lord Lucan had no evidence of the intended retreat of the Russians; there was no notion of a retreat anywhere, but in the mind of Lord Raglan and his incompetent staff. It was impossible for Lord Lucan to carry out this command without precipitating his men upon destruction. Let the reader take the order item by item. It directed a *rapid advance*—whither? Not upon a retiring enemy, as the bewildered framers of the order intended, but upon an army in a very strong position. The cavalry could not advance at all without moving under the heavy fire of a powerful artillery. Well might Lord Lucan inquire, as he is said to have done, “Where are we to advance to?” “What guns?” The order was for a *rapid advance*; this, in the face of an enemy holding fast his position, could only mean a charge; there was no other construction to be placed upon it, why else gallop under the fire of such a range of cannon? “Follow the enemy,” says the written despatch; where to, if not into the mouth of the gorge whither they had retired, and taken up their position? There they were followed; there was no other place into which to “follow” them.

The commander-in-chief not only repre-

hended the lieutenant-general for commanding a charge, but also for not supporting that charge when he did command it to be made. What support could he render to it? He moved his heavy cavalry as near as the destructive fire of the enemy's artillery at all permitted; he could give no other support to the light brigade, which executed the charge, except by following it to destruction with his heavy cavalry. No combination of force at the disposal of the cavalry commander could have done anything more than add to the useless slaughter to which Lord Raglan's order consigned so many. “The troop of horse-artillery was neglected,” according to the commander-in-chief's statements inculpating his lieutenant. To move a box of toys into the arena would be nearly as rational as to order thither a troop of horse-artillery under such circumstances. Lord Lucan had no excuse for disobedience. He certainly did not comprehend the incomprehensible—he did not fathom head-quarters intellect in giving him such directions; but the order was precise, and the aide-de-camp who brought it understood it to be a direction to charge. No sane man could suppose it to be anything else—nor could any sane man suppose it to be that, if he did not consider it as only a single feature of some more general combination. The paper bore the endorsement “*immediate*,” the aide-de-camp rebuked the hesitation of the general; there was nothing left for him but to obey. Never was an officer more unjustly blamed than Lord Lucan in this transaction. He was ordered to act in a manner only applicable in the presence of a retiring enemy; he was ordered to do so immediately; the enemy had not contemplated a retreat, and showed no symptoms of such an intention. If Lord Lucan erred, it was in not precipitating his whole division and himself into the gulf of destruction before him.

This enigmatical order was carried by Captain Nolan, who was virtually Lord Raglan's, although nominally General Airey's, aide-de-camp. He received personal instructions to give it to Lord Lucan instantly. When Captain Nolan delivered the written order, the whole of the Russian force, except a few straggling Cossacks, was out of sight, under the ridge of the hills at the other side of the Woronzoff Road. As Lord Lucan read the paper handed to him by the aide-de-camp, he was, as well he might be, profoundly astonished, and, after at first hesitating, remonstrated, urging the uselessness of such an attack, and the destruction to his men which it would probably entail. Captain Nolan had not seen the position; he had galloped across the field at full speed with the order, supposing that Lord Raglan was cognisant of the duty to be performed, and had fully appreciated its dangers and its importance. He,

therefore, listened with a haughty coldness to Lord Lucan's remonstrances; he was, in fact, prejudiced against the whole cavalry command, believing conscientiously that the lieutenant-general was not fit for the responsibility with which he was entrusted. At head-quarters the feeling against Lord Lucan was strong, and on this account also Captain Nolan's mind was biased. Had it not been so, he would have listened to the well-grounded objections of the lieutenant-general, have himself seen their force, and have carried to the general-in-chief the expression of Lord Lucan's opinion. The urgency of the order no doubt stimulated the gallant captain to receive with impatience any symptoms of hesitation. Besides all this, his own opinions as to the capabilities of cavalry, especially the British cavalry, were enthusiastic even to fanaticism; so that he could scarcely tolerate any doubt on the part of a cavalry commander as to whether his men could not ride down infantry, artillery, and whatever else might obstruct their charge. The conduct of Captain Nolan on this occasion has been the subject of very extensive discussion, but the real state of his feelings is that which is above disclosed. A truer soldier, a better horseman, or a more accomplished swordsman seldom trod the field of battle; but he was a man of a warm and enthusiastic temperament, and of dauntless courage, so that he could but ill brook any appearance of timidity. While the aide-de-camp chafed under the general's remonstrances, the latter said, with a doubtful and puzzled expression of countenance, something about mistaken orders, which Nolan did not distinctly hear, who instantly retorted—"They are *Lord Raglan's orders*; the cavalry must attack immediately." This was undoubtedly the intention at head-quarters, however it may have been afterwards disguised; and Captain Nolan only expressed what he knew to be the meaning, at all events, of the quartermaster-general. To the stern tone of the aide-de-camp, as well as his words, Lord Lucan replied in a querulous and deprecatory voice, "Where are we to go? What guns are we to take?" Captain Nolan, turning his horse's head, with an indignant gesture pointed over the ridge towards the valley, and said, in a manner full of contemptuous meaning, "There, my lord, is your enemy, and there are *our* guns." Lord Lucan made no reply, but was goaded by the manner of Captain Nolan, all the more in consequence of that officer's great reputation. The noble earl summoned his major-general instantly to the spot, and told him the order that he had received. Lord Cardigan remonstrated in very energetic terms, but Lord Lucan replied that he concurred in the objections, but must obey orders.

Lord Cardigan, having definitively received

his instructions, boldly set about their execution. The light cavalry advanced to the front of the ridge, in two lines of four squadrons each. The first line was formed by the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers; the second by the 4th Light Dragoons and the 11th Hussars; the 8th Hussars formed the support. They then moved slowly over the Woronzoff Road, when the trumpets sounded, and the pace was quickened to a trot. The scene was a sublime one. Never in the history of war was so small a host marshalled against an enemy so numerous, and that enemy placed in such a position of strength. The achievement of Xenophon before the hosts of the Persians did not appear so desperate, nor was it so glorious. Yet at that moment the little brigade (if in any sense its numbers entitle it to be called so) appeared to glory in their perilous duty. The men, whether from their rougher natures, or being incapable of appreciating the full honour and danger of the deed, were less excited than the officers. In the 8th Royal Irish Hussars a number of the men lit their pipes, as if conscious that soldierly etiquette was no longer of any account, and that they might as well take with composure the desperate task before them. The officers, on the other hand, shouted, and waved their swords; and, as the headlong fury of the charge began, they galloped out far in advance of their men. The Earl of Cardigan showed great presence of mind and coolness in the emergency, endeavouring to restrain their ardour, and to prevent the disaster it might occasion. The author of these pages has good authority for saying that the noble lord was obliged to place his sword before some of those gallant men to keep them in their proper places, so eager were they for the formidable encounter.

Before, however, the grand crash of the charge was felt, or filled the spectators with astonishment and awe, poor Nolan paid the penalty of his own urgency with his life. Many various accounts have been given of the way he fell. He has been generally represented as leading the brigade when he received his death-blow. Lord Cardigan has denied this, and stated that Nolan was not leading the brigade, but a considerable distance on the general's right, and in advance. In this case both accounts are true. There is no doubt that the intrepid horseman was far in advance, and determined to keep the lead until his sword met the enemy, but he fell before the actual charge commenced, and while (just as Lord Cardigan represented) his horse was prancing about. At the moment of his fall he had just waved his sword, and given a cheer, when the fatal blow performed its mission. In several of the published accounts, Lord Cardigan is repre-

sented as detracting from Captain Nolan's merit in the statements he gave of the position of that officer when he fell. We are in a condition to positively refute that calumny. So far from Lord Cardigan wishing to depreciate Captain Nolan, he has vindicated his memory; and, when living, showed his confidence and respect by offering to place him upon his own staff. The writer of this narrative has these facts from the lips of the noble earl himself, who could have no motive, unless it were a personal courtesy, in deviating from the sternest matter of truth in the case. The fall of this fine officer has been described as caused by a shell, which killed him on the spot. The true occasion of his untimely end was a fragment of a shell, which entered his breast. The shell had fallen midway between the spot where Lord Cardigan rode and that where the uneasy steed of Captain Nolan, sympathising with its rider, seemed with joy to anticipate the charge. When Captain Nolan was struck his sword dropped, and the reins fell from his hand. The horse, following the instincts generally shown on such occasions, turned from the battle. The brigade now coming up fast, opened to let him pass. He immediately threw up his arms with an expressive cry, as if dissuading them from their course. This he repeated as the second line opened to make way for him, and then fell from his horse. It was universally supposed by those of the brigade who survived, that in riding so far to the front his quick eye perceived the impregnable position of the enemy, and his imploring gestures were intended to stop the cavalry from their self-immolating career. It is probable that the proud soldier dropped dead from his horse; for the general by whom that handful of men was so bravely led into the unequal struggle told the writer that, immediately on retiring from the charge, he saw the captain lying dead in a hollow, where he had fallen.

When the sad episode was past, the brigade increased their pace to the gallop, and then to a furious speed—so furious, that to it is to be attributed the fact that so many reached the guns alive. On dashed the heroic band, and first their gallant chief; nearest to him was Captain Jennings. These two men had the honour of being foremost in the most glorious charge of cavalry ever made. As the brigade rushed forward, like the wild horse of Mazeppa, the fire of the enemy's artillery was awfully destructive. In the first volley the advanced line was broken, and horses and men strewn along the field. The second line closed up; and on they dashed together, the earth reeling beneath their tread. The enemy now used case-shot, and a dreadful *mitraille* fell in rapid and destructive showers upon them.

Lord Cardigan led the brigade upon the centre gun. Like a thunderclap the charge was made—down went the greater number of the artillerymen; for although they sought shelter under the guns, and wherever they could find it, so rapid was the sword-flight upon them, that they were swept off before its edge.

Before reaching the guns, the intrepid assailants were exposed not only to their fire, but also to that of those situated at right angles with them. As the cannon on the Russian front were silenced by the brigade dashing among them, the enemy's infantry opened a continuous roll of musketry, and a double line of cavalry were ready to receive and to return the charge. Amongst these infantry a number of our gallant Dragoons madly spurred, cutting down with furious energy those who resisted their progress; some actually penetrated the lines of cavalry, and charging again through cavalry and infantry, rushed back between the guns into the plain over which they had advanced. Officers and men, however, having cut down as many of the gunners as they could, and perceiving the hopelessness of charging the host beyond them, wisely felt that they had accomplished all that duty required, and returned. All order, however, was broken, and "the men came back by twos and threes," as a gallant officer who was present expressed it to the writer. The 8th Royal Irish Hussars, commanded by Colonel Sewel, was the only regiment which retained any order, which it was enabled to do being the supporting regiment. It was fortunate that they succeeded in maintaining a compact form, and that they were handled by such an officer as Colonel Sewel, for the retreat of the brigade was still more perilous than its advance. The infantry pouring down the ridge from the slopes beneath the captured redoubt, obstructed the retreat—some opening a well-directed rifle fire, others throwing themselves in the path of the fugitives. This latter body of foot soldiers was sabred and dispersed. The cannon on either flank re-opened its destructive cross-fire, and the cavalry on the enemy's right rushed forward, and fell upon the wearied and wounded heroes, as scattered groups appeared likely to escape from the showers of case-shot, musket bullets, and conical rifle balls, through which they rode. This force of the enemy's cavalry would have effectually prevented all retreat had not the regiment which had suffered least up to this point—the 8th Hussars—charged them, and with such vehemence as to break the line of the Laneers, and sabre numbers of them. The Irish Hussars, however, lost half their men in the performance of the gallant and well-timed feat. At this juncture occurred the most bloody and savage atrocity ever recorded of war. Sinope, with its cool-blooded butchery,

fades away in tragic horror before the sanguinary act which "Holy Russia" now perpetrated. While the Irish Hussars and the Russian Lancers were mingled in close and desperate fray, the Russians, perceiving that the Hussars, few although they were, were the victors, creating furious havoc among the Lancers, determined upon a course which even to savages would be repugnant. The Russian gunners again opened fire with case-shot upon the whole struggling mass of cavalry, mowing down friends and foes in one remorseless sacrifice to their unsated vengeance. The cruel and relentless calculation, that as the Hussars were successful it would on the whole be an advantage to sweep away victors and vanquished together, as the only way of conquering the former, was however baffled, for, surrounded as the poor Irish Hussars were by sevenfold, or even tenfold, their number, they were in part protected by the bodies of their assailants from the missiles of the artillery, and for one Hussar put *hors de combat* an overwhelming disproportion of the enemy's own cavalry fell by this murderous scheme. What must be the moral state of the Russian army and of Russia, of men and officers, when the fact is verified that not a Russian who subsequently fell into our hands, of any rank, ever blamed this assassin mode of warfare, but seemed highly to approve of the deed from admiration of the motive—the destruction of the greatest possible number of their enemies even by the deliberate murder of their own troops! At this critical moment, the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* charged the line of guns on the Russian right, which they performed with a gallantry almost rivalling that of their British *confères*. Their number, considerably beneath 300 men, was too small to do more than give the British horsemen a chance of escape; for when they had got among the guns, and were cutting down the artillerymen, the infantry opened a musketry fire upon them, as they had when the British charged the guns in front; and the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, after slaying a number of the Lancers, who were grappling in deadly combat with the Irish Hussars, retired with a loss of two officers and fifty-three men. The British were now seen returning—a wretched wreck of the fine lines of cavaliers that had so lately, full of lusty life and military pride, charged an unworthy enemy. Some came back horse and man wounded. A sergeant of the 8th Hussars was killed going into action, but his horse carried him into the combat, and returned with him still in the saddle. Many came back on foot, wounded or unscathed, and some, resting on the manes of their horses, lived to reach the camp, and then dropped dead.

As soon as the charge was over, the Cossacks

scoured the plain, overtaking and killing the fugitives; and wherever they saw a sign of life in a wounded officer or man, they gathered around, and with savage exultation continued to pierce him with their spears until signs of life remained no longer. The wounded Russians seemed to forget their wounds in their eagerness to murder their wounded enemies.

Lord Lucan ordered forward the heavy cavalry brigade to cover this retreat, and save as many as possible of the wounded; in this service they suffered very severely, the peril of their own magnificent charge was nothing to the danger of the artillery fire to which they were now exposed. Various stories are in circulation of the feats performed by the leader of the light brigade. In the printshops he is represented as leaping over a piece of Russian ordnance, and other such-like achievements. All these acts of horsemanship and swordsmanship are simply inventions, or ridiculous misapprehensions of real occurrences, as the author of this book learned from the gallant earl himself, whose modest recital of the part borne by him in this charge has since been proved to be as true as it was unassuming, simple, and earnest. We have necessarily read much, and have had opportunities of conversing with many concerning this charge, and the part borne in it by the major-general who commanded, but by far the most unpretending and clear narrative we have anywhere received has been in conversation with the noble earl himself. It is scarcely necessary to say that all idea of command and discipline were soon lost, in spite of almost superhuman efforts to maintain them—the case of Colonel Sewel and the Royal Irish Hussars being an exception, for the reasons already given. When the charge upon the guns sent its shock through friends and foes, Lord Cardigan found himself in front of a large gun, which, instead of flying over as if he were one of the Seven Champions of Christendom, or the knight of a fairy tale, he rode round, and was confronted by a dense mass of Cossacks at a little distance. Two who were immediately near charged him, the lance of one passing through his clothes, that of the other also passing through his apparel and grazing his hip. The suddenness of the onset nearly unhorsed him: to the strength and docility of his fine charger he was indebted for his life. Having firmly regained his seat, he rid himself of his assailants, who showed no desire for renewing the struggle. The Cossacks always shunned encounter with our troopers and especially with the officers, except when they could take them at a great disadvantage. The Earl of Cardigan had now no alternative but to charge, single-handed, the body of Cos-

sacks before him, with the same prospect of success that Don Quixote had with the wind-mill, or to retire. As he fell back—the only thing left for him to do—he performed in our opinion a far more gallant exploit than even his chivalrous leading into action. He deliberately walked his horse out of the range of guns, in a fruitless effort to collect and head in their retreat any groups of men then returning to the camp; but the only body of men which were able to keep together (the 8th Royal Irish Hussars) were on the extreme right of the gorge, coming out. Lord Cardigan emerged from the vortex of slaughter and disaster on the opposite side, and providentially regained, through a deluge of rifle balls and musketry fire, the cavalry head-quarters, where they were doing their best to save all who, like him, could escape beyond the limits of that vale of death. The first group of men—some unscathed, some wounded, others dismounted, or riding horses with dreadful and gaping wounds—who had been collected together, on perceiving their commander riding out in safety, loudly cheered him, manifesting exuberant joy at a sight they had no hope of witnessing.

When the remnant of the broken band was drawn up, Mr. Woods informs us that Lord Cardigan exclaimed, “Well, Nolan has died like a soldier; but if he had not, I would have tried him by court-martial for this!” And Mr. Woods very properly adds, “In the heat of the moment Lord Cardigan seemed to forget that Captain Nolan was merely the bearer of a written order.” It is doubtful whether his lordship ever uttered the language here attributed to him. He knew that the order was in writing; but he also knew that Captain Nolan was urgent for its performance, in obedience to the command which he personally received at head-quarters. This question has already been discussed; but lest it should appear that we have placed anything in an *ex parte* light, we would call the attention of our readers to an article in the *United Service Magazine* for April, 1856. We do so at the suggestion of a gallant officer, whose breast wears many a decoration, and to whom all the officers named in this narrative are and were then intimately known. The article is an elaborate effort on the part of some military man to vindicate Sir Richard Airey from the implications and statements in the report of Sir John McNeil and Colonel Tulloch. It is as follows:—“The harbour of Balaklava was connected with the camp by two roads—one a circuitous route through the heights, the other more direct, facing the position taken up by the enemy on the Tchernaya. This latter route was protected by four little eminences, running across the low ground from ridge to ridge, and forming a sort of screen, guarded by redoubts, and held

by Turkish troops. On the 25th of October, the Russians, having mustered a strong force on the Tchernaya, hurled a body of cavalry against these redoubts, which the Turks instantly abandoned, flying towards the English lines, pursued by the enemy. The brigade of Guards was ordered by Lord Raglan to advance to the redoubts, and Lord Lucan, who was near the spot, was directed to hold the ground with the cavalry till they came up; but, by some unaccountable wilfulness, he disregarded the order, and the cavalry never moved. Lord Raglan, posted on a commanding height, was now the witness of a singular scene. As he was anxiously awaiting the appearance of the British cavalry, he saw the light squadrons of the enemy scouring over the ground, and peering into the English position, while a number of artillery horses, collected at different points, trooped out from the enemy's lines towards the redoubts, trailing up the turf with the hooks of their harness as they came along. These hooks were manifestly designed to be fastened to the guns abandoned by the Turks, and left unspiked in the redoubts; and Lord Raglan, seeing what was intended, and amazed at the inaction of the British cavalry, now called out for an officer to gallop off directly to Lord Lucan, and order the cavalry to advance without delay, so as to prevent the guns being carried off. The ill-fated Captain Nolan, who was aide-de-camp to Sir Richard Airey, rode forward, when Sir Richard suggested that the order should be put in writing, to which Lord Raglan assented, and it was accordingly written down as follows:—‘Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly in front, follow the enemy, and try to prevent their carrying away the guns. Troops of artillery may follow. French cavalry on the left.—*Immediate.*’ It has been said that this order is ambiguous, and Sir Richard Airey has been blamed for not expressing himself in plainer terms; but anything more distinct, particularly after Lord Raglan's previous directions to Lord Lucan, it would be difficult to conceive. Lord Lucan is commanded ‘to follow the enemy, and *try to prevent* their carrying off the guns.’ But when he received this order the enemy had actually carried off the guns, had re-entered his lines, and restored his batteries; so that, in fact, the time for action had gone by, the guns could not be recovered, and to advance a body of cavalry in face of the enemy's batteries, and an overwhelming force of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, was only to expose it to destruction. This was the course, however, that Lord Lucan adopted, and he then throws the blame on Captain Nolan, and indirectly on Sir Richard Airey, whose order, he it remembered, was for an operation wholly different from that really executed, and pointed to a combination with

the French cavalry, which was never even attempted."

So far as the combination with the French cavalry, referred to in the closing sentence of this extract, is concerned, we have already observed upon the subject, so as to require here only the remark that it was scarcely possible for Lord Lucan to effect any combination at that moment; and, from the words of the order, it was rational for him to suppose that Lord Raglan had seen to the execution of that part of the matter. The order did not call upon him to communicate with the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, but to advance immediately, and to expect the support of the French, in virtue of a general arrangement, a part of the detail of which it was for him to execute on the instant. The reference to the support ordered, by advancing the brigade of Guards, is met by the fact that they were sent to Sir Colin Campbell's right, to defend the gorge of Balaklava against the advance of Russian infantry from the direction of Kamara. Instead of the Duke of Cambridge being ordered to sustain any movement consigned to Lord Lucan, he was directed to place himself under the temporary charge of Sir Colin Campbell, whose task, as has been already seen, was of another description. It is not correct that all the guns were left unspiked in the redoubts. They were in No. 1, and partly in No. 2; but feeble as the defence was of No. 3, the British artilleryman there on duty succeeded in spiking probably all. The description given in this extract of the artillery-horses trooping out, and trailing along the ground tearing up the turf, the hooks they had affixed by ropes to their harness for dragging away the captured guns, is obviously an invention, for the purpose of saving the reputation of Sir Richard Airey. It would be impossible, either from the position occupied by the French *corps d'observation*, or from the acclivity upon which Lord Raglan and Sir Richard Airey stood, to have seen objects so minute as the ropes and hooks with any glasses which the staff possessed. We do not trust to our own judgment in this assertion, but have submitted it to an officer well acquainted both with the ground and the events of the day, much more so than the writer of the article in the *United Service Magazine* could be, and he confirms our opinion on this point.

The historian has no interest in throwing blame on officers, any more than in the preservation of any officer's reputation in these transactions; his duty to his readers and conscience requires truth. And when so many of the bravest of the brave were sacrificed, it is right that no sophisms, such as those of the article quoted, should be permitted to mislead the public mind. With the writer or dictator of

the fatal order, or both, the responsibility must rest, and not with Lords Lucan or Cardigan, or Captain Nolan.

When the relics of the brigade were drawn up, the loss was appalling; but so unbroken was the spirit of these illustrious braves, that they gave three hearty cheers—conscious that the unparalleled achievement which they had performed, would be accepted by their country and brethren-in-arms as one of the noblest ever attempted by soldiers. The loss appeared still greater than it was; for by degrees men came in, and some were heard of as alive in the hands of the enemy. The terrible affair did not last more than half an hour. The number who went into action was scarcely 680, and, according to the adjutant-general's returns, subsequently made, the loss was twenty-one officers, twenty-three sergeants, eight trumpeters, 229 privates, and 495 horses, killed, wounded, and missing. Amongst them every man and officer did his duty—none was bravest, all were greatly brave. No story of heroic antiquity can eclipse that of the British light cavalry charge at Balaklava. The 17th Lancers, being in the front line, suffered severely in men and officers. Among the latter, Sir William Gordon (wounded severely), Captain Winter (killed), Captain Morris (wounded severely), Captain White (wounded severely), Lieutenant J. H. Thompson (wounded, and taken prisoner), Adjutant Chadwick (wounded, and taken prisoner). The 13th, being also in the front line, suffered heavily. Captains Oldham and Good were killed; Cornet Montgomery was wounded, and taken prisoner; Cornet Wombwell was taken prisoner, but escaped. Both Lord Cardigan's aides-de-camp, Captain G. Lockwood and Lieutenant H. F. Maxse, were killed. The second line did not suffer quite so much, but it had a sorrowful catalogue of the wounded and slain.

The following is Lord Lucan's report from Balaklava to his excellency the commander of the forces:—

"My Lord,—I have the honour to report that the cavalry division under my command was seriously engaged with the enemy on the 25th instant, during the greater part of which day it was under a heavy fire; that it made a most triumphant charge against a very superior number of the enemy's cavalry, and an attack upon batteries which, for daring and gallantry, could not be exceeded. The loss, however, in officers, men, and horses, has been most severe.

"From half-past six in the morning, when the horse-artillery first opened fire, till the enemy had possessed itself of all the different forts, the cavalry, constantly changing their positions, continued giving all the support they could to the Turkish troops, though much ex-



posed to the fire of heavy guns and riflemen, when they took post on the left of the second line of redoubts by an order from your lordship. The heavy brigade had soon to return to the support of the troops defending Balaklava, and was fortunate enough in being at hand when a large force of Russian cavalry was descending the hill. I immediately ordered Brigadier-general Scarlett to attack with the Scots Greys and Enniskillen Dragoons, and had his attack supported in second line by the 5th Dragoon Guards, and by a flank attack of the 4th Dragoon Guards. Under every disadvantage of ground, these eight small squadrons succeeded in defeating and dispersing a body of cavalry estimated at three times their number and more.

"The heavy brigade having now joined the light brigade, the division took up a position with a view of supporting an attack upon the heights, when, being instructed to make a rapid advance to our front, to prevent the enemy carrying the guns lost by the Turkish troops in the morning, I ordered the light brigade to advance in two lines, and supported them with the heavy brigade. This attack of the light cavalry was very brilliant and daring; exposed to a fire from heavy batteries on their front and two flanks, they advanced unchecked until they reached the batteries of the enemy, and cleared them of their gunners, and only retired when they found themselves engaged with a very superior force of cavalry in the rear. Major-general the Earl of Cardigan led this attack in the most gallant and intrepid manner; and his lordship has expressed himself to me as admiring in the highest degree the courage and zeal of every officer, non-commissioned officer, and man who assisted. The heavy brigade advanced to the support of the attack under a very galling fire from the batteries and infantry in a redoubt, and acted with most perfect steadiness, and in a manner to deserve all praise.

"The losses, my lord, it grieves me to state, have been very great indeed, and, I fear, will be much felt by your lordship.

"I cannot too strongly recommend to your lordship the two general-officers commanding the brigades, all the officers in command of regiments, as also the divisional and brigade staffs; indeed, the conduct of every individual, of every rank, I feel to be deserving of my entire praise, and, I hope, of your lordship's approbation. The conduct of the Royal Horse Artillery troop, first under the command of Captain Maude, and, after that officer was severely wounded, of Captain Shakespear, was most meritorious and praiseworthy. I received from those officers every possible assistance during the time they respectively commanded.

"I have, &c.,      *LUCAN."*

The account given by the gallant leader of the light brigade is as follows:—"I received the order to attack, and although I should not have thought of making such an attack without orders, and although I differed in opinion as to the propriety of the order, I promptly obeyed it. I placed myself at the head of my brigade, and gave the word of command. We advanced, but before we had gone twenty yards, a shell burst between me and the staff officer who had brought the order, and was riding *within thirty yards of my side*, killing him, and leaving me untouched. From that moment there was nothing to be done but to obey the order, and attack the battery in the valley. We proceeded—we advanced down and along a gradual descent of more than three-quarters of a mile, with one of the batteries opposed to us vomiting forth shells, round-shot, and grape—with a battery on the right flank, a battery on the left, and a distant battery which had been lost by the Turks, and all the intermediate ground covered with Russian riflemen—so that when we came down within a distance of thirty yards to their artillery, which had been firing at us, we were, in fact, surrounded and encircled by a blaze of fire, and raked by the riflemen who fired upon us in flank. As we passed, the oblique fire of the artillery was brought upon our rear. Thus we had a strong fire on the front, in the rear, and on both our flanks. We entered the battery—we went through the battery—the two leading regiments cutting down a great number of the Russian gunners. In the two regiments which I had the honour to lead, every officer was either killed or wounded, or had his horse shot under him, except one. Those regiments having proceeded on, were followed by the second line, consisting of two more cavalry regiments, which continued to cut down the Russian gunners. Then came the third line, consisting of two other regiments, who also nobly performed their duty. The result was, this body of about 600 cavalry succeeded in passing through a body of, as we have since learnt, 5600 Russian cavalry. I know the number of the Russian regiments, and the name of the general officer who commanded the brigade. We did as much execution as we could, and suffered an immense loss of life ourselves. After riding through the Russian cavalry we came upon the Tchernaya river. There we were stopped, and I had to retire by the same route by which we came, destroying as many of the enemy as we could. I believe we succeeded in destroying the greater part of the Russian gunners, and in doing great execution among the Russian cavalry. The scene, on retiring, was lamentable in the extreme; still nothing could be accomplished more regularly, or with greater order; there

was no confusion, no hurry, no galloping about, no desire to retire too hastily, but the whole thing was conducted as coolly and systematically as upon parade. As we returned up the hill we had descended, we had to run the same gauntlet, and incur the same risk from the flank fire of the Russian riflemen. Numbers of men and horses were shot down, and many soldiers who had lost their chargers were killed whilst endeavouring to escape on foot. The consequence was, that when we reached the top of the hill, there was about one-third of the whole brigade left. I think when I went round to count them, 195 only remained. The rest were gone—destroyed in that charge! Now I am not going into this case any further; I am not going to say whether this thing should have been done, or, indeed, to say anything more upon the subject. You have all of you had an opportunity of reading Lord Raglan's despatches describing how it occurred. I will only say further with regard to that charge, that, highly as you approve of it—and I will not conceal my pride and gratification at receiving your approbation and high opinion of the gallantry then displayed—I feel that, whatever gallantry you may attribute to me was equalled by every man in that brigade. I led, they followed—there was no hesitation; I never saw so ready, so cheerful a body of men in my life. I never witnessed anything done with more spirit or with lighter hearts; and to such an extent was this evidenced, that when the remnant of the brigade returned to position, the men were so elated at what they deemed so creditable to themselves and to the British arms, that they gave three cheers of rejoicing at having attacked the Russian batteries, and at having ridden through and through so large a body of Russian cavalry."

The above account, given by the Earl of Cardigan in public, contains several errors, such as are inseparable from the hurry of a public address, and the slips of a rapid report. Thus, his lordship errs in representing the brigade as riding through the whole of the Russian cavalry. It would be impossible for any officer to see all the *general*, not to say particular, occurrences of that complicated affair; and his lordship had enough to do to defend his own life during the brief interval after the guns were reached, without observing what was done by others. It is also an error to speak of the supporting line as consisting of two regiments; this must have originated in the report. Our own narrative is an accurate representation of the action, and in general accordance with what we know to be Lord Cardigan's own views of it. The conduct of Lord Paget, Colonel Sewel, and all the other leaders, merits the eulogy which Lord Cardigan gives them, who with great pro-

priety, however, refrained from pointing out any by name.

The acts of individual courage during this short, but memorable charge, were innumerable; nor were they confined to the officers—"groom fought like noble;" and this was especially exemplified in the instance of private John Penn, of the 17th Lancers, whose likeness will appear as one of the illustrations in this work. Seldom has heroic courage equalled his; had he been a soldier of any other army in the world than that of England—humbly born although he is—he would have been promoted to rank, and have other honours conferred upon him than the medals and clasps which cover his breast. He bears eleven honours, in the form of such decorations. Besides detailing his gallant conduct in the battle of Balaklava, we shall give a general outline of his military career:—"He was born in the 14th regiment of Light Dragoons, and was left an orphan before he was eight years of age, by the death of his father, Farrier-major Penn. At fourteen he was taken into the service of Lady John Bethell; but, not content with that situation, and his whole wish being for a dragoon's life, he entered the cavalry as soon as he had attained the standard height. This excellent soldier has seen eighteen years' service. He was through the Afghanistan campaign, under General Pollock, for which he received the Cabul medal. He was also through the Sutlej campaign, under Lord Gough. He was in the memorable action of Moodkee—was then severely wounded, and received a contusion on the head from the blow of a sponge-staff from a Sikh artilleryman. In the capturing of the guns he was unhorsed, and was found in the field next morning by a reconnoitring party, the poor fellow having lain there all night in great suffering. His wounds were dressed, and within two days of the battle of Sobraon he rejoined his regiment, and took part in that action, for which he received a clasp. He was with the army at Lahore, and until the close of the war; he was again in the field at Ramnuggur; he was also at the forcing of the passage of the Chenab. He was next at the brilliant attack of Soodoolapore, where the Sikhs were driven from their position on the Chenab. He was also in the action of Chillianwallah, 1849. He fought at Goojerat, when the Sikhs were again defeated, which was the last battle fought with that race of Indians. The 3rd Light Dragoons were then ordered to England, which they reached in July, 1853. Penn had not been many days at home when, hearing that the 17th Lancers were ordered for Turkey, he volunteered into that corps; and on the 23rd of June, 1854, he embarked at Portsmouth with a detachment of 6th Enniskillens, 13th Light Dragoons, 17th

Lancers, and fifty-seven horses, under Captain the Hon. Hercules Rowley, the present Lord Langford. They arrived at Varna in July following. On the 1st September, Penn proceeded to the Crimea. He was in the action of the Alma; he was with his troop at Mackenzie's Farm when the Russian baggage and stores were captured; and in the Light Cavalry charge of Balaklava, for which he received the medal for distinguished conduct in the field. He speaks very highly of the lance—a weapon of which the Russians are very much in dread. Unfortunately for many of the brave fellows of his regiment, they had their poles shattered by the enemy's showers of grape-shot. On their coming up to the Russian guns, they were ordered to charge, when he made a point at a gunner, which took effect—the lance going through his body. He could not extricate it, as he was at a gallop. Passing through the enemy's guns, the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers were obliged to open out, when our hero came in contact with a Russian officer (a Hussar); he made for him, and the officer wheeled his horse about, for the purpose of making a bolt; he, therefore, took a favourable distance on the officer's left (both at the time being at a gallop), when he delivered cut six, which instantly dismounted the officer, whose head was nearly severed from his body. At the same time his horse halted, and on dismounting, to his grief, he found that his horse had received a ball in his near shoulder. He then took a view of the Russian officer; he must have died in an instant, as his body never moved after falling to the ground; he cut his pouch belt off, and took his sword, and a clasp-knife, which he wore in a belt round his waist. This gallant affair was witnessed by several of Penn's comrades. He returned with the second line, composed of the 4th Light Dragoons, 8th Hussars, and 11th Hussars, keeping a sharp look-out on their front, flanks, and rear, until they had forced a passage through the Russians, who had closed upon them. By perseverance they forced a passage, after a few guards with the Russians, Penn using his trophy—the Russian officer's sword. The seventh guard he took with a Russian, the point of the sword broke about ten inches off. He luckily returned with the remnant of his regiment. The ball was speedily extracted from his horse, which recovered, and the animal stood the winter, and was doing duty when he left the Crimea. Penn was at the battle of Inkerman, for which he received a clasp. He was never ill during the whole of the season, although much exposed. He was always employed on general duty. On account of the heat of the sun in July, when he was on outpost duty at Baidar, his head became affected, which caused him to be invalidated

home. This arose from his having his right collar-bone fractured, and the lower jaw broken, by a horse falling on him when he was at field-drill in India, in 1852."

We dismiss our account of this part of the battle of Balaklava by quoting the words of a civilian, who saw something of the engagement, and conversed much about it on the spot:—"Of course, in the cavalry camp, the charges of the heavy and light brigades at the battle of Balaklava are very fertile topics of conversation. As far as I could judge, the opinion of by far the majority of cavalry officers was, that Lord Lucan was an injured and hardly-used man. The order which he received was so worded as to place him in a very cruel dilemma. Had he refused to charge, his enemies at headquarters—and he had many, and bitter ones—might have accused him of a disobedience of orders, and of having thrown away a chance of brilliant success; and in carrying out the orders of his commanding officer, evidently against his convictions, he is accused of having sacrificed his light brigade. The disastrous result of that charge has proved that it was madness; but had Lord Lucan refused to obey the order, would the madness of it have been so evident? We know it was madness now; but should we have known it then? It enhances the glory of some of the actors in that chivalrous display of courage, to lay great stress on the knowledge they possessed of the frightful carnage they would be exposed to, and of their self-devotion in having galloped almost into the jaws of death. But suppose the charge had not taken place, and they were not the heroes they now are, would not some have been found who would have been too glad to visit the want of success on their commander, and have passed over in silence the knowledge they possessed, or fancied they possessed, of the risks that should have forbidden the attempt? It is a question, like many others connected with this winter campaign in the Crimea, that will never be settled to the satisfaction of all parties. Viewed in its worst light, it was an error of judgment, and, in that case, surely the blame must be shared by those who originally gave the order; the attempts lately made to tack on to it worse motives are far more likely to injure the accusers than the accused. . . . As far as I could gather from officers engaged in the charge of the heavy brigade, the Russian cavalry was not a very formidable foe, and, but for their officers, would have retired expeditiously, even much sooner than they did. In this, as in every other point connected with the Russian military service, we had 'got hold of the wrong end of the stick,' as the saying is. We dreaded their cavalry as being the best in Europe, and despised their infantry as being the worst. The very

first campaign has established the opposite results."

It was not generally known at the time, nor until long after, that General Scarlett received a sword-wound in the charge, and was struck on the back of the hand by a spent musket-ball, when covering the retreat of the light cavalry.

The battle of Balaklava has been generally represented as terminating with the disastrous charge of the light cavalry. The remaining incidents of the day were, however, interesting and important. As soon as the heavy cavalry had covered the retreat of the light, they moved slowly back in columns of squadrons, all the while exposed to the incessant fire of the enemy. Our infantry then moved towards the redoubts, and the enemy's infantry retired as they advanced. The French cavalry threw out skirmishers, and the enemy gradually withdrew their guns from the right of the entrance to the gorge. Had the French Chasseurs been in sufficient force at this instant, they could, in conjunction with the heavy cavalry, as the allied infantry came on, have pressed the enemy closely, who momentarily increased his caution, and showed a disposition to retire. As our infantry advanced, the Russians played upon them with shot and shell from the captured redoubts. The first division, which, with the exception of the 93rd regiment, still retained its old position, had now well advanced, and began to suffer from the well-plied guns of the enemy, when the Duke of Cambridge ordered them to lie down in double line, and in such a manner as to screen them from the effects of the showering shot. Sir George Cathcart's division, supported by two regiments of the French division, under the command of General Canrobert, attended by a powerful artillery, advanced to the enemy's right, where the French Chasseurs had played, and were still playing, so distinguished a part. The Russians, perceiving the determined approach of so formidable an allied force, showed symptoms of apprehension, and even of trepidation, and abandoned No. 1 redoubt, that which they had at first conquered, into which the left wing of the 20th regiment of British infantry entered. One gun was found by them in the ditch, which they dragged into the battery. Thus, almost without a shot, by a prudent and general-like combination of force, this redoubt was re-taken, which, by such means, might have been far more happily accomplished, without the confused and random orders given in the early part of the day to Lord Lucan, and which might well have bewildered a steadier head than his. The approaching infantry were covered by the ridge in their steady advance, so that, with the exception of the injury sustained by the first

division before it lay down, the balls of the enemy did little mischief. In fifteen minutes after No. 1 redoubt was abandoned, the Russians blew up the magazine of No. 2, and left it with precipitation. In half an hour more, as the allied infantry, cavalry, and artillery skilfully and gradually made good their advance, the Russians exploded the magazine of the No. 3 redoubt, and fled precipitately from it also. So well prepared were they, however, for an advance of the allied infantry, that they succeeded in carrying off seven of the guns from these earthworks. Had the advance of the allied divisions been as spirited and enterprising as it was skilful and cautious, not a gun need have been lost. The Russians did not retire until they had covered the removal of the guns. They afterwards occupied a strong position in the rear of No. 1 redoubt, of which they were allowed to re-possession themselves. About mid-day the whole of the Russian infantry had retired within the gorge, and on the heights which flanked it; and in this very strong position, with their cavalry still thrown out in front upon the plain, appeared willing to offer the allies battle.

In the various accounts given by correspondents of periodicals, officers and men to their private friends, and amateurs who kept journals, considerable confusion and contradiction exists as to the successive occupation and re-occupation of the redoubts. We shall present the accounts given of the close of the action by a few of the most trustworthy, where they illustrate and assist one another in their descriptions. Mr. Russell thus describes it:—"At twenty-eight minutes after twelve, the whole of the allies again got into motion towards the enemy, with the exception of the first division, which moved *en echelon* towards the opposite hills, keeping their right wing well before Balaklava. At forty minutes after twelve, Captain Calthorpe was sent by Lord Raglan with orders to the troops, which seemed to have the effect of altering the disposition of our front, for the French, at one, p.m., showed still further up on our left. When we got to the ridges, they took possession of redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3. But the Russians evidently intended to keep No. 4, and to draw us after them, if possible, into the gorge, where they had retired their guns. As our object was solely to keep Balaklava, this was not our game; and as the Russians would not advance, but kept their cavalry in front of the approach to the mountain passes, it became evident there would be no further engagement to-day. The cannonade, which began again at a quarter past twelve, and was continued with little effect, ceased altogether at a quarter past one, and the two armies retained their respective positions. Our men and horses were alike

tired and hungry, and the French were no better. Lord Raglan continued on the hill-side all day, watching the enemy. It was dark ere he returned to his quarters. With the last gleam of day we could see the sheen of the enemy's lances in their old position in the valley; and their infantry gradually crowned the heights on their left, and occupied the road to the village which is beyond Balaklava to the southward. Our Guards were moving back, as I passed them, and the tired troops, French and English, were being replaced by a strong French division, which was marched down to the valley at five o'clock."

Lieutenant Peard was with the wing of the 20th regiment, which entered the recaptured redoubt, and he relates that its occupation was an affair of very considerable danger, while the Russians continued in possession of No. 2—from which shot and shell were cast furiously upon the British infantry in the redoubt, and the artillery of the fourth division, which was posted on the slope outside. One fragment of a shell struck the staff of the queen's colours, which this gallant officer carried. From the position there taken up by the detachment of the 20th, those who composed it could see the whole field of battle lying between the redoubt and the Russian cavalry, who were manœuvring along their own front. The enemy's infantry lay concealed among the brushwood on the heights, which Liprandi seemed prepared to defend. Lieutenant Peard describes what he witnessed on the battle-field:—

"From our elevated situation I witnessed many heart-rending scenes through my glasses. Poor troopers were standing about all over the plain, wounded; others were to be seen galloping into camp at an earlier part of the day, by twos and threes, in regular order, as if in the ranks. One poor animal came cantering along with his hind-leg broken, and swinging round and round at every stride. Others would be seen with both hind-legs broken, endeavouring to rise from the place where they fell. I shall never forget one scene, so dreadful, and yet one which would have made a splendid study for an artist. It was a wounded Scots Grey, who passed us, his horse led by a companion. All looked so sad: even the poor horse, though not wounded, bowed his head, and appeared to sympathise in his master's sufferings. The poor fellow seemed to be in a dying state, and as he leant on the pommel of his saddle, his pale and agonised face could just be observed under his bear-skin; the horse's shoulder was covered with blood, and yet the poor creature seemed to know with what care he ought to carry his wounded master.

"We could plainly see the Cossacks on the field of battle, amongst the dead and wounded, and now and then their gory lances would be

thrust through the body of some wretched sufferers, who had in vain lifted up their hands, expecting aid instead of destruction from these savages. The servant of an officer who was ill at Balaklava, walked up from the field of battle, where he had picked up a Cossack's sword, and shortly afterwards took a poor wounded officer on his back to Balaklava. On the way they were fired at by a wounded Russian. Upon this he deposited his load on the ground, and, walking up to the villain, lopped his head off, and proceeded on his way with his burden.

"We watched with the greatest interest a wounded dragoon, who was creeping on his belly from the battle-field, near the Russian horse, to us. Every now and then he would halt and hold up his sword. He was presently spied by the Russian sharpshooters in the redoubt near us, and they opened a sharp fire on the poor fellow. He still persevered, and was shortly seen by a sailor, who had a brass helmet on his head, and was walking about picking up trophies, with a friend, quite heedless of their rifles. They immediately went to his rescue, and carried him on their shoulders some little distance, when he was put on a horse, with great difficulty, and brought into our lines. I do not know when my heart felt more relieved. A brother officer, M—, was busy in shooting wounded horses which were near our redoubt; and Captain B— and W— were rendering all the assistance in their power to a wounded Russian officer, by sewing up and washing his wounds, but he died that night, chiefly from the intense cold. Some swords belonging to the Scots Greys were picked up; one I saw was broken off within six inches of the hilt, and another was complete, only the handle was covered with blood and brains, and a piece of a skull had adhered to it. Just before dark we were agreeably surprised to hear that we were to evacuate this place and return to our camp before Sebastopol, about eight miles distant, as soon as the clouds of night had sufficiently gathered around us. A strong French division was marched into the valley for our relief.

"Thus ended this melancholy day, in which our light cavalry had been annihilated; the killed, wounded, and missing amounting to 385, and horses 520, 130 of whom were wounded. We heard that there were several men in camp who had not turned out, being ill or otherwise engaged, amounting to about 200 men. The two guns out of nine which the Russians left of ours were taken from the Turks into our own better keeping. At nine, p.m., the Russians fired a tremendous volley of artillery on our works, in honour of the complete victory they were supposed to have gained, and on the arrival of our guns in the town of Sebastopol; but it did us no injury."

## CHAPTER XLII.

## DESPATCHES OF THE COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF.—LETTERS CONCERNING THE BATTLE.—NOTICES OF THE PROMINENT ACTORS, AND STRIKING INCIDENTS OF THE CONFLICT.

"In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,  
Our king and our country to save;  
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,  
O! who would not die with the brave?" BURNS.

HAVING completed the narrative of the ever-famous battle of Balaklava, we present to our readers, in a separate chapter, the despatches of the chiefs to their respective governments, and such incidents as will further illustrate the glories of the hard-fought field.

*Before Sebastopol, Oct. 25th.*

MY LORD DUKE,—I have the honour to acquaint your grace that the enemy attacked the position in the front of Balaklava at an early hour on the morning of the 25th instant.

The low range of heights that runs across the plain at the bottom of which the town is placed, was protected by four small redoubts hastily constructed. Three of these had guns in them; and on a higher hill, in front of the village of Kamara, in advance of our right flank, was established a work of somewhat more importance. These several redoubts were garrisoned by Turkish troops—no other force being at my disposal for their occupation.

The 93rd Highlanders was the only British regiment in the plain, with the exception of a part of a battalion of detachments composed of weakly men, and a battery of artillery belonging to the third division; and on the heights behind our right were placed the marines, obligingly landed from the fleet by Vice-admiral Dundas. All these, including the Turkish troops, were under the immediate orders of Major-general Sir Colin Campbell, whom I had taken from the first division with the 93rd.

As soon as I was apprised of this movement of the enemy, I felt compelled to withdraw from before Sebastopol the first and fourth divisions, commanded by Lieutenant-generals his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, and bring them down into the plain; and General Canrobert subsequently reinforced these troops with the first division of French infantry, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique.

The enemy commenced their operations by attacking the work on our side of the village of Kamara, and after very little resistance, carried it. They likewise got possession of the three others in contiguity to it, being opposed only in one, and that but for a very short space of time. The furthest of the three they did not retain, but the immediate abandonment of the others enabled them to take possession of the guns in them, amounting in the whole to seven. Those in the three lesser forts were spiked by the one English artilleryman who was in each.

The Russian cavalry at once advanced, supported by artillery, in very great strength. One portion of them assailed the front and right flank of the 93rd, and were instantly driven back by the vigorous and steady fire of that distinguished regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Ainslie. The other and larger mass turned towards her majesty's heavy cavalry, and afforded Brigadier-general Scarlett, under the guidance of Lieutenant-general the Earl of Lucan, the opportunity of inflicting upon them the most signal defeat. The ground was very unfavourable for the attack of our dragoons, but no obstacle was sufficient to check their advance, and they charged into the Russian column, which soon sought safety in flight, although far superior in numbers. The charge of this brigade was one of the most successful I ever witnessed, was never for a moment doubtful, and is in the highest degree creditable to Brigadier-general Scarlett, and the officers and men engaged in it.

As the enemy withdrew from the ground which they had momentarily occupied, I directed the cavalry, sup-

ported by the fourth division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Cathcart, to move forward, and take advantage of any opportunity to regain the heights; and not having been able to accomplish this immediately, and it appearing that an attempt was making to remove the captured guns, the Earl of Lucan was desired to advance rapidly, follow the enemy in their retreat, and try to prevent them from effecting their object. In the meanwhile the Russians had time to re-form on their own ground, with artillery in front and upon their flanks. From some misconception of the instruction to advance, the lieutenant-general considered that he was bound to attack at all hazards, and he accordingly ordered Major-general the Earl of Cardigan to move forward with the light brigade. This order was obeyed in the most spirited and gallant manner. Lord Cardigan charged with the utmost vigour, attacked a battery which was firing upon the advancing squadrons, and having passed beyond it, engaged the Russian cavalry in its rear; but there his troops were assailed by artillery and infantry, as well as cavalry, and necessarily retired, after having committed much havoc upon the enemy. They effected this movement without haste or confusion; but the loss they have sustained has, I deeply lament, been very severe in officers, men, and horses, only counterbalanced by the brilliancy of the attack, and the gallantry, order, and discipline which distinguished it—forming a striking contrast to the conduct of the enemy's cavalry which had previously been engaged with the heavy brigade.

The Chasseurs d'Afrique advanced on our left, and gallantly charged a Russian battery, which checked its fire for a time, and thus rendered the British cavalry an essential service.

I have the honour to inclose copies of Sir Colin Campbell's and the Earl of Lucan's reports.

I beg to draw your grace's attention to the terms in which Sir Colin Campbell speaks of Lieutenant-colonel Ainslie, of the 93rd, and Captain Barker, of the Royal Artillery; and also to the praise bestowed by the Earl of Lucan on Major-general the Earl of Cardigan, and Brigadier-general Scarlett, which they most fully deserve. The Earl of Lucan not having sent me the names of the other officers who distinguished themselves, I propose to forward them by the next opportunity.

The enemy made no further movement in advance, and at the close of the day the brigade of Guards of the first division and the fourth division returned to their original encampment, as did the French troops, with the exception of one brigade of the first division, which General Canrobert was so good as to leave in support of Sir Colin Campbell. The remaining regiments of the Highland brigade also remained in the valley. The fourth division had advanced close to the heights, and Sir George Cathcart caused one of the redoubts to be re-occupied by the Turks, affording them his support, and he availed himself of the opportunity to assist with his riflemen in silencing two of the enemy's guns.

The means of defending the extensive position which had been occupied by the Turkish troops in the morning having proved wholly inadequate, I deemed it necessary, in concurrence with General Canrobert, to withdraw from the lower range of heights, and to concentrate our force, which will be increased by a considerable body of seamen, to be landed from the ships under the authority of Admiral Dundas, immediately in front of the narrow valley leading into Balaklava, and upon the precipitous heights on our right, thus affording a narrower line of defence.

I have, &c.,

*His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.*

RAGLAN.

The following despatch from General Canrobert not only informs his government of the battle of Balaklava from a French point of view, but discloses the general's view of the progress of the siege, which, in spite of every interruption, was continued. The French general, writing on the 27th, naturally notices the battle of the 26th as well as that of the 25th, of which we shall give a correct relation in its proper place:—

*Camp before Sebastopol, Oct. 27th.*

M. LE MARÉCHAL,—We are continuing the construction of fresh batteries, destined to batter the eastern front of the bastion which we are attacking. They are placed on the bare rock, and it is only by the explosion of petards and by means of sand-bags and other laborious expedients that we make our way. Still we shall in a short time be able to multiply our fire against the defences, in repairing which, as fast as they are destroyed, the enemy labours with remarkable obstinacy. This siege will evidently form an epoch among the most laborious operations of the kind.

The town has suffered much from our fire, and we know that the loss of the defenders has been enormous. The English protect Balaklava, where they disembark their munitions, with a body of marines, a battalion of infantry, and some Turks.

On the morning of the 25th, at break of day, some hills, 2500 metres distant from the port, defended by some very imperfect redoubts, each manned by about 150 Turks, were carried by a very superior Russian force, which occupied them, having driven out the Turks. As soon as information of this affair reached Lord Raglan and myself, we proceeded to the heights which border the valley of Balaklava, and form the limits of our position. The enemy then occupied the hills I have mentioned, covering in masses the woody heights which bound the valley towards the Tchernaya, and displaying a force estimated at 20,000 men, besides those which were hidden from our view by the ravines and thickets. It was evidently his intention to entice us into deserting our excellent position, and to make us descend towards him into the plain. I contented myself with uniting, at the request of Lord Raglan, my cavalry to the English horse, which occupied a position on the plain before Balaklava, and which had already executed a most brilliant charge against the enemy's cavalry. Besides this, and while Lord Raglan established two divisions of infantry before the port, I caused all the men that I could spare from my first division to descend to the foot of the front slopes of our position.

Things were in this state, and the day already far spent, when the English light cavalry, 700 strong, led away by too much ardour, charged vigorously the whole mass of the Russian army. This impetuous charge, executed under a cross-fire of musketry and artillery, produced at first great confusion among the enemy's ranks; but this troop, hurried away too far from us, suffered considerable loss. After having sabred the gunners of two batteries it was forced to return, weakened by the loss of 150 men. During this time my brigade of Chasseurs d'Afrique, which was in the plain on the left of the English cavalry, was eager to get to its assistance, and did so by a bold manœuvre, which was much spoken of, and which consisted in attacking on the left a battery of guns and some battalions of infantry, which it forced to retreat, and thus stopped a murderous fire which had been kept up on the English. In this affair we lost about twenty men killed and wounded, two of whom were officers. The loss on the enemy's side was considerable, and he suffered our chasseurs to effect their retreat in good order and without molestation. The night supervened to put an end to the combat. The day after the Russians made a sortie from the place, and towards Inkerman, attacked the division of Sir de Lacy Evans, which covered the siege works. Received by a crushing fire, and with that solidity which is peculiar to our allies, the Russians left on the ground more than 300

dead, and found themselves chased to the outskirts of the town, losing in their flight about 100 prisoners. This short and smart affair was most brilliant, and has certainly compensated for the painful incidents of the day before.

Having given a full account of the battle, as known in the allied camps, it will interest our readers to peruse the Russian account—the report of Lieutenant-general Liprandi, chief of the 12th division of infantry, to Aide-de-camp General Prince Menschikoff, dated October 26th:—

According to the orders of your highness, the troops of the division intrusted to my command, and those attached to it, executed on the 25th of October a general movement in advance from the village of Tchorgoum, and attacked the fortifications of the heights forming the valley of Kadikoi. Conformably with the arrangement which I had made on the evening of that day, all the troops of the detachment left, at five o'clock in the morning, the village of Tchorgoum by two defiles. A regiment of Chasseurs of the Ukraine, under the command of Major-general Lévousky, marched by the principal defile leading from Tchorgoum to Kadikoi, with four guns of the battery of position No. 4, and six guns of the light battery No. 7. These troops advanced with precision, and, on approaching the heights of Kadikoi, opened their fire upon the redoubts Nos. 1 and 2. After them the Azoff infantry regiment, the 4th battalion of the regiment of the Dnieper, with four guns of the battery of position No. 4, and six guns of the light battery No. 6, moved on under the command of Major-general Sémiakine. By the second defile, leading to the valley of Baidar, an advance was made under the command of Major-general Gribbe, of the first three battalions of the infantry regiment of the Dnieper, with six guns of the light battery No. 6, four pieces of the battery of position No. 4, a detachment of the regiment No. 53 of the Cossacks of the Don, and a squadron of the combined regiment of the lancers. Major-general Gribbe, who had marched in advance, occupied the village of Kamara, after having dispatched the detachment of Cossacks in the direction of the valley of Baidar. Simultaneously with this movement, Major-general Sémiakine in taking up his position to the left of the regiment of the Ukraine, covered by the fire of the artillery and a chain of riflemen, formed by the second company of the battalion of riflemen with the carabineers of the infantry regiment of Azoff, advanced rapidly with the latter regiment in two lines by columns of companies, there not being a space of more than 100 paces between the two lines; and in third line the first battalion of the regiment of Azoff, and the 4th battalion of the regiment of the Dnieper, by columns of attack. After having approached in this order to the distance of not more than 100 paces from the fortified height of the enemy, Major-general Sémiakine gave orders for the assault. The companies made a rapid movement in advance, and at half-past seven o'clock the regiment of Azoff had hoisted its flags upon the fortifications. The trophies gained upon this point were three rampart guns and a camp. In this redoubt the loss of the enemy in dead only was more than 170 men. At the same time the enemy, from the rapidity with which the principal height had been occupied, and in consequence of his seeing the advance of the regiment of chasseurs of the Ukraine, abandoned the redoubts Nos. 2 and 3 (the former armed with two guns and the latter with three), which were immediately occupied by our troops. The regiment of Chasseurs of Odessa, with the light battery No. 7, under the command of Colonel de Scudari, advanced to the redoubt No. 4; but the enemy, terrified upon this point also, did not wait for our attack, and abandoned the redoubt, in which there were three guns. Besides this, in each of the redoubts the enemy had left his tents, and his powder magazines, and engineering tools.

Immediately after the occupation of the redoubts, I ordered the troops to establish themselves there. I immediately ordered the redoubt No. 4 to be razed, as it



was too much advanced, and I ordered its guns to be spiked, and their wheels and carriages to be broken, and the fragments to be thrown down the mountain. When these orders had been executed, the troops who had occupied the redoubt joined the general line of the other corps.

The brigade of hussars of the sixth division of light cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant-general Ryjoff, who accompanied the detachment, was posted at the right wing of our general line of battle, with the light horse battery No. 12, and the Cossack battery of position No. 3. During the movement of the troops in advance, the artillery of the Don moved rapidly forwards, and having placed itself in position, contributed by its well-directed fire to the success of the general attack.

When all the redoubts had been occupied, I ordered the advance of the cavalry, with the regiment No. 1 of the Cossacks of the Oural, and three detachments of the regiment No. 53 of Cossacks of the Don, upon the enemy's camp, situated upon the other side of the mountains. Our cavalry advanced rapidly, even to the camp; but, attacked in flank by the fire of the enemy's riflemen, and in front by the English cavalry, it was compelled to halt, and afterwards resumed its first position at the right wing of the general order of battle, being so placed that its front did not present a right line, the direction of one of its wings forming an angle with that of the centre.

At this time Major-general Jabrokritsky, with a detachment of the infantry regiment of Vladimir (three battalions) and that of Souzdal, ten guns of the battery of position No. 1, four guns of the light battery No. 2 of the 16th brigade of artillery, two companies of the battalion of riflemen No. 6, two squadrons of the regiment of hussars of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and two detachments of the regiment No. 60 of Cossacks (of Popoff), advanced upon the heights to the left of our cavalry, and occupied them. Our cavalry hardly had time to form in order of battle beyond the right flank of our infantry, when, from the other side of the mountain, where the redoubt No. 4 was raised, the English cavalry appeared, more than 2000 strong. Its impetuous attack induced Lieutenant-general Ryjoff to turn back upon the route to Tchorgoum to draw the enemy. At the same time I ordered to advance towards my right wing the combined regiment of lancers, under the command of Colonel Yeropkine, which came from Baidar to join the detachment of Major-general Gribbe, and I ordered that regiment to post itself behind the infantry in a concealed position. The enemy made a most obstinate charge, and, notwithstanding the well-directed fire of grape from six guns of the light battery No. 7, and that of the men armed with carbines of the regiment of Chasseurs of Odessa, and of a company of the 4th battalion of riflemen at the right wing, as well as the fire of a part of the artillery of the detachment of Major-general Jabrokritsky, he rushed upon our cavalry; but at this moment three squadrons of the combined regiment of lancers attacked him in flank. This unexpected charge, executed with precision and vigour, was attended with brilliant success. The whole of the enemy's cavalry in disorder precipitated itself in retreat, pursued by our lancers, and by the fire from our batteries. In this attack the enemy had more than 400 men killed, and sixty wounded, who were picked up on the field of battle, and we made twenty-two prisoners, one of whom was a superior officer.

A French squadron of African horse chasseurs rushed upon the detachment of Major-general Jabrokritsky. Having turned the left flank of the battery of position, it reached the chain of riflemen, and began to put the artillery to the sword. Two other squadrons followed. Upon this two battalions of the regiment of Vladimir, under the command of Major-general Jabrokritsky in person, precipitated themselves in advance at the point of the bayonet, and induced the enemy's cavalry to retreat, and it was pursued as far as the foot of the mountain by the well-directed fire of the foot Cossacks of the Black Sea, armed with carbines, and that of the riflemen. More than ten bodies and several horses remained upon the spot; three prisoners were taken, and the officer who commanded the attack made by the enemy was killed.

Remarking that the enemy again brought up fresh troops to his left wing, I reinforced my right wing, and disposed all the troops of the detachment in the following

order:—A battalion of the regiment of the Dnieper occupied the village of Kamara; the regiment of infantry of Azoff and the 1st battalion of that of the Dnieper were ordered to defend the redoubt No. 1; a battalion of the regiment of the Chasseurs of the Ukraine was left in the redoubt No. 2; and another battalion of the same regiment in redoubt No. 3, near which were also placed the whole regiment of Chasseurs of Odessa, two battalions of a regiment of the Dnieper, and a battalion of that of the Chasseurs of the Ukraine. All the artillery was ranged on advantageous positions; the cavalry, as before, remained on the right flank of the infantry. However, the enemy did not make any fresh attack, and ceased his fire at four o'clock in the afternoon.

In the taking by assault of such a strong position, I consider our loss in infantry as very insignificant. That of the cavalry was more important. Subjoined is a list, rapidly drawn up, in reference to this point (this list includes six superior and subaltern officers and 232 men killed; one general, nineteen superior and subaltern officers, and 292 wounded). I owe the success of the day to the zeal and excellent arrangements of the respective chiefs, and the courage and ardour of all the troops; more particularly Major-general Sémiakine, chief of the first brigade of the division entrusted to my command; and, under his orders, Colonel de Krudener, in command of the regiment of infantry of Azoff, who were ordered to attack the strongest redoubt, No. 1, situated upon a very steep height, personally exhibited an example of courage and judicious arrangements. The attack of the regiment of infantry of Azoff was executed with boldness, celerity, and decision. The second company of the 4th battalion of riflemen, under the command of Second-captain Kalakoutsky, six guns of the light battery No. 6, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Afanasieff, and four guns of the battery of position No. 4, commanded by Lieutenant Posnikoff, who accompanied that column, acted with precision and celerity, and thus facilitated the capture of the height.

When the enemy's cavalry charged, and while it was being repulsed, eight guns of the light battery No. 7, which were stationed near the regiment of Chasseurs of Odessa, directed by Captain Bojanoff, did the most injury to the enemy's cavalry by the precision of their fire of grape-shot.

All the operations of the artillery of the twelfth brigade of that arm, directed by Colonel Nemoff, commandant of that brigade, were crowned with brilliant success. Staff-major Guersivanoff, and the aide-de-camp of your highness, captain of corvette Baron Willebrandt, whom your highness sent to me, and who was at my side during the whole of the combat, rendered me very useful assistance, transmitting, with the most strict exactness, all my orders to the troops in the first line.

With the present report I have the honour to present to your highness the flag and the Turkish standard taken in the redoubt No. 1.

Knowing, as our readers do, the numbers actually engaged on the part of the allies, the falsehood of the above despatch, which rated our cavalry at 2000 men, will be obvious. The whole spirit of the despatch is as ungenerous to a brave enemy, as it is boastful of the performances of the general himself, and of his troops. The repulse of the cavalry by our infantry is the least incorrect; the charge by our heavy cavalry is slurred over and evaded; and while some honour is given to the courage of our light cavalry, their chivalry is still glossed over without that acknowledgment which a noble enemy would have made.

A field-officer, who witnessed from the elevation on which Lord Raglan stood the events of this sad day, and whose military *status* enabled him to know with certainty the events



which followed, gave to the author of this History the following relation of what occurred after the battle:—

“Eventually, the Russians retained possession of two of the entrenched posts (Nos. 1 and 2) held by the Turks in the morning, and nine 12-pounder English guns. Their columns also remained in the plain, about 1500 yards from our front, drawn up as if to offer battle. Much murmuring was heard that they should be allowed thus to defy us, and to keep possession of the hills on our right front. The Turks were loaded with abuse for running away from the outposts, and losing the guns; but the amount of obloquy seems undue. Others, besides Turks, would have left such very slight field-works if attacked by an army, and having no support within cannon range. These so-called redoubts were but a semblance of cover for the defenders, but no obstacle to the assailants. Any sportsman would have considered it no great feat to have ridden his horse over both ditch and parapet. Subsequently, the Russians rather concentrated their force on the village of Kamara and No. 1 redoubt, the nearest to Kamara and the nearest to Balaklava. This redoubt was, as the crow flies, but 3700 yards, and Kamara but 4200 yards from the northern part of Balaklava Bay. And though a high ridge intervened, this could not interfere with vertical fire. It was obvious that had two or three heavy mortars been brought round from Sebastopol, a distance of some fourteen miles (for which two or three days would have sufficed), and placed in redoubt No. 1, Balaklava Bay would in all probability have been quickly abandoned, and vast stores belonging to our army lost.

“On that night (the 25th), the orders to prepare to quit Balaklava were reiterated, and the necessary instructions were given to the commissariat, ordnance, and medical departments to withdraw all their stores. At the same time, Captain Tatham sent round the *Caradoc*, to inform Sir Edmund Lyons of the proposed abandonment of the harbour. The night following the battle of Balaklava was an anxious one inside the little harbour: all night long the vessels were shipping their cables, and the tugs towed them out as fast as they cast off. The commissariat shipped all their money, and much of the stores were re-embarked from the ordnance and quartermaster-general’s departments. At each trifling alarm the Russians were looked for, as it was thought certain they would take advantage of the night to re-commence their attack. Had they done so, their success would have been almost certain; but, fortunately for the English, Liprandi commanded against us.

“On the evening of the 25th, Sir De Lacy

Evans, it is said, received orders as usual to send 800 men from his weak division into the trenches. During the usual midnight relief, a working party of 800 would necessarily occasion for about four hours a diminution of the force in position of 1600 men; add these to outlying pickets, and it will be seen how few must have remained disposable for holding a vital point. Not unfrequently a still greater number were required for the trenches; but the gallant general was so thoroughly impressed with the danger which threatened the English from the valley and heights of Inkerman, that he was led, it is stated, on this as on previous occasions, to utter a strong remonstrance against the impolicy of weakening his force. His reasons were probably unappreciated, and consequently his warnings practically disregarded.”

The tidings of the battle of Balaklava brought mingled tears and joy to every home in England. Wherever virtue and valour were prized, there was sorrow over the fallen brave; yet all felt prouder of a country which could produce such dauntless men. After the arrival of the public accounts, and the newspaper notices, there was an eager desire to peruse the letters of survivors, or of those who witnessed the deeds of their glory. When a family, in any rank of life, was known to possess such a treasure as a letter from the seat of war, all their acquaintances came with earnest heart and countenance to hear of the sanguinary tragedy, and deathless glory of Balaklava. To have joined in those glorious charges, to have led them, seemed to have been the acme of military honour, and it only remained for fame to crown the surviving heroes with her choicest wreaths.

A few of the letters which arrived at home, after this and the other battles, will give variety to our pages, and no doubt deeply interest our readers. Minor features of the conflict came out in such correspondence, which can never be presented otherwise by the historian. In these letters, too, we see the hearts of the combatants or spectators, and are enabled to enter into the feelings those great events stirred up as they were occurring, or left behind when they had passed away. Actors and spectators seemed to look back upon them with emotions of self-surprise, and mingled triumph and pathos, as they surveyed the wreck which attested the fury of the whirlwind of war. One of the most interesting letters from the pen of a spectator, was written by a gentleman of fortune, an amateur in campaigning, who dwelt in the camp; and who, if he did not go out to battle, lost no opportunity of observing its ebb and flow, and of soothing the wounded and weary who were borne from its dangers and its toils:—

*Camp, October 29th.*

“Well! I have seen a battle, or rather part—the bloodiest part—of a battle; and am amazed to find how little I have seen! If I had been told beforehand that the spectacle of two armies, arrayed front to front in a spacious valley, and assailing each other with the deadliest instruments of modern warfare, differs little, to the mere eye, from a review—that even to the *mind* of one ‘who hath no friend or brother there’ the event of the day is so absorbing, that at the moment he hardly heeds the human wrecks, dwarfed by distance into pigmies, which mark the course of every manœuvre—that a single combat is more stirring than a general engagement, and the anguish of one poor wounded wretch, whose groans are in your ears, more shocking than the most wholesale slaughter—I should have doubted. Yet such is the lesson of my own experience, and I believe that those who have witnessed similar scenes would, if true to themselves, bear me out in the avowal. I am glad, at any rate, that you do not depend upon me, exclusively, for an account of the battle of Balaklava. How any one, who has not somebody in the secrets of the generals by his side to explain the movements, can understand an affair of the kind is to me a mystery. If a man is in the *melée* he sees only that; if, on the other hand, he is at a sufficient distance to take in the whole field, he sees an array of dark sparkling masses—now moving, now stationary—covered with smoke, or emerging from it. Finally, he sees a certain portion of the whole marching away, perhaps in very good order. We will suppose that at such a juncture, by good luck, he really does know that the fight is decided, and which party it is that is retreating, and that he rejoices or laments appropriately. Nevertheless, as regards all the sudden emergencies, the daring movements and sagacious plans—all, in fact, that give the battle its historical interest—our spectator comprehends no more of them, believe me, than you comprehend of the manœuvres of a review.

“And now, having reduced your anticipations to the proper level, let me fairly own that I was on the wrong side of the ridge for observing the most interesting portions of the engagement of the 25th. The reason was that when, on that morning, repeated discharges of musketry and artillery in our rear proclaimed the long expected arrival of Osten-Sacken’s force, I, in common with my neighbours, believed that it would very soon be beaten back again. The enemy were advancing at the time towards the ridge to which I have alluded, and which traversed the valley at a point between them and Balaklava. Now this ridge, though a great deal lower than the hills

which it connects, is yet high enough to conceal from persons on one side of it, the movements of troops for some distance behind the other. Assuming, therefore, that the enemy would be routed and pursued, I determined not to let the ridge intervene between me and the sport, and took up my position on what may be called the Russian, as opposed to the allied side of the hill, close to the French mortar battery, under the telegraph. The battery is situated just under the crest of the western hill-side of the valley in the rear of our camp, and commands a view of Balaklava to the right, broken only by the unlucky ridge.

“On arriving at the battery about half-past eight, I could see the Russians (computed at 20,000 strong) defiling from behind some rising ground to our left, on the opposite, or eastern side of the valley. Numerous loose horsemen preceded them. Detached portions of the force were scattered over the whole breadth of the plain, and the mortars near which I stood played upon some of the nearest of them with evident effect. We watched the shells bursting over and among them, and producing large gaps in their masses; but it was too far to see individuals being killed. The fire was not returned. After half an hour or so had been thus spent, a body of Russian horse charged over the nearest end of the ridge, and to the great mirth and delight of our party (I was standing among some French officers) we soon saw them galloping back again. Then they joined the main body on the eastern side of the valley, and the whole advanced up the farthest end of the ridge, where there were three Turkish redoubts, giving a cheer as they reached the summit. To our intense chagrin they stopped there; we saw nothing like resistance. After a time, the troops of the British first division (who had been ordered down from the camp) began to cross the ridge about its centre, and bodies of our cavalry took up their position between them and the western hills. The larger portion of the Russian force then retired half-a-mile. Our troopers shortly afterwards were seen galloping towards the enemy. There was a mass of smoke; and when it cleared away, we saw many corpses strewn the ground; and some horses galloping riderless, and some lying on the field. Whether they were British soldiers who had been slaughtered, or Russians, or both, we could not tell; but after the smoke had cleared away the *melée* was at an end. Excepting some sharp firing behind the Balaklava side of the ridge, in the direction of the redoubts, we could discover or hear nothing more; till at two, becoming impatient, I went down to the ridge to an earthwork manned by a French regiment

(the 27th). Here I perceived the whole arrangement of the British force. They were formed in three rows, extending across the valley; the first composed of regiments of the line, the second of troopers standing by their horses, the third of the Guards and Highlanders. Ambulances were posted here and there, and everything seemed ready for a general action; but after waiting till four, and seeing no new symptoms of a move on either side, I returned to camp—there to learn what I had really been looking at!

"I soon ascertained that all the most effective portion of the battle had taken place on that side of the ridge which I had visited too late. The Russians whom we saw galloping back over it in the morning were no doubt the relics of those whom the 'Heavies,' as you will have learnt, had drubbed so heartily, and against such fearful odds—one of the few spectacles in modern warfare, by the bye, which, from its having been a purely cavalry affair, had none of its effect marred by smoke. The splendid reception given by the 93rd Highlanders to the Russian cavalry, was shut out from us by the same unlucky screen. The troopers whom we had watched dashing into the fire of musketry and artillery on the further side of the valley, were, it is true, then and there making their terrible charge under Lord Cardigan; but so dense was the pall in which they were at once wrapped by the musketry and artillery of the enemy, so complete, too, our ignorance of the nature and object of the movement, that even now I can hardly believe myself to have witnessed that sublime display of military devotion. I had so far provided against this annoyance by arranging with — that I was to accompany him in the event of any engagement taking place, when I should have been pretty sure of seeing the best of everything, and with the best lights. But he, poor fellow, was, and is, sick on board the —; and even had it been otherwise, I suppose his duty would have compelled him to remain behind in camp with his chief, to look after the front. And—but that is enough in all conscience! Why I should have told you, so long a story, with so little to tell, I'm sure I don't know, unless to convince you that seeing a battle is not always comprehending it, and to make you of a grateful and contented mind with your newspaper in the Temple.

"Next day I again went to the rear, and rode pretty close to the two redoubts, which were taken by the enemy, and which still remain in their hands. Cavalry pickets were posted near the other earthwork; but I learnt that no attempt would be made on the part of the allies to offer battle. Certainly, unless some great advantage was to be gained by a

general engagement, one thing is enough at a time—when that thing is the siege of Sebastopol; while there could be no point of honour with the Western powers in driving the enemy from posts which were wrested only from Turks. I saw eight or ten Russians and three or four horses lying dead on the slope, as I rode over the spot where the affair with the heavy cavalry took place. The rest, I suppose, had been buried in the twenty-four hours that had elapsed in the interval. The corpses bore the number '12' on their buttons, wore fur-trimmed pelisses, and belonged, I believe, to a crack regiment that goes by the name of the 'Weimar Hussars.' Their feet had already been stripped by our men of boots and stockings—a practice invariably resorted to, partly on account of the value of the articles themselves, and partly from a belief that money is to be found concealed in them. I noticed that the features of these men had become so coarse from exposure, that they expressed little beyond a stern, sad endurance. Still, the 'last enemy' had lent their faces a dignity which I have not seen in the countenances of their living countrymen; and the stark, white feet told eloquently of death. It felt strange to find and leave them there alone, scattered among the stones and thistles—and not a living soul to watch!"

A military correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* thus describes the scene, and judges of its cause and consequences:—

"The disaster, of which the mere shadow darkened so many a household among us, is not much less than the annihilation of the light cavalry brigade. Had there been the smallest use in the movement that cost us so much—had it been the necessity of a retreat, or part of any plan whatever, we should endeavour to bear this sad loss as we do the heaps of human life lavished in an assault. Even accident would have made it more tolerable. But it was a mere mistake—evidently a mistake, and perceived to be such when it was too late to correct it. The affair then assumed the terrible form of a splendid self-sacrifice. Two great armies, composed of four nations, saw from the slopes of a vast amphitheatre seven hundred British cavalry proceed at a rapid pace, and in perfect order, to certain destruction. Such a spectacle was never seen before, and we trust will never be repeated. There are two consolations—the first that, owing to the very incomplete state of our regiments, there were not more to exhibit in this fearful death-parade; and, secondly, that even in that awful progress, when officer and soldier felt themselves hurried to their doom by some inextricable error, they still kept their ranks, went fiercely on, rode

up hills, stormed batteries, and sold their lives as dearly as the manifest odds against them would allow.

"The error was one of unusual simplicity, and requires no science to understand it. There was no surprise, not even too short a notice. There was no misconception of the enemy's strength. There was no inevitable train of consequences, in which disaster was the slow result of successive operations. This grand military holocaust was a wholly distinct affair. The Russians, masters of the four redoubts taken from the Turks, and of a few cannon found in them, had been effectually checked by the firmness of the 93rd Highlanders and a splendid charge of the heavy cavalry brigade. They had paid for their temerity by a considerable loss, and had been compelled to surrender a good part of the ground they had won. It was about noon, when they had rested for some time, and were apparently preparing to retire with the guns they had captured, that the fatal movement took place. The cavalry then received an order to advance rapidly to the front, to follow the enemy, and attempt to prevent them carrying off the guns; and, as the circumstances under which the order was received were not a little formidable, they were told that the French cavalry were on their left. How far the order was itself the result of a misconception, or was intended to be executed at discretion, does not appear, and will probably afford the subject of painful but vain recrimination. It was interpreted as leaving no discretion at all; and the whole brigade advanced at a trot for more than a mile, down a valley, with a murderous flank fire of Minié muskets and shells from hills on both sides. It charged batteries, took guns, sabred the gunners, and charged the Russian cavalry beyond; but not being supported—and, under the circumstances, perhaps it is fortunate it was not—and being attacked by cavalry in front and rear, it had to cut its way through them, and return through the same cavalry and the same fire. The brigade was simply pounded by the shot, shell, and Minié bullets from the hills. Not more than a dozen were killed by the Russian cavalry, who, if they had been good for anything, would have taken care that not a single British soldier should return to tell the tale. Causeless as the sacrifice was, it was most glorious. A French general who saw the advance, and apprehended at once its fatal issue, exclaimed, 'This is indeed magnificent, but it is not war!' The enthusiasm of the moment, and the fellow-feeling of the two armies, almost led the Chasseurs d'Afrique to follow the British brigade to its doom, but they were wisely restrained, and did much better service by

charging a Russian battery on the flank, and for a time checking its fire.

"It is difficult not to regard such a disaster in a light of its own, and to separate it from the general sequence of affairs. Causeless and fruitless, it stands by itself, as a grand heroic deed, surpassing even that spectacle of a shipwrecked regiment, settling down into the waves, each man still in his rank. The British soldier will do his duty, even to certain death, and is not paralysed by feeling that he is the victim of some hideous blunder. Whatever the case of the common soldier, and however little he might know the full horrors of his position till death had done its work all around him, the officers who led him on, with a conspicuous gallantry that extorted the admiration of the foe, knew well what they were about. Nor were those officers mere soldiers of fortune, with nothing to lose but themselves, and no inducements out of their profession. They were men who risked on that day all the enjoyments that rank, wealth, good social position, and many fortunate circumstances can offer to those who are content to stay at home. Splendid as the event was on the Alma, yet that rugged ascent in the face of heights blazing with destruction was scarcely so glorious as the progress of the cavalry through and through that valley of death, with a murderous fire not only in front, but on both sides, above, and even in the rear."

The following letter was written by a gentleman on board the *Himalaya* troop-ship, giving a description of incidents after the battle, and an account of what he saw upon the field:—

"Since my last we have brought up from Constantinople 550 troops of different regiments convalescent, arriving here on the morning of the 24th, also a quantity of charcoal for the troops. As we approached the land we could see and hear heavy firing about Sebastopol. Among the officers who came up with us were Captain Dickson of the 30th, and Captain Warden of the 19th. Both these gentlemen had been wounded at Alma, and sent to Scutari Hospital, with leave to proceed home; but they thought themselves sufficiently recovered to be again of service to her majesty's arms, and, with more zeal than I think discretion, have marched up and rejoined their respective corps. When we see cases such as these of devotion to the service, one cannot wonder at the general success of the British forces. I shall now give you an account of what I have either witnessed myself, or heard from those actually engaged in it.

"October 25th.—At daylight heard very sharp and heavy firing towards Sebastopol, and also near Balaklava, increasing towards nine o'clock, and from that time incessant. Could

see occasionally shells bursting over the high hills by which the bay is surrounded; so as soon as possible I went on shore, and found that a very heavy cavalry action, with artillery, was going on. . . . Colonel Griffith got shot in the head; Brevet-major Clarke a sabre-cut at the back of his neck; Cornet Prendergast shot right through the foot; Cornet Handley stabbed in the side and arm, being at one time surrounded by four Cossacks, three of whom he shot with his revolver, and the fourth was cut down by his sergeant. I saw this young gallant fellow a few hours after, and he was then getting ready to rejoin his regiment from the temporary hospital, not finding his two wounds of sufficient consequence to keep him from his post. The colonel did the same, after getting his head dressed. Major Clarke did not, I believe, leave the field. I also saw Lieutenant Elliot, 5th Dragoon Guards, riding into Balaklava, his face so covered with blood, and his head bound up, that we could not recognise him. The gallant Captain White, too, of the 17th Lancers, was lying on his back when we came up to him, with a round-shot right through his leg, with Sir W. Gordon dreadfully cut about the head, both receiving, however, every attention and care from Surgeon Kendall, who was formerly at Southampton with Mr. Ward, surgeon of that town. In this garden and temporary hospital could be seen men with every description of wound—from the sabre-cut to the grape and canister-shot. One poor fellow's leg was taken off while we were there; nor can one easily forget the shocking scenes, the result of such a day's fighting. The surgeons (Brush and his assistant Chapple) of the Greys were working away with their sleeves turned up, arms bloody, faces the same, looking more like butchers than surgeons, so hard had they worked all day."

The same writer, after dwelling on various details, adds:—

"This afternoon, the two armies, the Russians being enormously strong, were waiting for one or the other to advance, throwing an occasional shell by way of invitation or challenge. But for several hours there they stood, as if content with what had already taken place, and we so near the two, that with the aid of my glass, a good Dollond, I could distinctly see the colour of their uniform (grey), and their standard, with an eagle on the top of it; I could also plainly see the dead, both men and horses, on the scene of the late encounter. I observed one horse stand fully an hour by the side of his dead rider, while others were wildly galloping about, not knowing which way to turn their riderless course. One of the most wonderful things, I think, is to see the way in which our riflemen go about in small detached

parties, crawling along on the ground up the side of a hill, till they appear to be within 300 yards of the enemy, and thus they lie on their bellies till a chance offers, when crack goes a Minié, and down falls a Russian. I was informed most credibly that one of these brave fellows a few days since thought he would go and do a little business on his own account, got away from his company, and crawled up close to a battery under shelter of a hill, lay on his back and loaded, and turned over and fired, when, after killing eleven men, a party rushed out, and he took to his heels, but, sad to say, a volley, fired after him by this party, levelled him with the earth, and he was subsequently picked up with thirty-two balls in his body. A party of Russian sharpshooters made a sort of attempt to come up to the battery manned by the marines; but a few well-directed shot from that gallant little body sent them back again, having taken nothing by their motion. Lieutenant Maxse, aide-de-camp to Lord Cardigan, was severely shot in the foot and ankle, and was carried on board his lordship's yacht, the *Dryad*. He was close to the unfortunate Captain Nolan of the 15th Hussars, who was shot in the breast while cheering and gallantly charging the enemy, and who, after getting off his horse, made two or three staggers forward, and fell dead.

"Whenever, during the day, you saw any of the Turkish soldiers, you saw the people hooting them, and calling them cowards and runaways. I witnessed two Irishwomen actually driving four of these chivalrous gentry before them, making them carry some things for them, probably to their own wounded husbands, and saying, 'Ph! ye cowardly divils, this is all you're fit for, to be our servants—sure, you are afraid to fight!' And on our return I saw a young middy drawn up before some fifty of them, abusing them most heartily for having run away. One of them made a sign as if he was going to draw his sword, when master middy sang out. 'Oh!' said he, 'I'm not afraid of you, such a set of cowards as you are,' set his arms a-kimbo, and then stood, the picture of a young lion, and, I should say, about as brave."

The following is from a light cavalry officer of rank:—

"We all knew that the thing was desperate before we started, and it was even worse than we thought. However, there was no hesitation; down our fellows went at the gallop, through a fire in front and on both flanks, which emptied our saddles, and knocked over our horses by scores. I do not think that one man flinched in the whole brigade, though every one allows that so hot a fire was hardly ever seen. We went right on, cut down the gunners at their guns (the Russians worked

the guns till we were within ten yards of them); went on still, broke a line of cavalry in rear of the guns, and drove it back on the third line. But here our bolt was shot; the Russians formed four deep, and our thin and broken ranks and blown horses could not attempt to break through them, particularly as the Russian cavalry had got round our flanks, and were prepared to charge our rear (with fresh men). We broke back through them, however, and then had to run the gauntlet through the cross-fire of artillery and Minié rifles back to our own lines, with their cavalry hanging on our flank. The heavy brigade, which had made a good charge of its own in the morning, covered our coming out of action, and lost some men from the artillery.

"There is no concealing the thing—the light brigade was greatly damaged, and for nothing; for, though we killed the gunners and horses of nine 12-pounders, we could not bring them away. . . . Nolan (who brought the order) is dead. The first shell that burst hit him in the breast. He gave a loud cry, his horse turned, trotted back (with him still in the saddle) between the first and second squadrons of the 13th, and carried him so for some way, when he fell dead. He was hit in the heart.

"In the two leading regiments, including Lord Cardigan (who led in person) and his staff, we had nineteen officers. Only three came out of action untouched both man and horse; all the others were killed, wounded, or prisoners, or had their horses hurt. . . . It was a bitter moment after we broke through the line of cavalry in rear of their guns when I looked round and saw there was no support beyond our own brigade, which, leading, in the smoke had diverged, and scarcely filled the ground. We went on, however, and hoped that their own men flying would break the enemy's line, and drive them into the river. When I saw them form four deep instead, I knew it was 'all up,' and called out to the men to rally. At this moment a solitary squadron of the 8th came up in good order. This saved the remnant of us; for we rallied to them, and they, wheeling about, charged a line which the Russians had formed in our rear. You never saw men behave so well as our men did. As we could not hold our ground, all our dead and badly wounded were left behind, and we know not who are dead or who are prisoners. All this makes me miserable, even to write; but it is the naked truth. Our loss in men is not so great as that in horses; for men whose horses were shot in the advance got back on foot. I hear from a man who dined with Lord Raglan to-day that they do us justice at head-quarters, and say that our attack was an unheard-of feat at arms,

and that Lord Raglan says that the moral effect has been wonderful. The Russian prisoners, since taken at Sebastopol, say that the Russians were petrified at the audacity of the attack, and the energy that could, after such a fire, break through their lines. These prisoners were taken in a very successful affair by Sir de Lacy Evans, who is a first-rate division leader."

"P.S.—Whatever might have been the error of judgment committed by Captain Nolan—if the mistake really originated with him, which we must not rashly assume—he paid a full penalty. He volunteered to accompany the charge, and had ridden but a few paces when a shot struck him, and his horse bore back his body, fixed rigidly in his saddle, as if even in death he vindicated his reputation as one of the finest horsemen of the age."

The last letter with which we shall illustrate the feelings and impressions of the actors and observers of this terrible tournament, was written by a captain in that distinguished regiment, the Enniskillen Dragoons. The letter is one of the most remarkable ever written by an officer concerning the personal encounters in which he was engaged:—

"I am, you see, alive at this date, but God knows how long after. You have, I presume, devoured all the accounts which have been sent home as to our glorious charge. Oh! such a charge! Never think of the gallop and trot which you have often witnessed in the Phoenix Park when you desire to form a notion of a genuine bloodhot, all-mad charge, such as that I have come out of, with a few lance-prods, minus some gold lace, a helmet chain, and Brown Bill's (the charger's) right ear. From the moment we dashed at the enemy (whose position, &c., you doubtless know as much about as I can tell you) I knew nothing, but that I was impelled by some irresistible force onward, and by some invisible and imperceptible influence to crush every obstacle which stumbled before my good sword and brave old charger. I never in my life experienced such a sublime sensation as in the moment of the charge. Some fellows speak of it as being 'demoniac.' I know this, that it was such as made me a match for any two ordinary men, and gave me such an amount of glorious indifference as to life as I thought it impossible to be master of. It would do your Celtic heart good to hear the most magnificent cheer with which we dashed into what P—— W—— calls 'the gully scrimmage.' Forward—dash—bang—clank, and there we were in the midst of such smoke, cheer, and clatter, as never before stunned a mortal's ear. It was glorious! Down, one by one, aye, two by two, fell the thick-skulled and over numerous Cosacks and other lads the tribe of old Nick.

Down too, alas! fell many a hero with a warm Celtic heart, and more than one fell screaming loud for victory. I could not pause. It was all push, wheel, frenzy, strike, and down, down, down, they went. Twice I was unhorsed, and more than once I had to grip my sword tighter, the blood of foes streaming down over the hilt and running up my very sleeve. Our old Waterloo comrades, the Greys, and ourselves, were the only fellows who flung headlong first into the very heart of the Muscovites. Now we were lost in their ranks—now in little bands battling—now in good order together—now in and out, until the whole ‘Heavies’ on the spot plunged into a forming body of the enemy and helped us to end the fight by compelling the foe to fly. Never did men run so vehemently—but all this you have read in the papers.

“I cannot depict my feelings when we returned. I sat down completely exhausted and unable to eat, though deadly hungry. All my uniform, my hands, my very face were bespattered with blood. It was that of the enemy! Grand idea! But my feelings—they were full of that exultation which is impossible to describe. At least, twelve Russians were sent wholly out of the ‘way of the war’ by my good steel alone, and at least as many more put on the passage to that peaceful *exit* by the same excellent weapon. So also can others say. What a thing to reflect on! I have almost grown a soldier-philosopher, and most probably will one of these days, if the bullets which are flying about so abundantly give me time to brush up.

“My dear fellow, our countrymen have not tarnished their fame in the Crimea. Gallantry and glory will never abandon the march of Celtic bands—never! Oh that I could have patience to write you of such deeds of individual heroism as have come within my notice! Fictionists are shabby judges of true bravery. No novel ever had a sham hero who comes up to the realities I have witnessed. One of my troop, for instance, had his horse shot under him in the *mêlée*. ‘Bloody wars,’ he roared, ‘this won’t do!’ and right at a Russian he ran, pulled him from his horse by the sword-hand in the most extraordinary manner—then deliberately cutting off his head as he came down, vaulted into the saddle, and turning the Russian charger against its late friends, fought his way. This took less time to do than I to tell it. I saw another of our fellows unhorsed, and wounded, creep under a Russian charger, and ran the sword up his belly. The animal plunged and fell on his slayer, crushing him to pieces. . . . We must take this doomed place, even, as O’Grady says, if we be doomed who take it. Any one of our fellows is a match for three Russians.”

The gallantry evinced by individuals in the great charges at Balaklava, and the hairbreadth escapes which these brave men experienced, would fill many pages of history with stories as exciting as those which lend so much interest to the perusal of the novel or romance. Captain Toosey Williams, son of R. B. Williams, Esq., of Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park Gardens, London, and Buseot Park, Farringdon, Berks, led the second squadron of “the Greys.” It was his first action, he had spent his previous service chiefly as aide-de-camp to successive lord-lieutenants, at Dublin Castle; but, like many other courtly men, he hurried off to the war when queen and country required. Captain Williams was ill of fever when the memorable morning of Balaklava peeped through the mists which, along the banks of the Tchernaya, so generally hang over an October dawn. At the first note of danger he insisted on getting to horse, and sharing with his comrades the perils of the day. He fought with marked valour. Four times he was separated from his men in fierce encounters; twice with two horsemen, once with three, and once with even four. He in every instance got clear of his assailants, inflicting with his sword and revolver fatal penalties upon their temerity. After the battle, he was obliged to take to his bed with renewed fever, but refused to leave the camp, or be invalided. On the 20th of November, his case appeared dangerous, and he was borne on a litter through the tents of his brigade to Balaklava, where, being put on board ship, he was brought to Constantinople, and, after lingering some time, died at Scutari, regretted to a degree accorded to few officers even among those who were and deserved to be most regretted. It was Captain Williams who captured the Russian general at M’Kenzie’s farm.

Captain Winter, of the 17th Lancers, was another of the heroes who signalised themselves in that dark gorge among the Baidar Hills. He was the eldest son of Samuel Winter, Esq., of Agher, county of Meath, in Ireland—of an old Gloucestershire family, long settled in that country. He had previously known no service abroad, and was among the favoured officers who were placed on the personal staff of the Irish viceroys. He accompanied the reconnaissance in the Dobruzscha, so unfortunate for the horses of his brigade, under Lord Cardigan. At the battle of the Alma, he shared with his regiment the task of watching the Russian cavalry, who threatened the British left. At M’Kenzie’s farm, during the celebrated flank march, the captain distinguished himself by the promptitude and alacrity with which he took advantage of the Russian surprise. Perhaps no officer in his brigade performed so much out-

post and night patrol duty in the Tchernaya Valley. In the fierce charge of the 25th of October, he led the second squadron of his regiment, and was last seen among the enemy's guns, furiously cutting down the gunners. The first horse that galloped back to the cover of the British lines was Captain Winter's, wounded in several places by grape-shot.

Cornet Hugh Montgomery, a very young officer, merits notice in connection with the forlorn charge of the light cavalry. He was the eldest son of Hugh Montgomery, Esq., of Ballydrain, county of Antrim, and was a young man of superior education and refined mind. As a pupil at Harrow, and afterwards matriculating at Cambridge, he was noticed for his classical proficiency. At the age of twenty-four, he fell in the ranks of the 13th Light Dragoons, in the first line of Lord Cardigan's brigade. He was observed in desperate combat with six Russian Hussars, four of them fell by his revolvers, and his sword put the other two to flight. He retreated with the last straggling groups that came back from the enemy's guns, but seeing two of his men hard pressed by numbers, he returned to assist in their rescue, and was shot with a horse-pistol in the neck: thus falling a victim to loyalty, generosity, and valour.

By far the most noted person who fell on this day, where such rare valour made all worthy of note, was Captain Nolan, of the 15th Hussars, aide-de-camp to the quartermaster-general, Airey.

Lewis Edward Nolan was the only surviving son of Major Nolan, a gentleman of very limited means, in the county of Carlow, in Ireland. There were two branches of the family; the elder residing in Mayo, in the remote province of Connaught; the younger in Carlow, about forty Irish miles from the metropolis. Both of these produced many gifted and accomplished men, and not a few who won gloriously a soldier's honour and a soldier's death in foreign services—when denied, by a policy now happily obsolete, the opportunities and privileges of distinction in their own. When Major Nolan (father of our hero) retired from the military service, he resided in Milan, where he served the British government as vice-consul. Young Lewis Edward was then a schoolboy; the family taste was so decidedly military, that he and both his brothers were placed in the military school. Before he was fourteen years of age Lewis Edward had won an extraordinary renown for horsemanship, being regarded as at once the most fearless and elegant rider in Milan. His reputation as a horseman and a swordsman, and for his military talents generally, spread through Lombardy, became the subject of conversation in the Austrian army, and a

topic of admiring remark in the highest military coteries in Vienna. When attending the riding-school, at the military college, he was able to subdue a wild or vicious horse, when veteran riding-masters had failed to tame its temper, and render it fit for service. Some of the feats of wild enterprise and daring courage, which he performed in his equestrian exercises at Milan, are still talked of in that city and in the Austrian army. He was of a hasty and sanguine temper, high-spirited and haughty to superiors in rank, but kind and respectful to the poor; the pride of his tutors, and an idol with the common people and the soldiery, with whom the union of so much tenderness, gentleness, enthusiasm, and bravery, constituted the *beau ideal* of an officer and a gentleman. It was not generally understood, that with all his passion for enterprise, pleasure, amusement, and exploit of any kind, he was a student and a scholar. He was no stranger to the love of elegant studies, and he utterly despised professional ignorance. He studied profoundly all departments of military science, but most especially cavalry tactics—in which he became the greatest proficient of his age.

While yet a youth at Milan, Austrian officers of eminence in the emperor's service visited his father frequently. Among them was an imperial grand-duke, who presented him with a commission in an Austrian regiment of cavalry. He was scarcely entered upon the roll of his regiment when it was ordered from Lombardy to Hungary, and thence to Austrian Poland. While quartered there, many British gentlemen, travelling, sought his acquaintance—especially natives of his own country, who were naturally proud of his great reputation, which began to penetrate the military circles of England. Yielding to the importunities of these gentlemen, he entered the British service on the 15th of March, 1839; he was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 4th infantry, as a preliminary to an exchange into the cavalry, where his services would be most prized. In a month he became a cornet in the 15th Hussars. He soon joined his regiment in India, where his fame had preceded him; and great curiosity existed in the regiment, and in the Company's service, to make acquaintance with the redoubtable cavalier. His countryman, Sir Henry Pottinger, then governor of the presidency of Madras, was desirous to give the young hussar some opportunity of distinguishing himself. His excellency was so delighted with the evolutions through which Cornet Nolan put the Hussars, that he attached him as an extra aide-de-camp to his own staff. Here his love of study enabled him to attain the Sanscrit, Hindostanee, and Persian languages, while he



appeared to mingle in all the gaieties of his companions. He pursued also his military studies, and suggested various improvements in the management of our oriental cavalry, which Sir Henry Pottinger was too good a soldier, and too intellectual a man, not to appreciate. Mr. Nolan was soon appointed riding-master to the regiment; and he greatly improved the men in the sword exercise.

Still, notwithstanding his merits, he soon found that being tempted into the British service was a bar to his military distinction—vacancies occurred, and fools were appointed over his head. He obtained a lieutenancy, not because he deserved it, nor because he could serve his country better in that capacity—but his widowed mother, proud of her son, out of her small resources *purchased* it for him. Had he remained a hussar of Austria, the widow might have retained her little property, and the noble soldier would have been promoted for the same reason that he at first obtained a commission in that service—admiration of his qualities. He remained in India until 1852, without any promotion, but not without bringing the 15th Hussars to a state of great perfection as a corps of light cavalry. At last he obtained a troop, *without purchase*, through the influence of Sir Henry Pottinger and other officers, who urged upon the government the duty and propriety of conferring upon him that step. Soon after, the regiment returned to England; but Captain Nolan immediately went abroad (it was generally believed in the service of the government), and travelled through Russia and Prussia, to make himself perfectly acquainted with the cavalry system in the armies of those two nations. On his return to England, he published his book upon the *Organization, Drill, and Manœuvres of Cavalry Corps*. This book excited universal attention. His assertion that cavalry could break squares was a doctrine regarded by the infantry as heterodox. A discussion of the novel opinions of this publication was opened in the London and provincial press, and our French neighbours were engaged also with deep interest in the subject. The Horse Guards adopted several of the improvements suggested by Captain Nolan, and his fame attained a great elevation. It was a source of pride to his relatives and friends, to know that his book was in the hands of every cavalry officer in the kingdom who intended to study his profession; and many of the intelli-

gent non-commissioned officers and men were its students.

On the breaking out of war, he was ordered by Lord Hardinge to purchase horses in Tunis, Syria, and Constantinople, as remounts for the army; which task he performed with promptitude and skill—to little purpose, for many of these animals were allowed to die of cold and hunger by the incompetent staff. He was ultimately appointed aide-de-camp to General Airey; but in effect he served Lord Raglan in that capacity—being the only officer about the person of his lordship upon whom, as a staff-officer, he could place reliance for intelligence and extensive military knowledge. To the skill of Captain Nolan, the efficient state of our cavalry at the battle of Balaklava is mainly to be attributed. After his death the cavalry became of no service, the horses being allowed to die of hunger and for want of shelter. At the battle of Alma, he was much engaged in conveying orders through the hottest of the fire. At Balaklava we have already seen how he fell.

Captain Nolan had one fault, which, both as a man and an officer was injurious to him—his great excess of enthusiasm. It was sometimes amusing to listen to his bold assertions of the possibility of a cavalry general, at the head of British horsemen, riding down anything. An intelligent but determined advocate of the invincibility of the British infantry square, an acquaintance of the author's, would sometimes maintain this point in argument with the late captain, and it was a matter of no small entertainment to their circle, to mark the vehemence and dogmatism of their respective pretensions to the superiority of cavalry and infantry. This enthusiasm had some part in bringing about Captain Nolan's destruction. His age was only thirty-five years when he fell: he was unmarried. His widowed mother lost in him the third son who had fallen in the British service. Are there no honours which Britain bestows upon the bereft mothers of the fallen brave, who have rendered their country signal services while living, and at last laid down life for her glory?

We now bid farewell to the records of this tremendous struggle, and shall be happy if our humble narrative contribute ever so little to the feeling which will make the word Balaklava one of honourable and glorious association to British citizens and soldiers of our own, or, it may be, of other days.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

## BOMBARDMENT CONTINUED.—BLOWING UP OF A FRENCH BATTERY BY POWERFUL RUSSIAN BOMBS.—THE FIRST ACTION OF INKERMAN.

"They closed in clouds of smoke and dust,  
 With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;  
 And such a yell was there—  
 As if men fought upon the earth,  
 And fiends in upper air.  
 Oh! life and death was in that shout—  
 Recoil and rally—charge and rout,  
 And triumph and despair!"—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

EARLY on the morning of the 26th, the batteries commenced as usual, and the Russians varied the monotony of the proceedings by bringing a sixteen-inch mortar into play from some of the vessels in the harbour. Before eleven o'clock, these tremendous bombs blew up the magazine of the principal French battery, silenced it for the remainder of the day, and dismounted nine guns in our right attack.

## FIRST ACTION OF INKERMAN.

This action was commonly styled among those engaged in it, as the "Little Inkerman." In this war, independent of siege affairs, the English were engaged in four general actions,—the great battles of the Alma and Inkerman, and the minor actions of the 25th and 26th October. That of the 25th, or Balaklava, in which were some incidents of painful import, we have just narrated. We now proceed to that of the 26th. About noon on that day, a strong Russian force of infantry, supported by cavalry and artillery, were despatched from the naval battery, sallying from the works near the Malakoff; other movements of troops were observed on the north of the head of the bay. These threatening appearances having been also discerned by those on the look out of the second division, the generals and staff of this division immediately took post on commanding points, and the pickets were pushed a little forward over the edge of Shell Hill. The Russian columns appeared to move slowly. Their destination seemed yet uncertain. The troops were soon on the alert along our whole line.

On a detailed map of the Crimea, a road is shown which, branching to the right from the Worronzoff Road in its course towards Sebastopol, descends the heights to the valley of the Tchernaya, close to the head of the great harbour or bay. Across this, on the inner slope of an eminence, the second division were encamped. The road, passing over the ridge, turns to the right, and winds down a deep ravine to the valley and head of the bay. To the left of this road, the ground rises to a second eminence called Shell Hill, about 1100 yards in front of the position of our troops.

Most of the space on and between both ridges was covered with low coppice. This was also exactly the scene of the subsequently great conflict of the 5th November.

From the first, the Russians showed great jealousy of any one advancing above the crest of Shell Hill. No sooner was the hat or cap of a single English officer or vidette discovered above this line, than he was saluted with sundry round-shot and shell, of no small dimensions, from the works or shipping of the enemy. As the ridge in front was rather higher than that behind which this division was posted, and as the road, as well as the slopes from the valley on the left of it, afforded facilities to the advance of an enemy not found at any other point of the plateau, this was notoriously the weak point of the allied positions. But this, it would seem, the head-quarter authorities could not be brought to understand.

Gradually the enemy stole up the heights, but the artillery of several other of the divisions, as specified in General Evans' report, came to the assistance of that under his command. Meanwhile, the pickets were so well directed by the officers in charge of them—especially by Lieutenant Conolly, afterwards promoted to a company for his services on this occasion, with the assistance of Sergeant Sullivan—that the enemy were kept at bay a sufficient time for both brigades of the division to take favourable ground, and meet the ascending foe. The contests between the pickets and the masses of the Russian infantry were exceedingly fierce: perhaps during the whole war, no bodies of troops, so few in number, fought against such desperate odds—it was a conflict between a few hundred men, and nearly twenty times their number. The Russians pressed up the acclivities, eager to reach the summit, carrying with them trenching tools, by which they hoped to form a position, which, reinforcements speedily following, would have enabled them to hold. Against this vast column, the brave men who were on picket duty held their ground with the most desperate tenacity. The courage and solidity of Sir De Lacy Evans' division and the Guards, at

the greater Inkerman, did not surpass that here displayed. Lieutenant Conolly's men fell fast around him, but he rallied the survivors, and still fought, refusing to give way an inch. Again and again the enemy, in vastly superior numbers, rushed upon him and his little band with the bayonet. They were met as they advanced with deathful volleys of Minié musketry, delivered within a few yards; scarcely a shot that did not put two, and many three men *hors de combat*—the Minié balls, piercing the bodies of the nearer soldiers, entered those in their rear, and thus destruction was caused similar to that which, on a larger scale, was inflicted at the second battle of Inkerman. When the advancing parties of the enemy closed with the gallant little bands, they sustained the bayonet charges, repelling the assailants repeatedly with heavy slaughter. Gradually and steadily these brave men fell back upon their supports, fighting every step—Conolly and Sullivan performing prodigies of valour even where all were superbly valiant.

Military men admire the arrangement by which General Sir de Lacy Evans met the enemy: it is universally admitted to have been the only perfect affair during the war. The great experience of that lion-hearted man, and the military genius with which he is naturally endowed, secured the only perfectly skilful feat of arms in the records of this war. The battle was General Evans' own; for although the Guards, under General Bentinck and the Duke of Cambridge, protected his right, and several regiments of General Cathcart's division supported him, he might have told the officers who brought him this aid, as he did the officer who conveyed to him the offer of assistance from Bosquet—"I thank the general, but the enemy is already defeated." After the pickets fell back, it became for some time a battle of artillery—the result of which was that the Russian cannon were literally swept off the field. Sir de Lacy Evans assured the author of these pages that he was under great obligations to the artillery on this occasion, whose courage and skill entitled them to his highest admiration. When the Russian guns were thus silenced, the British cannon opened upon the columns of infantry, and tore through them with round and case-shot, while the volleys of the British infantry rolled with incessant power and steadiness upon them. At last they gave way, chased by the infantry of General Evans' division down the slopes, and across the valley. In this retreat the Russians especially suffered from a Lancaster gun, worked by sailors, under the charge of Mr. Hewett of the navy. This gun rendered good service during the Russian onset, as well as retreat. Mr. Hewett was acting mate of the *Beagle*, and was placed by Captain Lushington, who com-

manded the sailors' division, in direction of this gun. In the early part of the action, the Russian skirmishers approached within 300 yards, and picked off some of the gunners with their rifles. Mr. Hewett received at this juncture an order from some quarter to spike the gun, and retreat. This order did not come from Sir de Lacy Evans, or Generals Pennefather or Adams; but it was very much of a piece with the order to Lord Lucan, that to Captain Barker to remove his battery at Balaklava, and the repeated directions to abandon the harbour. Mr. Hewett determined, like Captain Barker and Sir Colin Campbell, to give no heed to the cowardly and foolish command. He replied, "Such an order does not come from Captain Lushington, and I will not obey it until it does." He then blew away with powder part of the earthen parapet, and the right cheek of the embrasure, so as to obtain a sufficient lateral sweep for the gun, and fired a dozen rounds into the Russian column with devastating effect. As the brave men of the second division, directed by Sir de Lacy himself, pressed hard upon the enemy at this juncture, the latter gave way—Mr. Hewett discharging 68-pound shot upon them in their retreat, until beyond the range of his gun. The play of the British field-artillery was at the same time magnificent, and would have been more destructive, but most of the men of General Evans' division wore their great-coats—rendering them scarcely distinguishable from the enemy, especially as both were half hid in the coppice, through which the Russians skirmished with some audacity, as they got away from the British heights. Whenever our artillery officers could see a gleam of red through the grey great-coats, they took care to avert their fire, or cast it beyond upon the retreating foe.

During this short action, which did not last much more than an hour, the enemy continued to get up some long range guns upon Shell Hill—the position from which, in the greater Inkerman, they so fearfully galled our divisions. The advantage in this instance was but small, in consequence of the tenacity with which Captain Conolly, and the other officers of the pickets, held their ground; for already powerful batteries were prepared to open against Shell Hill, which soon silenced the guns there. Conolly and the other officers, trained in their duty by that great master of the art of war, Sir de Lacy Evans, and his glorious second in command, General Pennefather, knew too well the value of the positions to yield a foot until the supports were ready to offer the enemy an effectual resistance. The Russians left dead upon the field within our lines two officers and 181 men; 100 wounded prisoners, men and officers; and forty-eight men, and several

officers, unwounded; but the trail of their dead was left behind them all the way into Sebastopol. Sir de Lacy Evans, with the modesty which is so generally characteristic of the brave and wise, estimated the total loss of the enemy at 600 men. Other officers since that have computed it at 1000 men. Sir De Lacy Evans himself admitted to the author of this work, that his original conjecture was far beneath the truth, as facts proved to himself after his despatch was written. If we state the Russian loss to be 1200 men killed, wounded, and prisoners, it will be much nearer the real amount. This terrible chastisement of the enemy was effected with so little injury to the British as to make the contrast almost incredible. Only thirteen were killed, and seventy-three wounded; the Russians carried away no prisoners. The officer who had so lately captured Lord Dunkellin (heir of the Marquis of Clanricarde) was among the prisoners. The force of the assailants has been variously estimated. Lord Raglan made it 6000 men, which was far below the truth. The gallant general upon whom all the honour of the victory rested, informed the writer that he believed the number was from eight to ten thousand; and that the strength of his division in the action did not exceed 1800 men.

This splendid feat of arms was, as to its importance, acknowledged coldly in Lord Raglan's despatch, but the merits of the general were referred to in the most handsome terms. This does Lord Raglan great honour, for never did a man maintain more sternly his political and religious prejudices and antipathies than Lord Raglan—and the liberal opinions of General Evans were not likely to gain his favour, nor commend their possessor to his partiality. The manner in which his lordship, in this and other despatches, subjects his strong political bias to the justice and honour of the soldier deserves honourable mention. His lordship, however, allowed, in his despatch concerning this battle, his high aristocratic prepossessions to prevail in reference to Sergeant Sullivan. General Evans placed the names of the non-commissioned officers beside those of the commissioned officers who deserved well of their country; but Lord Raglan named the officers in his despatch, and left out the no less intrepid man who, if of inferior birth, was of as noble nature. This afterwards attracted the attention of the House of Commons, and the denunciations of the press; and General Evans succeeded, after some difficulty, in obtaining for the brave man a commission. He certainly need entertain no gratitude for the justice or favour of the commander-in-chief for obtaining what his proud valour won from the reluctant concession of those who are so slow to confer military honour on the humbly born.

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, who was present at this action, thus describes the evidences he saw of the punishment inflicted upon the foe:—"All that afternoon waggons were bringing in wounded Russians. Passing the hospital tent of the first division, on the way to my own that evening, I saw a neat boot stretching out of the door-way, the wearer's leg being supported by an orderly. I looked in, but quickly withdrew. A very young Russian officer, extended on a table, whose thigh-bone had been splintered by a ball, was undergoing amputation of the hip-joint. As I turned away, the booted limb was detached from the bleeding mass, and laid upon the ground. He died in an hour. Outside the same tent next day, I saw a guardsman making soups in a large camp-kettle, while within a stride of his fire lay the bodies of five Russians, in different postures, who had died of their wounds, and had been laid there for burial. The young officer's body was laid apart, covered with a blanket, and near it, covered also, but not hidden, was a heap of amputated arms and legs."

Such were the appalling scenes which followed this short but decisive battle, which has been generally called a sortie, because the attacking force was not detached from the army of Liprandi in the field, but came out from Sebastopol, and was supposed to have been commanded by the junior Gortschakoff.

Much discussion took place in the English camp as to what could have been the precise motive of the enemy in thus forcing an action, on that particular point, with numbers which were inadequate to drive the allies from their position. The motives of the enemy were, however, clear enough to the indomitable man by whom they were repelled. The mere fact of carrying with them so large a supply of trenching tools, showed that they hoped, if possible, to make a lodgment. It may be urged, that if they had driven back the second division there were still the large bodies of British troops belonging to the other divisions, and the French division of Bosquet all hurrying up to the support of Sir De Lacy Evans: but Liprandi was on the alert, and had any lodgment been effected by Gortschakoff, he would have pressed forward, and ascended the heights in rear of Gortschakoff's columns, or perhaps have stormed Bosquet's position, weakened by the support sent to Sir De Lacy Evans. A sortie at the same time upon the British left might be effected by the garrison; this was, in fact, the plan upon which the second Russian attack on Inkerman was, with certain modifications, based. By this assault upon the position of General Evans, the Russians also gained a complete knowledge of the weakness of the English

position, and were encouraged to renew on a vast scale their attack upon the unprotected post of Sir De Lacy Evans. That general had not fought in fifty pitched battles, nor served on the quartermaster-general's staff in various campaigns, in vain. He knew well, that unless the position was strengthened, there was danger the most imminent; but his remonstrances to Lord Raglan and General Airey were, for the most part, treated with silent indifference. It is true, Lord Raglan wished to place a couple of guns in position there, to which General Evans objected—his sagacity foreseeing that so feeble a defence would only direct the attention of the Russians to the weakness of his position, and invite attack. After the action just now related, the general renewed his importunities to have the position strengthened. His arguments were met by the same cold and haughty silence as before, and nothing was done. Lord Raglan, in his despatch, did not seem to have any idea of the great importance of the position, the peril which menaced it, or the likelihood that the battle of the 26th was only preliminary to larger combinations for a more determined assault. He begins his despatch by some trifling notices of the continued siege operations, which amount to a statement that very little was done, and *then* he incidentally brings in the action of the 26th, as a sortie which was repelled with much address and energy by Sir De Lacy Evans.

If, however, Lord Raglan and his quartermaster-general, and the rest of his immediate staff, could not appreciate the events of the 26th, his lieutenant was not so dull, neither was the enemy. Sir De Lacy Evans could not sleep at night from the state of anxiety in which he was kept by the defenceless state of his position, and the uselessness of his remonstrances; and there is no doubt that the ill-health which deprived the army, in its hour of peril, of the loss of his services, was as much caused by this anxiety as by the accident which some days after befell him.

The excuse made by Lord Raglan for not sufficiently fortifying the extreme right of his line—that he had too few men, was absurd; for although his men were too few for the purposes to which he often uselessly put them, he could spare them for an extended line of defence before Balaklava, from which, on the 25th, he was driven, while he neglected the proper support of a position upon which the safety of his army depended. After the greater Inkerman, when he was still more pressed for men, he was obliged to strengthen this part by a large body of Turks—far greater in number than would have been requisite for erecting and manning formidable batteries

upon the heights occupied by the second division.

The action of "little Inkerman" might have opened the eyes of any commander not too haughty to consult those whose experience was much superior to his own, and whose military capacity and general attainments so much qualified them to be his counsellors.

The enemy profited largely by the knowledge this action gave them of the state of the British positions, and the mental calibre of the British chief; for on the arrival of Danenberg's reinforcements, every means were put into requisition to follow up the attack on Sir De Lacy Evans, upon a scale of magnitude, and with forethought and forces, almost ensuring success. While Raglan went on in his dreamy command, and while the versatile and undecided Canrobert paraded about among his men, and at the British head-quarters, as gay as he was brave, and, apart from a supreme command, also talented—Menschikoff, Gortschakoff, Danenberg, and Liprandi, with persevering industry, vigilance, and a deep and remorseless hatred, laid their schemes for the destruction of the allies, to be in ten short days carried into execution—or at all events, attempted with all the energy of mingled hope and despair, and national and religious rancour. Such was the action of the lesser Inkerman, and such its consequences.

The 25th and 26th of October were indeed eventful days to the allies, and left the traces of their influence long after the roar of their cannon died away.

The battle of Balaklava deprived us of a good and short road from Balaklava to the camp, and caused the dreadful sufferings incurred throughout the winter in bringing up to the lines provisions and munitions of war, especially as neither Lord Raglan nor his *alter ego*, General Airey, would make another road when prudence and reason dictated its urgency. That battle led to the insane orders to the ships to anchor outside the harbour of Balaklava, and thereby caused the ruinous loss of our stores during the storm which so soon after swept with irresistible fury the shores and waters of the Black Sea. The 26th taught the Russians that there was a way of assault open for them upon the British lines; and as no efforts to fortify the position were made after the action of that day, they learned to despise the command-in-chief of the allied armies, and to lay their schemes accordingly. The success of the 25th inspired the attack of the 26th, and that attack, although resulting in defeat, inspired the conception which was afterwards put into execution upon the 5th of November. The Russians felt that the allies had commanders that would not be taught by an enemy; and the British and French generals

commanding infantry divisions had bitter experience that their chiefs would receive no counsels from their friends, although grey in wisdom and scarred by war.

We shall close the detail of this action, and the discussion of its consequences, by the despatches, and by some specimens of the correspondence of those who wrote from the contested heights, in the anxious camp.

*Second Division, Heights of the Tchernaya, Oct. 27.*

MY LORD,—Yesterday the enemy attacked this division with several columns of infantry, supported by artillery. Their cavalry did not come to the front. Their masses, covered by large bodies of skirmishers, advanced with much apparent confidence. The division immediately formed line in advance of our camp, the left under Major-general Pennefather, the right under Brigadier-general Adams. Lieutenant-colonel Fitzmayer and the captains of batteries (Turner and Yates) promptly posted their guns and opened fire upon the enemy. Immediately on the cannonade being heard, the Duke of Cambridge brought up to our support the brigade of Guards under Major-general Bentinck, with a battery under Lieutenant-colonel Dacres. His royal highness took post in advance of our right to secure that flank, and rendered me throughout the most effective and important assistance. General Bosquet, with similar promptitude, and from a great distance, approached our position with five French battalions. Sir G. Cathcart hastened to us with a regiment of rifles, and Sir G. Brown pushed forward two guns in co-operation by our left. The enemy came on at first rapidly, assisted by their guns on the Mound Hill. Our pickets, then chiefly of the 49th and 30th regiments, resisted them with very remarkable determination and firmness. Lieutenant Conolly, of the 49th, greatly distinguished himself, as did Captain Bayly of the 30th, and Captain Atcherley; all of whom, I regret to say, were very severely wounded. Sergeant Sullivan also displayed at this point great bravery.

In the meantime our eighteen guns in position, including those of the first division, were served with the utmost energy. In half-an-hour they forced the enemy's artillery to abandon the field. Our batteries were then directed with equal accuracy and vigour upon the enemy's columns, which (exposed also to the close fire of our advanced infantry) soon fell into complete disorder and flight. They were then literally chased by the 30th and 95th regiments over the ridges, and down towards the head of the bay. So eager was the pursuit that it was with difficulty Major-general Pennefather eventually effected the recall of our men. These regiments and the pickets were led gallantly by Major Mauleverer, Major Champion, Major Eman, and Major Hume. The Russians were similarly pursued further towards our right by four companies of the 41st, led gallantly by Lieutenant-colonel the Hon. P. Herbert, A.Q.M.G. The 47th also contributed. The 55th were held in reserve. Above eighty prisoners fell into our hands, and about 130 of the enemy's dead were left within or near our position. It is computed that their total loss could scarcely be less than 600. Our loss, I am sorry to say, has been above eighty, of whom twelve officers are killed, and five wounded. I am happy to say hopes are entertained that Lieutenant Conolly will recover, but his wound is dangerous.

I shall have the honour of transmitting to your lordship a list of officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates whose conduct attracted special notice. That of the pickets excited general admiration. To Major-general Pennefather and Brigadier-general Adams I was, as usual, greatly indebted. To Lieutenant-colonel Dacres, Lieutenant-colonel Fitzmayer, Captains Turner, Yates, Woodham, and Hendlin, and the whole of the Royal Artillery, we are under the greatest obligation. Lieutenant-colonel Herbert, A.Q.M.G., rendered the division, as he always does, highly distinguished and energetic services. Lieutenant-colonel Wilbraham, A.A.G., while serving most actively, I regret to say, had a very severe

fall from his horse. I beg leave also to recommend to your lordship's favourable consideration the excellent services of Captains Glazbrook and Thompson, of the quartermaster-general's department, the brigade-majors Captains Armstrong and Thackwell, and my personal staff, Captains Allix, Gubbins, and the Hon. W. Boyle.

I have, &c.,

DE LACY EVANS, *Lieutenant-general.*  
*The Right Hon. Lord Raglan, G.C.B., &c.*

*Before Sebastopol, Oct. 28.*

MY LORD DUKE,—I have nothing particular to report to your grace respecting the operations of the siege since I wrote to you on the 23rd instant. The fire has been somewhat less constant, and our casualties have been fewer, though I regret to say that Captain Childers, a very promising officer of the Royal Artillery, was killed on the evening of the 23rd, and I have just heard that Major Dalton, of the 49th, of whom Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans entertained a very high opinion, was killed in the trenches last night. The enemy moved out of Sebastopol on the 26th, with a large force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery—amounting, it is said, to 6000 or 7000 men—and attacked the left of the second division, commanded by Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans, who speedily and energetically repulsed them, assisted by one of the batteries of the first division and some guns of the light division, and supported by the brigade of Guards and by several regiments of the fourth division, and in rear by the French division commanded by General Bosquet, who was most eager in his desire to give him every aid.

I have the honour to transmit a copy of Sir de Lacy Evans' report, which I am sure your grace will read with the highest satisfaction, and I beg to recommend the officers whom he particularly mentions to your protection. Captain Bayly of the 30th, Captain Atcherley of the same regiment, and Lieutenant Conolly of the 49th, all of whom are severely wounded, appear to have greatly distinguished themselves. I cannot speak in too high terms of the manner in which Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans met this very serious attack. I had not the good fortune to witness it myself, being in front of Balaklava at the time it commenced, and having only reached his position as the affair ceased, but I am certain I speak the sentiments of all who witnessed the operation in saying that nothing could have been better managed, and that the greatest credit is due to the Lieutenant-general, whose services and conduct I have before had to bring under your grace's notice.

I enclose the return of the losses the army has sustained since the 22nd.

I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

*His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.*

In connection with the foregoing despatches, it is very honourable to the British arms, and to the wise and intrepid general (Sir de Lacy Evans) by whom the battle of the lesser Inkerman was fought and won, that General Canrobert requested a copy of the report made by General Evans to the British commander-in-chief, in order to transmit it to his own government. So much did the gallant commander of the French admire that report, for its simplicity, modesty, and succinctness, and the mode in which the action was fought which it recorded, that he preferred sending home the British general's own narrative with his despatch, to the usual mode of only describing in his own language the achievements of his ally.

The report of General Bosquet to his chief was also very complimentary to Sir de Lacy

Evans. Bosquet, in his own *brusque* and generous mode, informed Canrobert that he could only find one fault in Sir de Laey Evans' dispositions and performance on that day, which was, that the gallant British chief had left him (Bosquet) nothing to do—having gained a complete victory with his own small division, without the aid of allies, or of other divisions of his own army. General Bosquet was much impressed with the tact and generalship of the British chief, who rode over to the place, a mile and a half distant, where Bosquet had halted his battalions on the intimation from Sir de Laey that their aid was not required, and from that spot the two generals rode back to the field of battle. The men of the second division, seeing the two popular officers together, welcomed them as they rode up the hill, after going over the contested ground, with the most enthusiastic cheers. This gratified the gallant Bosquet, not merely on account of the compliment paid to himself, but because of the devotion which it evinced on the part of the soldiery of Sir de Laey's division to their chief.

It was a matter deeply to be regretted, that the numerical strength of the British did not allow of their following up, on the instant, the victory of the 26th. Throughout the whole siege there never again occurred so glorious an opportunity for storming the place. Had General Evans' division been 8000 men, as it ought to have been, instead of 1800, he could have entered Sebastopol with the retreating foe. The men of this division would have gone anywhere with him; and in the retreat of the Russians, the British were so mingled with them, that they might have penetrated the place with their flying battalions. It was well Sir Lacy de Evans did not attempt it, as from the impotency and incompetency of the command-in-chief, he would have been left to perish with the few soldiers of his division. The total want of resolute counsels at headquarters would have made it a madly rash act of General Evans to have gone in with the fugitive enemy; although there can be no doubt that had he done so, and had he been, at the same time, bravely seconded by Lord Raglan and General Canrobert, the place must have fallen.

In consequence of the various motives attributed by different writers to the Russians in directing this attack upon the position of General Evans, the author of this work communicated with the gallant chief himself, requesting his opinion, which will be found substantially as follows:—

Different reasons have been assigned as to the object of the Russians in this attack. Some have considered it a reconnaissance, preparatory to the greater offensive operation of the 5th of November. We believe, however, that it occurred in the following manner:—Great

rejoicings were known to have taken place in Sebastopol on the night of the 25th, in consequence of the capture of the artillery and part of the allied position at Balaklava. It was a first success after their overthrow at the Alma, and tended to restore the confidence of the Russian troops. A *Te Deum* was celebrated in Sebastopol on the morning of the 26th. The whole of the garrison were assembled. They were addressed, it was stated, by the general-in-chief, in glowing terms, on the victory of the preceding day. An extra spirit ration was issued, and it was resolved to take advantage of the supposed discouragement, and probable dislocation of the forces of the allies, by a sudden attack on the weakest part of our line. But though not a reconnaissance, the knowledge thus obtained of the ground, and of the numerical deficiency of its defenders, very probably led to the decision of repeating the attack, with at least quadruple means, on the 5th of November. In both instances, intrenching tools were brought up by the assailants, but in neither case were they used, in consequence, perhaps, of the resistance encountered having been greater than anticipated.

We now proceed to give a few letters, descriptive of the varied features of this combat, according to the course we adopt on occasion of all the leading and important incidents of the siege and its attendant conflicts.

An officer of the 49th thus writes:—"Since my last from here our division has been engaged. Yesterday I and two others were on a hill overlooking Sebastopol and the French lines, amusing ourselves with our spy-glasses, when all at once we perceived two strong lines of Russian skirmishers leaving the town and advancing towards our camp, which is on the right of the English line, to the northward of the half of Sebastopol we are investing. We immediately bolted back, in time to put on our shakos and coats; the firing, just as we fell in, was getting louder and quicker. On reaching the end of the slight rise, at the foot of which our camp is pitched, we were ordered to lie down and allow the artillery to pass us, and take up the crest of the hill. They immediately began playing on the advancing columns of the Russians, who were coming on as steady as a rock, driving our skirmishers, consisting of only three companies, before them. These latter, however, fought right well, disputing every bush and stone behind which they could lie down and fire, the artillery of the Russians sending grape and canister among them, and our own firing rockets and round-shot over their heads. This went on for about a quarter of an hour, or perhaps not quite so long, when the Russians could stand it no longer: they broke into skirmishing order, and retired as fast as they

could; nevertheless, they occasionally fired a shot from their guns, their men keeping up pretty sharp fire at the same time. Our artillery practice was beautiful; wherever a body of Russians was seen, there came a shell or a rocket sweeping everything before it. We followed them up for some time, and had the army, instead of one division, about 1500 men only, been engaged, we might have gone with them into the town. It was my luck to be left for about two hours with my company on picket, so that I had full opportunity of visiting the ground of my first battle-field. I shall never forget the horrible sights I saw; in one spot eight or nine men, dead and dying, their bodies ripped open, arms, legs, and heads blown off—all Russians. I did not see one of our men; at the moment they fell they were carried by the bandsmen of the division to the hospital tents. . . . We (49th) had two officers wounded, one very badly, shot through the shoulder—Conolly; he was shot heading a few men of his company, fighting hand to hand with the Russians, who wanted to take him alive, but he defended himself with his sword, wounded one, and was immediately shot by another who was a yard from him. Lord Raglan, who saw the whole thing, sent to know who the officer was who was fighting so bravely against such odds. When he heard that he had been wounded, he sent at once to know how he was getting on. I am happy to say that our surgeon says there are good hopes of him, as the ball just missed his lungs. . . . We hear that 15,000 more French troops are expected every day; good news, if true; as, although the men we have are in every way 'good men and true,' still our army is not what it was; sickness has greatly thinned our ranks. Cholera has almost entirely disappeared."

It will be perceived that the impressions of the officer who wrote the foregoing letter, were in accordance with our opinion that Sebastopol might have been entered with the fugitives, had the division of General Evans been suitably reinforced. The following is an admirable sketch of the affair; the quotation made from the words of a French general (who was no doubt Bosquet) shows the good generalship and resolution which the Russians had to encounter this time:—"On the 26th, it appears that Gortschakoff, one of the Russian generals, entered Sebastopol, and spread it about the town that the Russians had gained a splendid victory, and had taken no end of cannon, that the English had fled in disorder, and that a sortie from the town would quite finish them. This account inspired them with a little extra courage, for about 8000 of them made a sortie on the English trenches. We were, however, quite prepared for them; all

our heavy guns were loaded with grape, and our field-pieces crammed with bullets, &c., besides the guard of the trenches ready with their rifles and muskets. On they came, and when within a short distance of our trenches the signal was given, and all our pieces belched forth at once. The Russian column was changed in five seconds to a heap of dead and flying, the latter of whom our men then chased into the town. It was the work of three minutes. A French general, in describing the affair to me, said, 'I saw dense masses of grey coats marching on towards the English trenches, and was surprised to find all was still there—not a head appearing. Being afraid of the result, I ordered three battalions to go to their support. I turned to give the order, when I heard a roar like hell broke loose, and on the smoke clearing away, I saw a heap of struggling animals where the former column was, and the English red-coats quickening their motions.' It was the debt we owed them for the work of the day before, paid with interest, cent. per cent., and something over."

The following account is also a graphic one:—"I happened to be with the second division on the 26th when the order was given for them to turn out and stand to their arms. On our side, it was a sudden and unexpected attack until a few minutes beforehand. A lot of officers were standing on an eminence, looking down upon the skirmishers on both sides, having no idea that a powerful sortie was about to be made, when they saw some guns on an opposite ridge, to the right, about 1000 yards distant. No one had the least suspicion as to what they were, when some one looking through a glass, said 'Green guns, by Jove!' and all bolted. (The Russian gun-carriages are painted pea-green.) In two minutes more the round-shot began to sing overhead, and the sharp sound of musketry from the pickets showed that some sharp fighting was going on. The pickets were under the command of Major Champion, of the 95th. They behaved admirably, and, although compelled to retire, did so in excellent order, and kept the Russians in check until our artillery got to work. I saw three immense Russian columns cross the ridge I have just spoken of. As soon as our gunners got the range they sent a storm of rockets, shot, and shell into them, and the columns literally melted away. Our infantry then advanced, firing; and the Russians retreated, and were followed by some of our skirmishers nearly down to the walls of Sebastopol. The second division, under Sir de Laey Evans, was the only one engaged. The Duke of Cambridge, with the Guards, was in reserve. Other divisions were coming up, and had the action lasted longer, would have come in for



it. Two officers were taken prisoners. From what they said, it appears that in the morning Menschikoff assembled the troops in Sebastopol, told them of the great victory obtained over the English the day before at Balaklava, that the English cavalry was destroyed, and that the infantry only required finishing; whereupon they demanded to be led against the English. As I was on the ground from first to last, and had nothing to do except to look about me, you may depend upon my account being correct. It is very much the fashion to say that the Russians must have lost so many, and I am afraid, in general, rather to overrate their losses; so I will give the losses on both sides, as far as can be correctly ascertained. Our loss was twelve killed, and seventy-one, including five officers, wounded, all of the second division. We took 100 prisoners; 112 bodies were buried by us, and we know of many more lying beyond our position, so far away that the burying parties would be under the fire of the guns of Sebastopol."

The following is an extract of a letter to the author, by an officer who took part in the en-

gagement:—"By some it has been conjectured that the close of this affair offered, perhaps, a peculiar opportunity for penetrating the enemy's works in the direction of the Malakoff by a *coup de main*. It is true, that on no other occasion was a large body of the enemy put so completely to flight. The 30th and 95th regiments were mingled completely with the Russians in pursuit of their column, and probably, therefore, might have entered with them into their lines of defence, followed, if such had been decided on, by the remainder of the second division and the brigade of Guards. But this amount of force must have been wholly inadequate to maintain its position within the enemy's defences, unless rapidly supported by an advance of the whole of the allied army. But this, even if advisable, could only have been carried into effect by means of prompt and comprehensive dispositions, by both the commanders-in-chief. But this was out of the question, as neither of those authorities were present, or aware of what was taking place, till some time after the opportunity—if opportunity it was—had passed away."

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL—FROM THE ACTION OF THE "LITTLE INKERMEN," OCTOBER 26TH, TO THE EVE OF THE GREAT BATTLE OF INKERMEN, NOVEMBER 5TH.

"The Soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth."—SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER the action of Inkerman, on the 26th, a curious incident occurred in the camp. When all was silent, the sentinels were alarmed, and many of the sleepers aroused, by the tramping of a large body of horse, who thundered along at a furious rate from the direction of the enemy near the Woronzoff Road. Before there was time to form a conjecture as to what it could mean, or to remember how improbable it was that the Russian cavalry would charge along there in that fashion, at that hour, 250 horses, without riders, saddled and equipped for hussars, galloped into the lines. Some were killed, some killed or maimed themselves, and the rest were captured; about 185 of them were un hurt, and the whole were serviceable. This restored the balance as to loss of horses incurred on the 25th. Many of them being greys, were handed over to the Scots Greys. This flight of steeds was occasioned probably by some French rockets fired at the enemy's pickets. As horses were very valuable on both sides, the incident was a matter of gratulation with the allies, and of chagrin to the Russians.

On the 27th, Admiral Lyons arrived off Balaklava in the *Sanspareil*, and at once adopted vigorous measures to prevent the abandonment of the harbour. It was alleged that he had much difficulty in prevailing with Lord Raglan to dismiss the idea; but at last his influence, which was very considerable with the British commander-in-chief, prevailed so far, that the latter consented not to give up the place unless the enemy made some fresh attempt upon it in great force. Lieutenant-general Sir de Laey Evans, Sir Colin Campbell, Colonel Hamley, Captains Powell and Christie of the royal navy, and, in fact, all who ventured to give any opinion, were energetic in their disapprobation of the policy of withdrawing our stores and shipping from the town and harbour. Captain Christie wrote to Quartermaster-general Airey, reminding that officer that the anchorage outside the harbour was most unsafe, and requesting measures to be taken for selecting another place of debarkation of ammunition and stores, if the ships were not to re-enter the harbour. To this letter General Airey replied, stating that it was in accordance with Lord Raglan's views that all

the transports not then required in the harbour should be got out; but he at the same time treats the measure as only precautionary, and adds, "perhaps we may not change the place of our landing at all." This indecision bore bad fruits from the first, in a few weeks it entailed wide-spread disaster. Among the minor incidents of mischief resulting from the indecision at head-quarters, was the perpetual damage to ships "lying on and off the harbour, from the variable winds and strong currents which set in round capes Ayia and St. George." In this way, the *Pride of the Ocean* was nearly wrecked on a fine October evening. On the 2nd of November, she again came off the harbour with a cargo of live bullocks. Her captain signalled that he was out of water for the cattle, but still he was not permitted to enter, and had to stand out to sea for five days. Arrangements were then made to take the cattle from her, *but upwards of ninety had perished for want of water, and all the rest were in a dying state!*

Captain Daeres of the *Sanspareil* became senior officer, and took charge of the defence of the harbour. He seems to have executed his task either with singular caprice, or understanding General Airey's orders for keeping ships out to be most stringent, he obeyed with a stern fidelity which no expediency could relax. As a specimen of the consequences, an occurrence may be related, which took place on the 3rd of November. Dr. Tice was the medical officer in charge of Balaklava, and as 200 invalids had arrived in camp that morning, the doctor applied to Captain Daeres for a ship to take them to Sentari. The captain peremptorily refused to allow any ship in for the purpose; there were no adequate means at Dr. Tice's disposal for the proper care of these invalids in the town, and the result was an amount of appalling suffering, and some loss of life.

Considerable apprehensions existed after the battle of Balaklava for the fate of the brave men who were left wounded upon the field, or fell as prisoners into the hands of the enemy; accordingly, it was deemed expedient to send a flag of truce to make inquiries concerning them. On the 27th, Captain Fellowes, attended by a trumpeter, was sent to the enemy's camp on the Tchernaya. The mode in which this flag of truce was received, was neither courteous nor generous. As Captain Fellowes approached the Russian lines, two officers, attended by two Cossacks, rode off to meet them, and demanded in French their business, which was politely and speedily communicated; one of the officers then remarked, "You must turn round, you cannot be permitted to approach our camp so near. This is an affair for the general to deal with, and I shall commu-

nicate with him." The English aide-de-camp and his attendant were compelled to remain with their backs towards the Russian lines for some time, when an aged officer appeared, followed by a small staff, and said in a fierce and vindictive tone, "*Je suis le général-en-chef ici; que voulez-vous de moi, Messieurs?*" The object of the British officer's message was again explained, to which the Russian listened with a cold and hard expression of countenance: when, however, Captain Fellowes requested permission to bury the British dead, the general replied with an air of indignation, which events proved afterwards to be assumed, "*We have buried the dead. Tell my Lord Raglan that we are Christians, and though we make war, we perform all the duties of Christians. The dead are buried. The wounded are taken care of.*" The British officer delivered some letters from Russian officers in the hands of the English, which seemed to mollify the hard-featured general a little, for he then said more softly, that he did not know the names of the British prisoners, but would inquire; and if Captain Fellowes returned another day, he would afford him particulars. As the English messenger departed, the stern-looking old man turned to him and remarked, "*Fous m'excuserez si je vous dise que votre attaque du 25me était une attaque bête, partant selon la loi militaire.*" On the return of the British captain, he learned that there were only two officers alive in the enemy's camp—Lieutenant Clowes of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars, and Cornet Chadwick of the 17th Lancers; that there were fifty-eight non-commissioned officers and privates prisoners, of whom only fifteen were without wounds. The Russians brought letters from the two British officers, testifying to the good treatment which they had received, but expressing a wish to have clothes and money sent to them. The cavalry charge of the 25th was of course the topic of conversation in the Russian lines, and the Russian officer who this time held communication with Captain Fellowes, imitating his chief in the former interview, remarked that it was a "*charge des fous.*" This officer also assured Captain Fellowes that the murder of the wounded arose from the barbarity of the Cossacks, and excited the horror of the Russian officers. He held up in his hand a piece of gold lace, and assured the British deputation that Cossacks would go anywhere or commit any crime for so dazzling a temptation. All this was, however, assumed, for shortly afterwards, at Inkerman, as previously at Alma, some of the most barbarous and ungrateful murders were perpetrated by the officers; and the officers made prisoners by us showed little gratitude for any kindness they received, and often betrayed the basest vindictiveness to those

who succoured and saved them. An instance of this is stated by the author of *A Month in the Camp before Sebastopol*, in the following terms:—"They brought in a Russian officer the other day, shot through both jaws with a Minié ball; it had also cut the root of his tongue so deeply as to make the end protrude from his mouth; and there was the greatest danger of his dying either from suffocation, or from the impossibility of swallowing food. He was placed in a little ruin used as a storehouse, and I lately went with —, of Brigadier-general —'s staff, to ascertain if we could be of use to him. He never looked up as we came in. It was night, and it was piteous to see him by the glimmering candle-light in that desolate place, sitting in his shirt on an old box, before being put to bed; his face tied up, and his swollen tongue being laved by the soldier who attended him. But my reason for describing to you such misery is to come. By the skill of Dr. Alexander, of the light division, this man recovered sufficiently to be sent on board ship; and he left the poor soldier who had helped to clothe him out of his own scanty wardrobe, and who had nursed him like a woman, night and day, without a single look, sign, or token of acknowledgment."

The state of things at Balaklava harbour was aggravated by the general inaction of the fleet, which it was supposed, both at home and in the camp, ought to have been able to effect something more than it did. Of course, the admirals attacking Sebastopol again was out of the question. A gentleman, then in the Crimea as an amateur, commenting upon the inability of the ships to come close enough in during the bombardment, and the good luck notwithstanding of the *Agamemnon*, and some others, in getting so close to some of the forts that the Russian fire went over them, observes:—"Whatever conclusion facts may suggest as to the part played by the fleets on the 17th, it appears that, in one respect, so favourable an opportunity as they then enjoyed cannot recur. The Russians, taught by experience, are said to have deepened their embrasures in Fort Constantino, so as to admit of the guns being hereafter depressed to the requisite level."

From information of the most trustworthy kind—and from quarters of the very highest authority—which has reached the author during the progress of these pages through the press, he is convinced that Admiral Dundas put forth every effort which circumstances and his means allowed; but a large portion of his best men, about 1500, were on shore, and he had no gun-boats, or small craft, of a description to enable him to effect anything against forts built on shores washed by shallow

waters. On this date, the 27th, the admiral wrote to the Admiralty, and his letter gives us a fair insight to the occupation of the fleets, and the feelings of the gallant officer himself. It will show why nothing was doing in the Sea of Azoff, and why Kertch was not attacked. The admiral writes in answer to a letter of the secretary of the Admiralty, already published in our pages:—

*Britannia—off the Katcha, Oct. 27, 1854.*

SIR,—With reference to your letter of the 13th instant, I beg you will acquaint the lords commissioners of the Admiralty that the *Sidon* and *Inflexible*, together with two French steamers of war, have been most active in preventing any force from entering the Crimea from Odessa by the Bay of Cherson. I have always been fully aware of the value of the Sea of Azoff to the enemy, and that could only be attained by the possession of Kertch. Some weeks ago I urged that 2000 men should be embarked for that place; but their lordships are aware that, from disease and the action at Alma, our troops have suffered great loss, and the French admiral, when he applied to his general for assistance to attack Kertch, was told of the impossibility of sending a man. The last report, by a neutral, that we have is, that the navigation through the straits at Kertch is entirely prevented by the enemy sinking ships and stones; and, under existing circumstances, all I can do is, when I have steamers to spare from the duty here, to send them off the port, to damage the enemy as much as possible.

It is necessary to observe that no troops have ever passed by sea to or from Anapa, all go by land through Kertch; and that the *Wasp*, which vessel recently arrived from off Anapa and Soujak, reports that the garrisons of those places are 8000 or 10,000 strong, so that without a military force it is impossible for me to act.

J. W. D. DUNDAS.

*To the Secretary of the Admiralty.*

*Britannia—off the Katcha, Nov. 8, 1854.*

SIR,—I beg you will acquaint the lords commissioners of the Admiralty that on the arrival of the *Sphinx*, *Gladiator*, and *Stromboli*, I prepared a squadron for the purpose of bombarding Odessa, and have obtained the consent of Vice-admiral Hamelin for the co-operation of the French steam-frigate *Cucique*, already employed off Odessa with Captain Goldsmith, of the *Sidon*. Yesterday I received from Admiral Hamelin a letter, of which I enclose a copy, and I have consequently postponed the bombardment for the present.

I have, &c.,

J. W. D. DUNDAS.

*To the Secretary of the Admiralty.*

INCLOSURE.

VICE-ADMIRAL HAMELIN TO VICE-ADMIRAL DUNDAS.

*Ville de Paris, Nov. 7, 1854.*

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—I receive this instant a letter from General Canrobert, informing me that he agrees with Lord Raglan, that an attack on Odessa by steam-boats throwing only a few shells, would be, in the present circumstances, rather unserviceable than useful. Consequently, the generals have ordered that it is not to be made.

Yours, &c.,

HAMELIN.

The jealousy existing among the naval commanders was calculated to cripple the exertions of the fleet. It must be mentioned, in justice to Admiral Dundas, that although severely animadverted upon in letters from the fleet, and in the newspapers of the British Isles, so great is his antipathy to controversy that he pre-

ferred injury to debate of any kind. It is certainly true that his second in command obtained the credit of every active measure. Yielding to the general opinion in this respect, supported by so many appearances, we fear that we have done Admiral Deans Dundas some injustice in a former page. It is one advantage of the publication of this history at intervals, that it gives opportunity of correcting data, and reviewing facts and allegations. Hitherto it has not been necessary to correct any statement we have made—writing, as we always do, from authority which is of the most reliable kind; and the press generally has acknowledged our accuracy, and the originality of our sources of information. No authority, however, is infallible, and it is a pleasure to give to Admiral Deans Dundas the benefit of any new light which may be thrown upon his command by the testimony of intelligent and competent witnesses. We are now convinced that whatever may have been the vigour of Admiral Lyons *while second in command*, Admiral Dundas has neither, in this history nor elsewhere, received his meed of praise. It is unnecessary to trouble our readers with lengthy documents on the merits of the rival admirals, as we must call them; for although we are sure Admiral Dundas felt no rivalry, events forced him into a position in which he and Admiral Lyons were competitors as much as co-operators. We give in a note below all that our pages can afford of space to this controversy.\*

\* An officer who knew well the state of the fleet, and the spirit of the commanders, and who was as competent as any man to offer an opinion, addressed to the author the following letter. As our eulogiums upon Admiral Lyons' activity, and our censure of Admiral Dundas's supposed supineness justifies the call, *Audi alteram partem*, we print the letter *in extenso* :—

April, 1856.

“MY DEAR SIR,—In page 491, you say, ‘Had Admiral Dundas shown activity and tenderness worthy of his high station,’ &c. I know him well, and in my humble opinion this is a reproach utterly undeserved.

“Again—‘but almost every duty devolved upon his second in command, Sir Edmund Lyons, whose authority was but limited.’ Sir Edmund Lyons, I have no hesitation in saying, is entitled to the credit of being a diplomatist and special pleader of the first water. His first exploit in diplomacy was that of ingratiating himself into the friendship and confidence of that eminent specimen of royalty, King Otho, while conveying him in his frigate from Trieste to the throne of Athens. The consequence, it is alleged, was, that Otho soon caused it to be made known to the British government that it would be agreeable to his majesty were Captain Lyons accredited as British minister to his court. This was a berth far better than the command of a frigate. He is a man of address and fluent conversation. On arriving with the Black Sea fleet as second in command, there can be no doubt but that he zealously endeavoured to disparage his superior, and supplant him in the estimation of Lord Raglan. He soon got complete possession of the confidence of Lord Raglan, and the result was an actual hostility of feeling on the part of the unsuspecting and good-hearted Lord Raglan towards Admiral Dundas. To an apparent similar purpose, conversations were reported to have been used on board the *Agamemnon*, derogatory to

The severe labour of maintaining the siege, and guarding the position, began now to tell severely on the English. Sir John Burgoyne made representations to the French general of engineers as to the necessity of strengthening the positions on General Evans' right, but no assistance was rendered. The English were bearing an undue proportion of the labour. The harassing nature of their duties is thus described by Mr. Woods :—“These night attacks, alarms, or surprises, are now matters of course. They have long failed to be surprises; we should be more surprised if they did not occur. In fact, they have ceased to be anything except a fertile source of blasphemies against enemies in general, and Russians in particular. They are, beyond all doubt, the most disagreeable and harassing incidents of the siege. For instance, after a laborious and exciting day—a day of such fatigue as renders rest, even in a tent, acceptable, you retire in all the great-coats you possess, to lie upon the ground. An hour or so gets you over the feeling of extreme numbness, which at first leads you to suppose you have lain down in a brook by mistake, and then you gradually drop off, not to sleep, but into a hazy state of existence, conscious of cold and conscious of wanting slumber; in fact, in that peculiar condition of vitality which in England justifies the immediate intervention of the Royal Humane Society. In this ambiguous state four or five hours pass away; I mean in literal time, for, if you estimated the period by your feelings, you would expect to wake grey and decrepid. It is past two o'clock—‘the witching time of night’ in the Crimea—when suddenly you feel a slight concussion in the earth, followed a few seconds after by the deep boom of a gun, and then comes the roar of a shell, screaming through the air, nearer, nearer, nearer, until it falls with a heavy dump outside the line of tents. Here it fortunately remains, and, after hissing for a moment like a locomotive blowing

the admiral-in-chief, and therefore not quite conformable with discipline. Letters to a similar tendency appeared, and one in particular was published in a great journal, dated from the maintop of the *Agamemnon*. This letter was afterwards discovered and avowed to be written by a friend of Sir Edmund Lyons, then staying on a visit to him. This letter, written by the friend of the latter, was considered to impugn grievously, not only the professional, but personal character of Admiral Dundas. It was easy, perhaps, to create ill-feeling towards Admiral Dundas at the military head-quarters, because he bluntly and repeatedly declared that the expedition was taken too late, and with insufficient means. Admiral Dundas, finding that Lyons was so great a favourite at the military head-quarters, thought it was more convenient for the service to place him permanently in communication with Lord Raglan; and I am not inclined to think that Admiral Dundas ‘limited’ unduly Sir Edmund Lyons' authority.”

“As for his qualities and great proficiency as a special pleader, only look at a leading article in this day's *Times*, on the gallant naval diplomatist's evidence of yesterday at Chelsea!”

off, explodes with a loud bang, and the pieces go humming through the air. With a prophetic sigh, you guess what is to follow. Eight or ten more shells drop about the same place, too far off to hit you, but much too near to leave you perfectly unconcerned, and then five or six guns begin to go off at once, and make a roar. Still the camp is quiet, and the guardsman says, 'All's well,' as if he was at Kensington. The cannonade continues, and, after one or two temporary lulls, breaks out into a regular storm. Shells pour over the hill, and fall with a 'dab' into the wet soil, and you begin to see dimly the flashes of their explosions through the canvas of your dwelling, which at that moment you would so willingly exchange for lodgings, even in Islington. Still the allies make no sign of turning out, though the cannonade gets hotter every moment. In another minute you can plainly hear the sharp quick report of a musket, followed by another and another. Then the cannonade ceases, and the crack of Miniés spreads along our line of outposts. Still the allies are unaccountably quiet, and you begin to wonder whether Lord Raglan intends them to be massacred in their tents; and are just getting peevish and public-spirited about it, when the roll of drums in the distance tells you that the French are beating to arms. At the same time the signal, 'Guard, turn out' is passed along our lines, all the bugles begin to blow the 'assembly'; there is a moment of confusion, in which oaths prevail most distinctly, and then comes a rattle and hoarse murmur, and you know that 30,000 men are under arms and getting into their ranks. All this while your special correspondent has not moved, but, feeling for his revolver in his tent, is emphatically 'blessing' both Turks and Russians, and hoping against hope that there will be no occasion for him to turn out. During this time the fire of musketry has been increasing and coming nearer. Our pickets are evidently retiring, and you begin to think it is really a sortie after all. In the darkness you hear the 'Forward!' roared out to the different brigades, and a peculiar jingle and clatter show that the artillery are saddling and preparing for action. With a sigh you feel that you must go, and issue forth into the raw damp air and thick wet grass, which wets you as effectually as if you forded a river. The crackling of musketry and little flashes on the hills over Sebastopol soon tell which route to take; without such guides you would assuredly lose your way. You pass the batteries of artillery, at which an officer is cursing vaguely about loss of time, and, cutting across the camp, ascend the hills just as you hear the guns begin to rumble after. Our brigades are marching forward fast up the hill, in line, with supports in open

column. No one is very urbane, though all yawn and shiver amazingly. These, you feel, are the appropriate compliments of the season, about the many returns of which, if things go on in that style, you have serious doubts. Arrived upon the hill, the state of affairs is guessed at a glance. The sparkles of musketry are light and incessant in the valley beneath—one minute they swell into a continued rattle, for the next few seconds there is quiet and darkness, which is again broken by musketry, until the great blinding explosions and stunning report of the big guns run along the enemy's works, and your flesh creeps as you hear the iron volley tearing through the air. Half-an-hour of this work and the musketry gradually dies away: as it does so, the cannonade increases, and it is only an *alerte* after all. In the course of another half hour or so the enemy cease firing. Then the troops (by this time thoroughly numbed with cold, and wet with dew) return within cantonments, having been out about an hour. Within a minute after, they have piled arms, the men are stowed away in tents, and the camp as quiet as if no enemy were in existence. What I have now said may give your readers a general idea of the manner in which nearly every night is passed here. Of the discomforts attendant upon such sleep-walking heroism they can form no notion."

It is not surprising that the health of the men should give way under such circumstances as these, and accordingly the ranks of every battalion were diminished at a fearful rate. A gentleman of fortune, an amateur, says:—"The doctors have enough to do just now. Cholera is gone, but diarrhoea remains, and lying o' nights in the trenches is not good for the complaint. Still, though I often talk to the men out on picket, I never hear them grumbling; they only seem anxious to know when they are to storm 'Sebastopol,' and, faith, they are not singular in their curiosity. I have just been thoroughly sickened by seeing poor —, and —, go off in one of those white hearses, called ambulances. Fancy a live man being put on a stretcher and slid into a kind of pigeon-hole, under the seats, in the body of such a vehicle! I was glad that — determined to sit out the journey, as he best might, on the bench."

The condition of our allies, although better than ours, was still bad. There were no newspaper correspondents in the French camp to report the true state of affairs, nor did the public reports of the French government, nor the accounts of the Parisian press, present very faithful pictures. The French army suffered fearfully from ill-health and the climate, but in several respects they had advantages over the British. Their superior commissariat and

hospital management have been already noticed, and by these means the men were kept healthy, and restored when sick. Their numbers, in proportion to the labour required by their position, were much greater than on the part of the English. The position itself was in several particulars more favourable. It was remarked in narrating the events of the first day of the bombardment, that the French position was more exposed to the fire of the enemy, and the Russian artillerymen also knew it better, having previously made it their practice-ground. It was, however, less rocky, and therefore more favourable to the work of the engineers, sappers, and miners. The distance, also, between the French landing-places and their camp was considerably less than that between Balaklava and the English camp. This circumstance determined the French taking the left before Sebastopol; for, since the landing at Old Fort, the British had occupied the left. On the way from Old Fort to the Alma the left flank was the place of danger, and at the battle of the Alma, the left of the allied line had the more onerous task. But, in terminating the flank march, the English took possession of Balaklava, which necessitated their occupation of the right before Sebastopol. It was remarkable that the French had hitherto continued, from the landing at Old Fort, and indeed from the landing in Turkey, to keep the best positions, and secure the best quarters. The British staff seems to have been singularly *mal-adroit* in this particular, from the landing at Gallipoli to the formation of the lines before Sebastopol. We have conversed with officers as experienced as any in the British army, and several of these accustomed to large and responsible commands, and they have concurred in the opinion that the position of the English was less advantageous than that of their ally, for the reasons here stated. To this unhappy choice of a post, and of the position which it necessitated—exposing the British flank and rear to ceaseless and harassing attacks from the enemy—much of the overwork of the soldiers, and their consequent suffering and sickness, are to be attributed.

The enemy also suffered most severely. The bombardment caused great havoc; the sorties and attacks were conducted at a great sacrifice of men; and although reinforcements arrived, they were not composed of a proportionate number of engineers, sappers, miners, military artificers, and artillery. The seamen of the Russian fleet were thinned by the fire of the bombardment, especially from the English guns, and those could not be replaced. They were the most efficient defenders of the Russian works. A civilian, unconnected with the press, thus writes:—"Deserters bring very

cheering accounts of the distress in Sebastopol, and these appear to be confirmed by the circumstance that there is not more than one man seen working every three or four guns."

Indeed, by the end of October the allied guns had nearly ceased to fire, except in reply to the Russians, which the latter perceiving, greatly slackened their fire. This might partly account for what is written in the above extract; yet, making every allowance for this circumstance, it was obvious that great slaughter had been inflicted upon the gunners, and the accounts given by deserters, or which reached London by way of Berlin and Vienna from St. Petersburg, confirmed the impressions which appearances conveyed.

In the despatch of Lord Raglan, written on the 28th, allusion is made to the death of Captain Childers, of the artillery, who merited the eulogy the commander-in-chief conferred upon him. This young officer was son of Captain William Childers, late of the 42nd Highlanders, and grandson of Colonel Childers, one of the aides-de-camp of the Duke of York in the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren. The way in which he fell, and the circumstances attending his death and burial, are feelingly related by the superior officer of his company in the letter which follows; it is addressed to his father:—

*Camp near Sebastopol, Oct. 25.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—It has fallen to my duty to be obliged to communicate to you the melancholy tidings of the death of your son, Captain Childers, of the Royal Artillery, and second captain in my company, who fell in his country's cause in the trenches before Sebastopol, on or about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 23rd of October. He was standing by me, and left me to see the effect on the enemy's works; he put his head above the top of the earthen parapet, and a large round-shot struck him on the head, and his death was instantaneous—he could not possibly have suffered at all. Being myself a parent, I can feel for you and with you, and to me his death is irreparable. He had only joined me a short time, but in that time I had been able to appreciate his good qualities, both in a private as well as in a public capacity, and had he been spared, he would have been ere long an ornament to his profession. Willingly would I give way to my feelings and weep for him as for a brother, but stern necessity forbids it. I have a large family myself, and while I am writing these lines in haste, have to go into the trenches again, and God only knows who may be the next. The Lord gave and the Lord may take away, and we must all be prepared for our great change, whenever we may be called on. His remains I brought with me to the camp, and

yesterday they were interred in a secluded valley close to the camp, where they will not be disturbed when we quit the country. They were followed to the grave by numerous officers and men. I had a quiet coffin made to put him in, which I did with my own hands, assisted by his servant, and fastened him down myself, taking, alas! a sorrowful long farewell of one whom I much loved and respected. I have also made arrangements for his grave being banked up, to preserve it. I cut off some of his hair, which I now inclose. His effects, rings, &c., will be forwarded to England by the first opportunity. I have allowed nothing to be disposed of, as his family, I dare say, will like to keep all his things as tokens of the memory of one who, I am sure, must have been a good son. Trusting that I may meet him in a better world,

“Believe me, my dear Sir, very truly yours,  
 “JOHN NOBLE A. FREESE.”

The state of the English cannon began now to cause uneasiness, the wear and tear of firing was rapidly rendering them unfit for use. Great anxiety, also, for reinforcements began to be openly evinced by men and officers; but the unflinching spirit of both bore them up through sickness, toil, and combat, with immortal honour. The British sailors were conspicuous for hardihood and endurance beyond all. On the night of the 27th they completed a very formidable battery on the heights before the French positions; this was executed with great perseverance and great recklessness of danger.

During the early morning of the 28th, before daylight, the Russians fired very heavily, and there appeared some intention of a sortie against the French, which was repulsed by the musketry fire of the covering parties in the trenches. By daylight the allies threw out strong skirmishing detachments, and during any lull in the cannonading, the Rifles, especially the British, kept up sharp-shooting upon the Russian embrasures. The usual error was practised on this occasion, of increasing the rifle fire when the artillery discharges of the enemy became less frequent: as we have elsewhere shown, the period when the cannonade is going on is the most suitable time for the occupation of the sharp-shooters. Of course, the chance of hitting their gunners is greatest when they are most exposed, which is when keeping up a quick fire, and not when they have partially or altogether retired from before the embrasures. These rifle parties were thrown out, not only to aid in silencing the cannon, but also to chastise and check the disposition of the enemy to assail the trenches. On the 28th, also, the cavalry abandoned their old camp, and took new ground on the heights,

in the direct route to Balaklava from the camp, very close to the rear of the French centre. The lower road, which had been hitherto so useful to the British, was now altogether resigned to the enemy. This was one of the results of the unfortunate battle of Balaklava. The position taken by the cavalry division, in spite of some pains employed in the selection, was miserably bleak and raw—cutting wind searched it by night and day, which was injurious to the men and destructive to the horses. The arrival of 1000 Turks, to aid in trench work, was a relief to the over-tasked British infantry divisions. The Chasseurs d'Afrique, who so bravely assisted our light cavalry at the fatal charge in the battle of Balaklava, were now also generous allies in supplying wood, prepared coffee, and other little comforts to their rivals and friends quartered beside them on the bleak steppe of the plateau on which the lines and encampments were formed.

Tidings were now heard in the camp from Lord Dunkellin, who was sent as a prisoner to Moscow, but most kindly treated.

On the 29th, the Russians, although their fire slackened, worked hard at new lines of defence, and in throwing up works in various directions. The results of their renewed efforts to erect fresh obstructions to the progress of the allies, as they appeared on this day, have been better described by Mr. Russell than by any other pen, military or civilian:—“At present we are all waiting for the French. I am not sure but that the French think they are waiting for us to ‘*écraser*’ some of the obnoxious batteries which play upon their works from ugly enfilading positions. They certainly are exposed, in their advance towards their portion of the town, to very heavy fire. It is opposite to them that the assault must be made, and the first lodgment effected. The Quarantine Fort is opposed to them on their extreme left. Then comes a long, high, loop-holed wall or curtain extending in front of the town from the back of the Quarantine Fort to the Flagstaff Battery. The Russians have thrown up a very deep and broad ditch in front of this wall, and the French artillery have as yet made no impression on the stonework at the back. The Flagstaff Battery, however, and all the houses near it, are in ruins; but the earthworks in front of it, armed with at least twenty-six heavy guns, are untouched, and keep up a harassing fire on the French working parties, particularly at certain periods of the day, and at the interval between nine and eleven o'clock at night, when they think the men are being relieved in the trenches. Inside the Road Battery we can see the Russians throwing up a new work, armed with six heavy ships' guns. They have also erected new batteries behind the Redan

and behind the Round Tower. The latter is now a mass of crumbled stone, but two guns keep obstinately blazing away at our 21-gun battery from the angle of the earthwork around it, and the Rodan has not yet been silenced, though the embrasures and angles of the work are much damaged. The heavy frigate which has been 'dodging' our batteries so cleverly gave us a taste of her quality in the right attack again to-day. She escaped from the position in which she lay before, where we had laid two 24-pounders for her, and came out again to-day in a great passion, firing regular broadsides at our battery, and sweeping the hill up to it completely. Occasionally she varied this amusement with a round or two from 13-inch mortars. These shells have done our works and guns much damage; but the sailors, who are principally treated to these agreeable missiles, have got quite accustomed to them. 'Bill,' cries one fellow to another, 'look out, here comes "Whistling Dick!"' The 13-inch shell has thus been baptised by them in consequence of the loudness and shrillness of the noise it makes in the air. They all look up, and their keen, quick eyes discern the globe of iron as it describes its curve aloft. Long ere 'Whistling Dick' has reached the ground, the blue jackets are snug in their various hiding-places; but all the power of man cannot keep them from peeping out now and then to see if the fusee is still burning. One of them the other day approached a shell which he thought had 'gone out;' it burst just as he got close to it, and the concussion dashed him to the ground. He got up, and in his rage, shaking his fist at the spot where the shell had been, he exclaimed, 'You ——— deceitful beggar, there's a trick to play me!' Our losses continue to be remarkably slight.—Five p.m. I have just heard that Major Powell, of the 49th, a most active and intelligent officer, has been killed in the trenches. Captain Maxwell, 50th regiment, M.P., had a miraculous escape lately. He was in a trench behind an embrasure, and happened to stoop for a moment. As he did so a 32-lb. shot came in through the embrasure, knocked off his cap, and carried away a piece of skin from the top of his head about the size of a crownpiece."

News arrived from England on the 28th and 29th which gladdened the hearts of the sick and suffering soldiery. The Duke of Newcastle's despatch, expressing the queen's approbation of her army, and the reception which the accounts of the battle of the Alma met with in England, arrived both in the newspapers and by private letters, and sent a thrill of joy through the camp. Groups of officers were gathered in one place, and of soldiers in another, discussing the newspaper articles and

the letters of "own correspondents." Lord Raglan's despatch concerning the battle of the Alma was deemed very inaccurate; and the *Times'* correspondent was put often and severely on his defence in reference to his account, which he felt himself obliged to correct in his next letter. The effect on the whole was greatly to stimulate the love of glory in the soldiery; the events of the great victory recurred again to the heroes who performed them, and they burned with impatience to add to their honour by the conquest of the grim city whose dark earthworks were so formidable. French papers arrived also on these days, and their encomiums stimulated the heroism of our allies. It was well that the British soldiery were not conversant with French, for although all the French periodicals lauded to the skies the valour and "solidity" of the English, there were certain hints of mismanagement and backwardness on the part of the British generals which were unjust; and as these were in the columns of government organs, there appeared a *quasi* official authority about them which added force to the innuendoes thrown out. Many of the British officers felt this keenly, and there were murmurs in the British camp in high quarters. It is to be regretted that these hints obtained a more substantive form subsequently, but were promptly met by Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans, who wields the pen with as much genius as the sword. It is undesirable to interrupt the history of the siege by referring more particularly to the controversy which thus sprung up, but in a note below the reader can satisfy himself that the refutation given to these implications by General Evans, on behalf of the British, was as requisite as it was courteous and complete.\*

\* The following letter, addressed by General Evans to the *Times*, and which appeared July 2, 1855, will place the whole subject before our readers, as it refers with clearness and distinctness to the animadversions complained of, so as to render it unnecessary to quote them from the French and Belgian press:—

July 2nd, 1855.

"SIR,—In a recent letter in your columns from the pen of your excellent correspondent in Paris, special attention is drawn to an article on the Crimean battles published in the *Independence Belge*, and emanating apparently from some French military writer, perhaps a legitimatist. This journal is said to be of extended circulation, especially in Germany. The article in question is calculated to disparage generally the British army. Among the passages quoted are those representing Marshal St. Arnaud as the 'sole and exclusive' victor in the battle of the Alma; and pointing out by name 'Sir George Brown and Sir de Lacy Evans, and their respective divisions,' as, in fact, only persuaded to face the enemy and perform their duty by the urgent remonstrances or exhortations of Marshal St. Arnaud. No one will deny that this distinguished chief, in remaining in his state of health at the head of the French army, gave proof of a noble military spirit. But, though he never before had seen British troops in action, he, doubtless, knew their character too well, as also the consideration due to senior generals not under his command, and who had tenfold



On the 29th various accidents took place, by which several officers were slightly hurt. Lieutenant-general Evans was severely injured by the fall of his horse, which rolled over him. He was very much contused, and the shock occasioned considerable pain and debility. The general had been suffering from diarrhoea for several days. He was obliged to go down to Balaklava, where he went on board the *Sismoom*. The command of his division devolved upon his senior brigadier, Pennefather, an officer in whom General Evans had entire confidence. The illness of Sir de Lacy caused the deepest regret through the whole army. Unquestionably he was the ablest general in the Crimea. The idea of appointing Lord Raglan, who never commanded a brigade, over the head of perhaps the most experienced general in the British service, was an injury to the country, and a crime against its interests and its honour. Lord Raglan had merits as a man and a soldier which all recognise, and all ought

greater experience than himself in regular European warfare, than to have addressed either the one or the other in the gratuitous tone thus described. As for Sir George Brown, I will hazard affirming that he had no intercourse whatever on that day with our gallant allies. With regard to myself the following were the facts:—Shortly after daybreak on the morning of this battle his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon and General Canrobert did me the honour to come into my tent to confer on the co-operation of my division with that of the prince in the ensuing conflict. They informed me that this co-operation had been agreed to the previous evening between the two commanders-in-chief, expressed surprise that I had not been made acquainted with it, and showed me a well-executed plan by the French staff of the Russian position, and of the proposed lines of movement of the allied columns of attack. According to this plan, General Bosquet's troops and the Turks, supported by the powerful fire of the shipping, were to turn the enemy's left. The second British division, that of the prince, and two other French divisions, were to attack their centre. The whole of the remainder of the British army was to turn the enemy's right. I expressed the very great pleasure I should have in fulfilling my share of these operations, and with this view sent forthwith to Lord Raglan for permission—which was given—to place at once my right, as proposed, in contact with the left of the prince, which was promptly done. About three hours, however, elapsed before the armies (excepting the corps of General Bosquet) received orders to advance. To the unavoidable want of unity in command this delay was probably attributable. But before moving off both head-quarter staffs passed along the front. On reaching my division, Lord Raglan expressed to me a dissent from part of the plan alluded to, not necessary to observe on here; mentioning, also, in the course of his remarks, a disposition he supposed to exist on the part of the marshal or the French chiefs to appropriate me and my division altogether, which he could not allow; that he had no objection to my communicating and co-operating with, and regulating my advance by that of the prince's division, but could not consent to my receiving orders through any one but himself. On hearing this, I requested him to send to acquaint the marshal that such was his lordship's desire, as I believed a different expectation was entertained, which, if not removed, might lead during the action to misunderstanding. This his lordship immediately did. And it was arranged that Major Claremont, one of the British commissioners with the French army, was to be the medium of any communications to me which the French chiefs might find it desirable to make.

"The armies advanced. After about three miles a halt for a short interval took place by order of the commander

to recognise—but he had no claim, but that of seniority, to command such a man as Sir de Lacy Evans. Many a wish was expressed on the 29th of October, and more especially among his own poor soldiers, for his recovery. The urbane and courteous bearing of the veteran hero won the hearts of the troops as much as his intrepid bearing in the field, and the skill upon which the men were ever ready to place an implicit reliance.

The Turks who were brought up to work in the trenches were found on the whole efficient—their labour was not steady, but it was energetic. They were, however, in such a state of alarm lest the Russian shells should fall among them that the work was impeded. They did not endure this toil well, but fell off in great numbers, stricken with every form of disease known in the Crimea—dysentery, diarrhoea, intermittent fever, ague, and cholera; and, at last, typhus appeared in a malignant form, sweeping them away in a fearful manner.

of the forces. On the arrival of the second division in front of the village of Barliuk, which, having been prepared for conflagration by the Russians, became suddenly for some hundred yards an impenetrable blaze, Major Claremont came to me in great haste, to say from the marshal that a part of the French army, having ascended the heights on the south of the river, became threatened by large bodies of Russians, and might be compromised, unless the attention of the enemy were immediately drawn away by pressing them in our front. I made instant dispositions to conform to this wish,—sending at the same time, as was my duty, an officer of my staff (Colonel the Hon. P. Herbert) to Lord Raglan, who was then a short distance in our rear, for his lordship's approval—which was instantly granted. We were already under rifle fire, directed by the enemy's skirmishers from behind the burning village. From that moment my division, and simultaneously on a line with it, the light division on our left, supported by the first, continued to advance as rapidly as possible against the enemy till their final overthrow. For the *'hailstorm of cannon and musket fire'* under which this advance was made, I appeal to the despatch of Prince Menschikoff, who, I think, used this expression. And therein Sir G. Brown, and myself, and our divisions, completely, as I venture to feel assured, fulfilled our duty, and left not a particle of ground for the injurious terms directed against us in the *'Independence Bridge'*. The combinations or movements before, during, and after that battle, as of all other battles, are no doubt fair and inevitable topics for criticism. But in this instance, whatever may be the motive, inaccurate statements affecting the reputation of officers and corps, such as that noticed by your Paris correspondent, cannot be allowed to pass current on the Continent without correction.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your faithful servant,

"DE LACY EVANS, *Lieut.-Gen.*"

"Bryanston Square, June 28."

It is obvious from the above letter that Lord Raglan had neglected to inform Sir de Lacy Evans of the agreement between him and Marshal St. Arnaud; while the latter and Prince Napoleon, to whom the arrangement was especially important from the position of his division, supposed General Evans to be in possession of Lord Raglan's orders to co-operate with the prince. Either there was gross misapprehension on the part of the French chief, or as gross negligence or want of promptitude on the part of the English commander. As to General Evans and General Brown, their divisions "bore the burning and heat of the day."

As they were under the command of Lord Raglan, the French did not send to them any medical aid—and the English surgeons were too few, and the medical stores inadequate. It was piteous to see them carried in groups down to Balaklava, not in ambulances or on litters, or in any manner such as was worthy of the honour of the English name, but on the backs of their tottering comrades, themselves scarcely less diseased. In the neighbourhood of Balaklava their dead crowded the place selected for burial, the stench from which polluted the atmosphere. Among all the dreadful sights created by official mismanagement and heartlessness, few equalled in horror the Turkish hospital and burial-place at Balaklava. It is absurd to cast the blame of this on the incompetency of the Turkish officers—these troops were attached to Lord Raglan's army, and worked in the British trenches. England is justly responsible for the shame of their neglect, and the guilt of their destruction.

The fire of the Russians upon the French lines was heavy; against the British it was slow and feeble. The enemy placed heavy guns on the heights overlooking their cavalry lines, in the vicinity of Balaklava, and otherwise fortified their positions. The British increased their defensive means in the same direction; a detachment of the English sailors and marines threw up a redoubt, and pitfalls were dug to prevent any sudden swoop of the Russian cavalry.

The night of the 30th, or rather early morning of the 31st, before one o'clock, the troops were aroused by one of those *alertes* so frequently occurring, and which we have already described. General Bosquet had planned a surprise, of which, either through a deserter or a spy, the Russians became aware: the result was that at the expected moment their infantry in the valley opened a continuous fire of musketry, which lasted for more than an hour. No enemy was near, but as Bosquet and his Chasseurs de Vincennes were expected, this was the reception the Russians imagined they were giving them. The sight, viewed from the heights occupied by Bosquet's division, was interesting—so constant and vivid were the flashes of the musketry, that the faces of the Russian soldiers could occasionally be seen.

The 1st of November opened with a bright moonlight over the camps and the defiant city, but it was piercing cold, and the men suffered severely. Some descriptions of illness seemed to be checked, while others increased, and rheumatism affected many of the English. As the morning dawned heavy mists overhung hill and valley, camp and city, and the shivering soldiers arose with chattering teeth and benumbed limbs from their unhealthy and inhospitable places of repose. The French opened fire after their long cessation, and worked their

guns with fierce energy for a time, but the enfilading batteries of the Russians replied with equal energy, if not with equal precision. Opposed to the British the cannon were almost silent, and the gunners seemed to be inadequate in number. The guns of the French, as usual, proved too light. The rifles of our allies did good service, pushing forward close to the besieged lines, and picking off the gunners through the embrasures. A high wind, which prevailed more or less all night, swept away the morning mists from camp and citadel, but added to the misery and illness of the British. The French seemed better off every way, and in better spirits.

On the morning of the 2nd November, about four o'clock, the Russians opened a sudden and tremendous fire. This was so unusual a proceeding at that hour, that astonishment was excited throughout the camps. It was soon found out that the Russians had received information of the hour at which the working-parties and workmen were relieved, and they hoped to effect some mischief as the reliefs moved up, and the parties on duty moved away from the trenches. No serious amount of loss was sustained. The Russians opened fire upon the Highlanders stationed near Balaklava. Some skirmishing also occurred, and various small affairs of outposts. The winter began to set in with great severity, and men and officers were sufferers: the physicians exerted themselves to the utmost, but the authorities did not co-operate with them. An artillery officer, describing the Crimean climate at this juncture, says:—"When a north wind whistled piercingly across the heights—when the dense fogs of November hung their grey drapery along the horizon, and rested in cold white masses on the hills—when the green turf became mire, and leafy coppice a texture of wet brown twigs and roots, and yellow turbid pools settled along the course of the ravines—it was no wonder that the tents of the Arab, who is at least dry and warm in his desert, seemed preferable to the camp before Sebastopol, and the hardiest soldier turned now and then a longing thought to the firesides of England."

A curious instance of Russian cajolery and enterprise occurred in the camp on the 3rd of November, showing that the Russians, of all nations, have the best spies. A French officer, as he appeared to be, passed quietly through the British lines: he was especially polite and agreeable, smoking and chatting with the English officers, and by degrees got into a discussion about the strength of the position at Balaklava. The English officers spoke frankly, as they might to an ally, admitting the difficulties of their position in general, and of the post at Balaklava in par-

ticular. An officer of the 79th Highlanders thought that the French officer did not speak in the accents of France, and yet only suspicious, he deemed it prudent to do nothing immediately, but to send off to Sir Colin Campbell, informing him of the presence of the dubious Frenchman. The Russian observed the movement, and detected the suspicion in the eye of the Highlander. He continued gradually to withdraw himself, as if passing towards Bosquet's division, and at last, quickening his progress to flight, he escaped to the Russian lines, conveying a mass of information to the enemy, which, no doubt, was found useful for the meditated attack of the 5th. The batteries and works of the allies assumed a formidable aspect at this juncture—the result of the continuous labour of the severely-tasked men. The appearance of the works was continually changing as the trenches were extended—zig-zags were cut, and batteries mounted or dismounted; but just before the approaching battle of Inkerman the allied lines assumed an attitude of strength greater than they had previously attained.

The Russians were as busy with their positions on the Tchernaya. They fortified the high grounds on their right by a large quadrilateral work mounting sixteen guns. On the opposite side, above and beneath the elevated village of Kamara, there were strong works, and in that direction they pushed their lines to the sea; so that, literally, the allied positions might be said to be invested.

On the 4th of November, the eve of the battle of the greater Inkerman, the Russians maintained a sort of minute-gun cannonade, which did little execution. The want of ammunition was still felt in the British camp—although on this day a supply arrived, it was utterly inadequate to the necessities of the army. Shot was landed in considerable quantities, of a size to fit none of the cannon employed! It was now obvious that the Russian army in the field was greatly augmented. It was alleged that the evening before more than 20,000 men had arrived. Whatever the precise number of these reserves, they were mustered in great strength on the northern heights of Inkerman. The czar had sent this imposing force, with almost incredible energy, over bad roads, roadless steppes, in Tartar waggons and on foot, by mules and horses, and in whatever way the country could advance their march. The 3rd *corps d'armée*, under General Dannenberg, which had garrisoned Bessarabia, arrived by forced marches. So great were the exertions of the Russian government, army, and people, that in one day the reinforcements coming from Odessa made a march of forty-seven English miles. On the night of the 2nd the rear-guard of these new

corps arrived, and continued to pour into the camp on the northern heights of the Tchernaya, to the night of the 4th. The day before this formidable alteration of affairs on the Russian side took place, a cavalcade entered northern Sebastopol with great pomp: this was the escort of the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, the emperor's sons. Soon after another but less imposing cavalcade entered, escorting Generals Dannenberg and Soimonoff.

On the night of the 3rd, and early morning of the 4th, an attack was expected, but all passed off quietly; at the same time an impression prevailed in the English camp that Lord Raglan intended an assault. The prisoners that fell into our hands related circumstances which have generally been supposed sufficient to account for the ferocity of the Russian soldiers at Balaklava: but when it is recollected that the wounded Russians in the field of the Alma were as murderous and cruel as in any subsequent battle, the narratives which these prisoners supplied cannot be accepted as palliating any of the Russian atrocities. These prisoners stated that, while the allies were encamped on the Katcha, the Russian army was mustered in battalions, and addressed by the commanding officers, who assured them that the allies stripped and flogged the Russian prisoners, and inflicted other atrocities upon them of the most barbarous kind; and that, consequently, the Russian soldiers generally resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and never to surrender as prisoners. This mode of stimulating the courage of the common soldiery is infamously worthy of the Muscovite army.

A few desertions from the English lines took place early in November; they were men of no character, and had been severely flogged. Rewards, in the form of pecuniary gifts, were distributed amongst a few of the British soldiers who had distinguished themselves by their valour. Amongst these the most conspicuous was Patrick McGrath, who, being seized by three Russians, suddenly snatched from one of his captors his musket, shot him, bayoneted a second, and put the third to flight. The poor acknowledgment of his heroism was a five-pound note.

On the 3rd, Lord Raglan wrote home, continuing his report of the siege up to that date:—

*Before Sebastopol, Nov. 3rd.*

MY LORD DUKE,—Since I wrote to your grace on the 28th ult., the enemy have considerably increased their force in the valley of the Tchernaya, both in artillery, cavalry, and infantry, and have extended to their left, not only occupying the village of Kamara, but the heights beyond it, and pushing forward pickets and even guns towards our extreme right; and these yesterday fired a few shots, apparently to try the range, which fell somewhat short. These movements have induced me to place as strong a force as I can dispose of on the precipitous ridge in that direction, in order to prevent any attempt to get round to Balaklava by the sea; and the whole

line is strengthened by a breastwork which has been thrown up by the Highland Brigade, the Royal Marines, and the Turkish troops, thus circumscribing that part of the position; while immediately in front of the gorge leading into the town a strong redoubt is in course of being completed, which is to be garrisoned by the 93rd regiment and armed with several guns, and on the high ground behind and to the left is a battery manned by seamen, which terminates the position to be defended by the troops under the command of Major-general Sir Colin Campbell. Farther to the left, and in a more elevated position, is the brigade of the first French division, commanded by General Vinois, ready to move to the assistance of any of the British force that may be assailed, and maintaining the connexion between the troops in the valley and those on the ridge on which the main armies are posted.

The harbour of Balaklava is under the charge of Captain Daeres, of the *Sunspire*, and Rear-admiral Sir Edmund Lyons is in the roadstead outside, and is in daily communication with me. Thus, every possible step has been taken to secure this important point; but I will not conceal from your grace that I should be more satisfied if I could have occupied the position in considerably greater strength.

With reference to the operations of the combined armies engaged in the attack on Sebastopol, I have the honour to state that there is no material diminution in the enemy's fire, and yesterday morning, two hours before daylight, the cannonade from all parts of the south front was heavy in the extreme, both on the French and British lines, and it occasioned, I deeply regret to say, some loss, but less than might have been expected under the circumstances. In the meanwhile the French, who have before them the town and real body of the place, have taken advantage of the more favourable ground, and are carrying on approaches systematically on the most salient and commanding part of the enemy's lines; and they have constructed and opened batteries, the precision of the fire from which has most materially damaged the Russian works, although, as yet, they have not succeeded in silencing their guns. The weather is still fine, but it has become extremely cold, and there was a severe frost last night.

I beg to submit to your grace the nominal returns of casualties among the non-commissioned officers and rank and file from the 22nd of October to the 1st of November, both days inclusive, and a list of officers killed and wounded between the 27th of October and the 1st of November. Captain Maude, of the horse-artillery, an excellent officer, is, I am assured, doing well. I likewise enclose the naval return of casualties.

I have, &c., RAGLAN.

There is a peculiar interest in the narra-

tives of individual officers who happened to be placed in circumstances to observe particular transactions. No officer, whether of high or low rank, can, from personal observation, record all the events of a siege or a battle; hence the experience of the subaltern, as well as the despatches of the general, is necessary to fill up the outline. The following extract is from the diary of a subaltern during this period of the siege:—"On the 29th I went on a covering party to the Sebastopol Road, which is situated in the ravine which separates our right and left attack. It was about the best place to be posted in during daytime, as it was some little distance from a battery, and few shot came near it. A covered way led from the Greenhill Batteries to this road, and latterly the sailors who were relieved from duty went home this way. On either side of the road were huge rocks, in which were many natural caves, which in the daytime were generally filled with our men, who lighted their fires and cooked their rations and coffee there; but at night they were moved down to a wall which ran across the road in continuation of the covered way. At night a subaltern's party of thirty men or so were sent out some little distance down the road, from which sentries were posted within three hundred yards of the Russian Redan, which yawned on us, and showed its huge black teeth. This was a wretched station to be on at night, as it was probable that if a sortie was made from the garrison, they would in all probability bring their artillery up this road under cover of the Redan, and we should not have been able to bring one gun to bear on them from our batteries. We could plainly hear the paddles of a steamer moving in the harbour, in all probability engaged in mooring a ship in a position to annoy us."

## CHAPTER XLV.

### THE GREAT BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

"The thick mist allow'd  
Nought to be seen save the artillery's flame,  
Which arch'd the horizon like a fiery cloud."

THE history of war presents no records of strife more terrible than that which raged on the slopes of Inkerman on the 5th of November, 1854. On the night of the 4th, silence and confidence reigned in the camps around Sebastopol. It was known to the whole of the allied armies that the enemy had received numerous and powerful reinforcements, but how they were likely to be employed was matter of vague and varied conjecture: a renewal of the attack on Balaklava, and perhaps at night, was

the most generally prevalent opinion. No notion was entertained anywhere that these hosts would be precipitated upon the position so long occupied by the brave and vigilant De Lacy Evans. Had he not been an invalid, the symptoms in the enemy's camp of approaching battle would not have escaped him; although it is likely that any remonstrances or requests of his to head-quarters, would have availed no more in awakening vigilance than those so often previously made by him. No extraor-

dinary precautions, in consequence of the vastly increased forces of the enemy, were made by French or English. The pickets were not strengthened, nor were any directions given to watch the foe. Ammunition in the camp was scarce; there were great stores of it at Balaklava, but no pains were taken to have the exhausted magazines at camp replenished. Some regiments were almost without cartridges. The Russian batteries were all silent, and not a shot was fired from the allied works. The night was bitterly cold, the ground damp, the trenches contained lodgments of water, no soldiers were out except those on duty, and many men of the covering parties had their blankets about their legs and feet—the camps had not been so silent before. A few lights might be seen flickering in the lines, as the soldiers cooked their rations—the only sign of life visible. The silence was at last broken in a remarkable manner: at about eleven o'clock the church-bells in Sebastopol began to toll; the sound came slowly and solemnly upon the still and heavy air. At last these sounds died away, and all was again quiet for a brief space, when a single bell tolled sharply and continuously. The darkness was most profound, and the little air that moved brought every sound from the city with a distinct clearness into the camp. The outlying pickets reported that they heard chaunting, and described it as if arising from the united voices of vast multitudes. These things might have aroused the most stolid generals, but they did not stir the torpidity of the allied head-quarters. All who had any knowledge of Russia, and the fanaticism of the Russo-Greek Church, might have foreseen that these sounds betokened the religious services of the newly-arrived hosts, invoking their patron saints to favour some enterprise of moment. From eleven o'clock on the night of the 4th, until two o'clock on the morning of the 5th, these sounds continued; after that they died away, the darkness grew denser, not a light gleamed from the camps, and a false and stupid security prevailed over the allied hosts. It was probably three o'clock when the out-pickets of the 55th, one of the regiments of General Evans' division at Inkerman, heard a dull rumbling noise, as if of heavy wheels in the Tchernaya Valley, at the foot of the heights on which the picket was placed. The noise was first heard by a sergeant, it was then recognised by some of the men, and at last reported to the officer. He, having heard similar noises on other nights caused by wag-gons entering the town, took no notice. The noise, however, continued for a longer period than that generally made by the convoys, and grew louder and more distinct, as if approaching the foot of the heights. It seemed to come

chiefly from the direction of Shell Hill, the eminence which overlooked the camp of Sir de Laey Evans' division. The increased distinctness of the sounds produced no misgiving in the minds of the picket officers, even when the probability of their coming from a convoy passed away. Still the dull rolling sound crept nearer, and the men again and again reported to their officers. The decisive repulse given by General Evans, on the 26th, it was believed had discouraged the enemy, and rendered the post secure. The moral effect of the little Inkerman, it was deemed certain, had made it too hazardous for the enemy to attempt anything again in that direction. From the 26th to the 4th no enemy had shown himself there.

At about half-past four o'clock the French pickets of General Bosquet's division reported that Liprandi's army was in motion. Bosquet turned out his division with promptitude, and adopted such precautions as seemed requisite. He did not move his battalions, for although sounds came up from the Woronzoff Road, nothing could be seen, and no conjecture formed, of what the enemy intended. A few shots discharged against the works in that part of the plateau, although they fell short, led Bosquet to think that his position was menaced. About six o'clock the day dawned, struggling through heavy folds of chilling mist; a more gloomy morning, even in a Crimean November, seldom stole through the fogs of the Tchernaya Valley. At this moment several Russian soldiers, unarmed, showed themselves to the picket of General Evans' division, which was posted in the ravine on the left of Shell Hill. They were supposed to be deserters, as they beckoned to the British to come to them, who at once fell into the trap. As soon as they approached the supposed deserters, 500 men started to their feet from amidst the brushwood on each side of the ravine, and surrounded and made prisoners the officer and thirty men who followed him. This, fortunately, was in view of a few men of the picket, left behind for some purpose, who instantly ran to the nearest picket (that of the 55th), which was posted on the top of the hill. The enemy followed rapidly, and the party of the 55th had scarcely time to catch the alarm from the fugitives before the enemy was upon them. This regiment knew the ground better than any other British corps, having often before skirmished there; they accordingly fell back, contesting with skilful step and desperate battle, every inch of ground against overwhelming numbers. Then began the battle of Inkerman. Before we describe the eddying crowds of struggling soldiery, it is desirable to convey some clear idea of the plan of action which the Russians entertained.

The point of attack was originally intended

to have been the position occupied by Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England. It was perilous in the judgment of that officer to weaken that post during the engagement, but he nevertheless contributed largely to the successful defence at Inkerman. General Soimonoff was to have passed stealthily along the west side of the ravine from Careening Bay, and to attack the British left, which was under the command of Sir Richard England. General Pauloff was to ascend from the Inkerman Valley, and to attack the right of the British, then under the command of General Pennefather (Sir de Laey Evans being ill on board ship). During these movements a feigned attack was to be made at Kadikoi, the object of which was, so to engage the attention of General Bosquet as to prevent his rendering any assistance to Sir de Laey Evans' division. The sortie from Sebastopol against the position of General England was that which was chiefly relied upon for inflicting defeat upon the British. This is not the view generally taken of the plan of attack, but this was really the idea of the Russian commander-in-chief. Dannenberg's *corps d'armée* had encamped at Tchorgoun on the 31st of October; Soimonoff entered Sebastopol with his division on the 3rd of November. Pauloff encamped before Balaklava with his division about the same time, and thus each division was in the right place, at the right time, for the execution of the intended project. According to the Russian accounts, Soimonoff commanded 16,000 men, and Pauloff very nearly as many. Thus powerful forces were arranged to act in combination on different points of attack, and these large bodies of men were so supplied with all the requisites of war, that the most sanguine expectations were entertained as to the result. This plan was certainly never carried into execution, as the following pages will show, but nevertheless it was the scheme of operations really intended. The actual attack was altogether upon the British heights overlooking Inkerman. This discrepancy between the battle which the Russians actually fought, and that which their plan contemplated, is thus accounted for. General Soimonoff was represented as having mistaken the instructions of his chief, General Dannenberg, or at all events to have mistaken his way—for he advanced along the east instead of the west side of the ravine, and arrived on the same heights as those ascended by Pauloff's division. There is some proof that this assertion is true, for the British were greatly confused by finding that on both sides of their position the Russians fought up the ascent. This false step on the part of Soimonoff (assuming the Russian allegations to be correct) involved serious disadvantages—because so contracted was the ground upon which *both* bodies of the Russian army

were precipitated, that Soimonoff and Pauloff were in the way of one another. There was no space for such vast numbers to deploy, and therefore the fire of the British Minié muskets and artillery made havoc unparalleled in the masses exposed to such a relentless fire. There was yet another feature in the grand plan of the Russian chief—a sortie from the south-west portion of Sebastopol. This was conducted by Major-general Timofeieff, and began later in the morning, full four hours after the battle had begun on the eastern slopes. Those troops emerged at the gate of the bastion No. 6, and crossed the ravine of the Quarantine Bay, and approached the siege works of the French. According to the Russian account this sortie spiked fifteen French guns, and inflicted terrible loss of men and munitions of war; but it is acknowledged a retreat was necessary, which was very brilliantly conducted, many French prisoners being borne into Sebastopol by the retreating Russians. The plan of the Russian chief, it will be seen from these accounts, was brilliant in conception, however imperfectly carried out.

The general character of the battle, the details of which we are about to furnish, was one of the most obstinate valour. The Russians, infuriated by an invidious nationality, bigoted religious zeal, and large supplies of an intoxicating spirit, rushed madly on, charging with the bayonet. The British with the same weapon withstood the attack, and poured in deadly volleys of Minié rifle balls as the enemy advanced. It was a series of desperate individual conflicts. The notion that the charge of the bayonet is seldom if ever resisted, was here confuted. The bayonet was the chief weapon of combat, and was used with desperate strength and determination. Assault and repulse, retreat and rally, the crashing of long bayonet lines, and the confused struggle of detached crowds of soldiery, mainly made up the chief portions of this huge fight. Men grappled hand to throat, scarcely recognising one another beneath the dense fog which spread its gloomy pall over the combatants. Mr. Russell says with much truth, in a small compass, "The battle of Inkerman admits of no description." It cannot be pencilled on a grand scale—it must be narrated as a series of fierce, bloody, and confused struggles, between bodies of men who scarcely fought under command, but sought by personal force and prowess to scale the height, or hurl from its summit the ascending foe. In the ravine—by the redoubt—on the slope—through the brushwood, men fought, irrespective of all leaders, with a tenacity and valour never surpassed—as if the gods contested the sovereignty of the world within the limits of Inkerman.

We shall here present the despatches which

will guide us through the details of the battle:—

*Before Sebastopol, Nov. 8th.*

MY LORD DUKE,—I have the honour to report to your grace, that the army under my command, powerfully aided by the corps of observation of the French army, under the command of that distinguished officer, General Bosquet, effectually repulsed and defeated a most vigorous and determined attack of the enemy on our position overlooking the ruins of Inkerman, on the morning of the 5th instant. In my letter to your grace of the 3rd, I informed you that the enemy had considerably increased their force in the valley of the Tchernaya. The following day this augmentation was still further apparent, and large masses of troops had evidently arrived from the northward, and on two several occasions persons of distinguished rank were observed to have joined the Russian camp.

I have subsequently learnt that the fourth corps *d'armée*, conveyed in carriages of the country, and in the lightest possible order, had been brought from Moldavia, and were to be immediately followed by the third corps. It was therefore to be expected that an extensive movement would not be long deferred. Accordingly, shortly before daylight on the 5th, strong columns of the enemy came upon the advanced pickets covering the right of the position. These pickets behaved with admirable gallantry, defending the ground, foot by foot, against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, until the second division, under Major-general Pennefather, with its field-guns, which had immediately been got under arms, was placed in position. The light division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, was also brought to the front without loss of time; the 1st brigade, under Major-general Codrington, occupying the long slopes to the left towards Sebastopol, and protecting our right battery, and guarding against attack on that side; and the 2nd brigade, under Brigadier-general Buller, forming on the left of the second division, with the 88th regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Jeffreys, thrown in advance. The brigade of Guards, under his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and Major-general Bentinck, proceeded likewise to the front, and took up most important ground to the extreme right on the alignment of the second division, but separated from it by a deep and precipitous ravine, and posting its guns with those of the second division. The fourth division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Cathcart, having been brought from their encampment, advanced to the front and right of the attack; the 1st brigade, under Brigadier-general Goldie, proceeded to the left of the Inkerman Road; the 2nd brigade, under Brigadier-general Torrens, to the right of it, and on the ridge overhanging the valley of the Tchernaya. The third division, under Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England, occupied in part the ground vacated by the fourth division, and supported the light division by two regiments under Brigadier-general Sir John Campbell, while Brigadier-general Eyre held the command of the troops in the trenches.

The morning was extremely dark, with a drizzling rain, rendering it almost impossible to discover anything beyond the flash and smoke of artillery and heavy musketry fire. It, however, soon became evident that the enemy, under cover of a vast cloud of skirmishers, supported by dense columns of infantry, had advanced numerous batteries of large calibre to the high ground to the left and front of the second division, while powerful columns of infantry attacked with great vigour the brigade of Guards. Additional batteries of heavy artillery were also placed by the enemy on the slopes to our left; the guns in the field amounting in the whole to ninety pieces, independently, however, of the ship-guns and those in the works of Sebastopol. Protected by a tremendous fire of shot, shell, and grape, the Russian columns advanced in great force, requiring every effort of gallantry on the part of our troops to resist them. At this time two battalions of French infantry, which had on the first notice been sent by General Bosquet, joined our right, and very materially contributed to the successful resistance to the attack, cheering with our men, and charging the enemy down the hill with great loss. About the same time a determined assault was made on our extreme left, and for a

moment the enemy possessed themselves of four of our guns, three of which were retaken by the 88th, while the fourth was speedily recaptured by the 77th regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Egerton. In the opposite direction the brigade of Guards, under his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, was engaged in a severe conflict.

The enemy, under the cover of thick brushwood, advanced in two heavy bodies, and assaulted with great determination a small redoubt which had been constructed for two guns, but was not armed. The combat was most arduous, and the brigade, after displaying the utmost steadiness and gallantry, was obliged to retire before very superior numbers, until supported by a wing of the 20th regiment of the fourth division, when they again advanced and retook the redoubt. This ground was afterwards occupied in gallant style by French troops, and the Guards speedily re-formed in rear of the right flank of the second division. In the meanwhile, Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, with a few companies of the 68th regiment, considering that he might make a strong impression by descending into the valley, and taking the enemy in flank, moved rapidly forward, but finding the heights above him in full occupation of the Russians, he suddenly discovered that he was entangled with a superior force, and while attempting to withdraw his men he received a mortal wound, shortly previously to which Brigadier-general Torrens, when leading the 68th, was likewise severely wounded.

Subsequently to this the battle continued with unabated vigour, and with no positive result, the enemy bringing upon our line not only the fire of all their field batteries, but those in front of the works of the place, and the ship-guns, till the afternoon, when the symptoms of giving way first became apparent; and shortly after, although the fire did not cease, the retreat became general, and heavy masses were observed retiring over the bridge of the Inkerman, and ascending the opposite heights, abandoning on the field of battle five or six thousand dead and wounded, multitudes of the latter having already been carried off by them. I never before witnessed such a spectacle as the field presented; but upon this I will not dwell.

Having submitted to your grace this imperfect description of this most severe battle, I have still two duties to discharge, the one most gratifying, the last most painful to my feelings. I have the greatest satisfaction in drawing your grace's attention to the brilliant conduct of the allied troops. French and English vied with each other in displaying their gallantry and manifesting their zealous devotion to duty, notwithstanding that they had to contend against an infinitely superior force, and were exposed for many hours to a most galling fire. It should be borne in mind that they have daily, for several weeks, undergone the most constant labour, and that many of them passed the previous night in the trenches. I will not attempt to enter into the detail of the movements of the French troops, lest I should not state them correctly; but I am proud of the opportunity of bearing testimony to their valour and energetic services, and of paying a tribute of admiration to the distinguished conduct of their immediate commander, General Bosquet; while it is in the highest degree pleasing to me to place upon record my deep sense of the valuable assistance I received from the commander-in-chief, General Canrobert, who was himself on the ground and in constant communication with me, and whose cordial co-operation, on all occasions, I cannot too highly extol. Your grace will recollect that he was wounded at the Alma. He was again wounded on the 5th, but I should hope that he will not long feel the effects of it.

I will, in a subsequent despatch, lay before your grace the names of the officers whose services have been brought to my notice. I will not detain the mail for that purpose now; but I cannot delay to report the admirable behaviour of Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, who was unfortunately shot through the arm, but is doing well; of Lieutenant-general his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who particularly distinguished himself; and of Major-general Pennefather, in command of the second division, which received the first attack, and gallantly maintained itself, under the greatest difficulties, throughout this protracted conflict; of Major-general Bentinck, who is severely wounded; Major-general Cod-

ington, Brigadier-general Adams, and Brigadier-general Torrens, who are severely wounded; and Brigadier-general Buller, who is also wounded, but not so seriously. I must likewise express my obligations to Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England, for the excellent disposition he made of his division, and the assistance he rendered to the left of the light division, where Brigadier-general Sir John Campbell was judiciously placed, and effectively supported Major-general Codrington; and I have great pleasure in stating that Brigadier-general Eyre was employed in the important duty of guarding the trenches from any assault from the town. Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans, who had been obliged, by severe indisposition, to go on board ship a few days previously, left his bed as soon as he received intelligence of the attack, and was promptly at his post; and, though he did not feel well enough to take the command of the division out of the hands of Major-general Pennefather, he did not fail to give him his best advice and assistance.

It is deeply distressing to me to have to submit to your grace the list of the killed, wounded, and missing, on this memorable occasion. It is indeed heavy, and very many valuable officers and men have been lost to her majesty's service. Among the killed your grace will find the names of Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir G. Cathcart, Brigadier-general Strangways, and Brigadier-general Goldie. Of the services of the first it is almost unnecessary to speak. They are known throughout the British empire, and have, within a short space of time, been brought conspicuously before the country by his achievements at the Cape of Good Hope, whence he had only just returned when he was ordered to this army. By his death her majesty has been deprived of a most devoted servant, an officer of the highest merit, while I personally have to deplore the loss of an attached and faithful friend. Brigadier-general Strangways was known to have distinguished himself in early life, and in mature age, throughout a long service, he maintained the same character. The mode in which he had conducted the command of the artillery, since it was placed in his hands by the departure, through illness, of Major-general Cator, is entitled to my entire approbation, and was equally agreeable to those who were confided to his care. Brigadier-general Goldie was an officer of considerable promise, and gave great satisfaction to all under whom he has served.

It is difficult to arrive at any positive conclusion as to the actual numbers brought into the field by the enemy. The configuration of the ground did not admit of any great development of their force, the attack consisting of a system of repeated assaults in heavy masses of columns; but, judging from the numbers that were seen in the plains after they had withdrawn in retreat, I am led to suppose that they could not have been less than 60,000 men. Their loss was excessive, and it is calculated that they left on the field near 5000 dead, and that their casualties amount in the whole, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, to not less than 15,000. Your grace will be surprised to learn that the number of British troops actually engaged little exceeded 8000 men, whilst those of General Bosquet's division only amounted to 6000, the remaining available French troops on the spot having been kept in reserve.

I ought to mention, that while the enemy was attacking our right, they assailed the left of the French trenches, and actually got into two of their batteries; but they were quickly driven out in the most gallant manner with considerable loss, and hotly pursued to the very walls of Sebastopol.

I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

*His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.*

General Canrobert forwarded the following despatch to the emperor:—

*Head-quarters before Sebastopol, Nov. 7.*

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL.—I have the honour to confirm my telegraphic despatch of the 6th of November, couched in these terms:—"The Russian army, increased by reinforcements from the Danube, and the reserves in the southern provinces, and animated by the presence of the Grand-dukes Michael and Nicholas, yesterday attacked

the right of the English position before the place. The English army sustained the combat with the most remarkable solidity. I caused it to be supported by a portion of the Bosquet division, which fought with admirable vigour, and by the troops which were the most easily available. The enemy, more numerous than we were, beat a retreat with enormous losses, estimated at from 8000 to 9000 men. This obstinate struggle lasted the whole of the day. On my left General Forey had, at the same time, to repulse a sortie of the garrison. The troops, energetically led on by him, drove the enemy from the place, with the loss of 1000 men. This brilliant day, which was not finished without loss to the allies, does the greatest honour to our arms."

The action, of which the above telegraphic despatch forms the summary, was most animated and warmly contested. At the first gunshot, the deserters who came to us revealed the real situation of the Russian army in regard to numbers, and enabled us to calculate the reinforcements it had successively received since the battle of the Alma. They are—1st contingent, from the coast of Asia, Kertch, and Kaffa; 2nd, six battalions and detachments of marines from Nicolaieff; 3rd, four battalions of Cossacks from the Black Sea; 4th, a great portion of the army of the Danube; and the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth divisions of infantry forming the fourth corps, commanded by General Dannenberg. These three divisions were transported by express, with their artillery, from Odessa to Simpheropol, in a few days. Afterwards arrived the Grand-dukes Michael and Nicholas, whose presence could not fail to produce great excitement among this army, which forms, with the garrison of Sebastopol, a total of at least 100,000 men.

It was under these circumstances that 45,000 men of this army attacked by surprise the heights of Inkerman, which the English army could not occupy with a sufficient force. Only 6000 English took part in the action, the rest being engaged in the siege works. They valiantly sustained the attack until the moment when General Bosquet, arriving with a portion of his division, was able to render such assistance as to insure their success. One does not know which to praise the most—the energetic solidity with which our allies for a long time faced the storm, or the intelligent vigour which General Bosquet (who led a portion of the brigades Bourbaki and Antemarne) displayed in attacking the enemy, who rushed upon their right.

The third regiment of Zouaves, under the chiefs of battalion, Montandon and Dubos, supported, in the most striking manner, the ancient reputation of that force. The Algerian riflemen (Colonel de Wimpfen), a battalion of the 7th light (Commander Vaissier), and the 6th of the line (Colonel de Camos), rivalled each other in ardour. Three charges were made with the bayonet, and it was only after the third charge that the enemy surrendered the ground, which was covered with his dead and wounded. The Russian field artillery and artillery of position was much superior in number, and occupied a commanding position. Two horse batteries, commanded by M. de la Boussinière, and a battery of the second division of infantry, commanded by M. Barval (the whole under the orders of Colonel Forgeot), sustained the struggle during the whole day, in conjunction with the English artillery.

The enemy decided upon beating a retreat, leaving more than 3000 dead, a great number of wounded, a few hundred prisoners, and also several caissons of artillery, in the possession of the allies. His losses, altogether, cannot be estimated at less than from 8000 to 10,000 men. While these events were being accomplished on the right, about 5000 men made a vigorous sortie against our attacks to the left, favoured by a thick fog and by ravines which facilitated their approach. The troops on duty in the trench, under the orders of General de la Motterouge, marched upon the enemy, who had already invaded two of our batteries, and repulsed him, killing more than 200 men within the batteries. The general of division, Forey, commanding the siege corps, by rapid and skilful arrangements, arrived with the troops of the fourth division to support the guards of the trenches, and marched himself at the head of the fifth battalion of foot chasseurs. The Russians, beaten down upon the whole of their line, were retreating precipitately upon the



place with considerable losses, when General de Lourmel, seeing them fly before him, and urged by a chivalric courage, dashed in pursuit of them up to the walls of the place, where he fell severely wounded. General Forey had much difficulty in withdrawing him from the advanced position to which his brigade had been hurried by excess of bravery. The Aurelle brigade, which had taken up an excellent position to the left, protected this retreat, which was effected under the fire of the place with considerable loss. Colonel Niel, of the 26th of the line, who lost his two chiefs of battalion, took the command of the brigade, whose conduct was admirably energetic. The enemy, in this sortie, lost 1000 men in killed, wounded, or prisoners, and he received a very considerable moral and material check.

The battle of Inkerman, and the combat sustained by the siege corps were glorious for our arms, and have increased the moral power which the allied armies have attained; but we have suffered losses to be deplored. They amount, for the English army, to 2400 men killed or wounded, among whom are seven generals, three of whom were killed; and, for the French army, to 1726 killed or wounded. We bitterly lament the loss of General de Lourmel, who died from his wound, and whose brilliant military qualities and conduct in private life seemed to promise future renown. I also have the regret to announce to you the death of Colonel de Camos, of the 6th of the line, killed at the head of his troops at the moment when it engaged with the enemy.

The vigour of the allied troops, subjected to the double trials of a siege, the difficulties of which are without a precedent, and to actions of war which recall the greatest struggles of our military history, cannot be too highly eulogised. I enclose my order of the day to the army for the battle of the 5th.

Accept, &c.,

CANROBERT, *General-in-Chief*.

The order of the day issued to the French army was as follows:—

*Head-quarters before Sebastopol, Nov. 5, 1854.*

Soldiers! you have had another glorious day. A great portion of the Russian army, favoured by the night and the fog, was able to establish itself, with powerful artillery, upon the heights which form the extreme right of our position. Two English divisions sustained an unequal fight with the invincible solidity which we know to be the characteristic of our allies; while a part of the Bosquet division, conducted by its worthy chief, came up to their support, and rushed upon the enemy with a boldness and intelligence to which I here render forcible homage. Definitely driven back in the valley of Tchernaya, the enemy left upon the ground more than 4000 of his men killed or wounded, and carried away at least as many during the battle.

While these events were in course of accomplishment, the garrison of Sebastopol made a sortie upon the left of our attacks, which afforded to the troops of the siege corps, and particularly to the fourth division, led most vigorously by General Forey, the opportunity of giving the enemy a severe lesson. The troops employed in repelling this sortie gave proof of an energy which much increases the reputation they had already earned by the patience with which they supported the onerous and glorious labours of the siege. I shall have to mention regiments and soldiers of all kinds and of all ranks who prominently distinguished themselves during this day. I shall make them known to France, to the emperor, and to the army. But I was anxious, at the first moment, to thank you in their name, and to tell you that you have just added a voluminous page to the history of this difficult campaign.

CANROBERT, *General-in-Chief*.

We annex a copy of the Russian despatch:—

*Nov. 6th, 1854.*

Yesterday, at Sebastopol, from the direction of bastion No. 1, there was a sortie, in which the following troops took part. Of the tenth division of infantry, the regiments of Catherineberg, Tomsk, and Kolyvan; of the

eleventh division of infantry, the regiments of Selinghinsk, Yakoutsck, and Okhotsck; of the sixteenth division of infantry, the regiments Vladimir, Souzdal, and Ouglitich; and of the seventeenth division of infantry, the regiments of Poutyrsk, Borodino, and Tarantino. There was as much artillery as could be taken, considering the difficulty of passing the gates. A portion of the troops passed by the Inkerman bridge. The command of the troops was intrusted to the general of infantry, Dannenberg, commander of the fourth corps of infantry.

Our first attack upon the heights was very successful. The English fortifications were carried, and eleven of their guns spiked. Unfortunately, in this first movement, the commanders of the troops of the tenth division, who attacked the intrenchments and the redoubts, were wounded. During this period the French forces arrived to the assistance of the English. The siege-artillery of the latter was placed in position on the field of battle, and it was not possible for our field-artillery to contend against such an advantage. The superiority in number of the enemy's men armed with carbines occasioned a great loss of horses and men belonging to the artillery, and of officers of infantry. This circumstance did not allow of our finishing, without sacrificing the troops, the redoubts which we had begun to raise during the fight upon the points which the position of the enemy commanded even up to the town of Sebastopol.

The retreat was effected in good order upon Sebastopol, and by the bridge of Inkerman, and the dismounted guns were brought back from the field of battle to the place.

The Grand-dukes Nicholas Nicolaievitch and Michael Nicolaievitch were in the midst of the terrible fire which prevailed, and set an example of coolness and courage in the fight.

Simultaneously with this sortie the Minsk regiment of infantry, with a light artillery battery, under the command of Major-general of artillery Timofieff, executed another against the French batteries, and spiked fifteen of their guns.

Our loss in dead is not yet exactly known, but the number of wounded extends to 3500 men and 109 officers. Among the latter are Lieutenant-general Seimonoff, who received a ball through the body, and soon died from the wound; Major-generals Villebois and Ochterlohné; Colonels Alexandroff, commander of the infantry regiment of Catherineberg, Poustovoitoff, ditto of the infantry regiment of Tomsk, Bibikoff, ditto, commander of the Chasseurs of Okhotsck, Baron Delwig, ditto of the infantry of Vladimir, and Vereuvkine-Scheluta, ditto, commander of the Chasseurs of Borodino. Major-general Kischinsky, chief of the artillery, received a contusion from the bursting of a shell, Major-general Prince Menschikoff, belonging to the suite of your imperial majesty, a contusion in the neck; Colonel Albedinsky, aide-de-camp of your imperial majesty, and Captain Greigh, of the cavalry, my aide-de-camp, a contusion in the head. General Dannenberg had two horses killed under him, and all the persons by whom he was surrounded were wounded.

The loss of the enemy cannot have been less considerable, and the sortie of General Timofieff cost the French dear; for, while he was pursuing them with formidable masses, they fell under a violent fire of grape-shot from bastion No. 6.

While these movements were being executed, the troops under command of Prince Gortschakoff made a strong demonstration against Kadikoi, and thus kept in inactivity the enemy's detachment at Balaklava.

Having presented to our readers the way in which the battle commenced, the plan which the enemy had in view, and the despatches which afford a general outline of the contest, we proceed to fill up the details. While the picket of the 55th regiment fell back fighting before the advancing foe, the alarm spread rapidly through the camp, and men flew to arms on every side. The brave picket fought with the greatest obstinacy,

yielding only to overwhelming force. As they gradually gave way, the guns which the Russians had drawn to the foot of the hill during the night were rapidly advanced up the ascent, and were placed in position at the top, on the spot which the Russian sergeant, who had deserted, previously advised the British quartermaster-general to occupy. This warning had been in vain, and also one still more significant—for, at the battle of the Little Inkerman, it was at that spot the enemy planted their formidable artillery. Its occupation by strong batteries was destructive to the British, and mainly aided the foe in resisting the indomitable courage of our troops.

Early in the morning, Brigadier-general Codrington, of the light division, visited the outlying pickets of his own brigade. This was the general's usual habit, and this vigilant usage was very serviceable on the present critical occasion. Captain Prettyman, of the 33rd regiment, was on duty, and conversed for some minutes with the brigadier on the possibility of a sortie being attempted under favour of so gloomy a morning, and that the enemy would calculate upon the drizzling rain and soaking mist spoiling the fire-arms of the pickets. It was when the brigadier turned from this conversation, in the direction of the lines of his brigade, that the first sharp rattle of musketry between the 55th and the enemy commenced. The general galloped in the direction of the reports, and came to the conclusion at once that it was not a mere *alerte*, or even sortie, but an attack in force upon our flank, and upon the most vulnerable point of the position. While admitting that this post was imperfectly defended, and concurring in the censure which ought to rest upon those whose neglect left it so, it is necessary to correct the impression that there was no work to keep the enemy at bay. The eloquent correspondent of the *Times* is only partly correct in the following strictures:—"No one suspected for a moment that enormous masses of Russians were creeping up the rugged sides of the heights over the valley of Inkerman, on the undefended flank of the second division. There all was security and repose. Little did the slumbering troops in camp imagine that a subtle and indefatigable enemy was bringing into position an overwhelming artillery, ready to play upon their tents at the first glimpse of daylight. It must be observed that Sir De Lacy Evans had long been aware of the insecurity of this portion of our position, and had repeatedly pointed it out to those whose duty it was to guard against the dangers which threatened us. It was the only ground where we were exposed to surprise, for a number of ravines and unequal curves in the slope of the hill towards the valley lead up to the crest and

summit, against the adverse side of which our right flank was resting, without guns, intrenchments, abattis, or outlying defence of any kind. Every one admitted the truth of the representations addressed to the authorities on this subject; but indolence, or a sense of false security, and an overweening confidence, led to indifference and procrastination. A battery was thrown up of sandbags, and gabions, and fascines, on the slope of the hill over Inkerman, on the east, but no guns were mounted there—for Sir De Lacy Evans thought that two guns in such a position, without any works to support them, would only invite attack and capture. In the action of the 26th of October, the enemy tried their strength almost on the very spot selected by them this morning; but it may now be considered that they merely made a *reconnaissance en force* on that occasion, and that they were waiting for reinforcements to assault the position where it was most vulnerable, and where they might speculate with some certainty on the effects of the surprise of a sleeping camp on a winter's morning. Although the arrangements of Sir De Lacy Evans on repulsing the sortie were, as Lord Raglan declared, 'so perfect that they could not fail to ensure success,' it was evident that a larger force than the Russians employed would have forced him to retire from his ground, or to fight a battle in defence of it, with the aid of the other divisions of the army; and yet nothing was done. No effort was made to intrench the lines, to cast up a single shovel of earth, to cut down the brushwood, or form an abattis. It was thought 'not to be necessary.' A heavy responsibility rests on those whose neglect enabled the enemy to attack us where we were least prepared for it, and whose indifference led them to despise precautions which, taken in time, might have saved us many valuable lives, and have trebled the loss of the enemy, had they been bold enough to have assaulted us behind intrenchments."

It is indubitably true that the representations of Sir de Lacy Evans were not attended to, nor his suggestions even properly discussed, although no officer in the Crimea had the slightest pretension to claim equal skill and experience in war with that general. It is questionable whether any general in the British army has rendered his country such varied and effective service as this man—whose heroism in the field, goodness in the camp, wisdom in the senate, and genius, constitute him one of the most remarkable men in our country and our age. It is not correct, however, that not "a shovelful of earth was thrown up." Nor was the defence to which Mr. Russell refers, as "a battery of gabions, and sandbags, and fascines," altogether the fragile work which he describes it. The work was solidly

constructed, and enabled the Guards to make a terrible and protracted defence with the Minié musket and the bayonet. Mr. Russell is in error in stating that nothing was done to make this defence efficient, for Sir de Lacy Evans, although he received no help for the purpose from head-quarters, set his men to the task; and, as far as their enfeebled condition in health and numbers allowed, he employed them in giving a somewhat formidable character to this work. Mr. Woods asserts that the battery had no *banquette*, but officers who well knew it, aided in its construction, and fought in its defence, aver that, however imperfectly made (for the reasons already named), it was not wholly destitute of that advantage.

Mr. Russell's assertion, that "no effort was made to intrench the lines, or throw up a single shovel of earth," is irreconcilable with the account of Colonel Hamley, who fought on the spot, and whose description we know, from other and still superior sources of information, to be correct:—"The first division was posted about half a mile in rear of the second. On its right a narrow path descended the steep boundary of the plateau to the valley of the Tchernaya, crossing a ford of the stream between the ruins of Inkerman and the cluster of heights where part of Liprandi's force was posted. About a third of the way down, a shoulder projected from the precipice like a terrace, and on this the French constructed a small redoubt, into which we put two guns, to fire down on the plain, and to sweep the terrace, and which was at first garrisoned by guardsmen, but afterwards made over to the French. The latter had formed an almost continuous intrenchment from their great redoubt on the plateau above the Woronzoff Road to this point; and we had begun, on the 4th of November, to carry it onward round the face of the cliff opposite Inkerman, so as to include the front of the second division. But the work proceeded but slowly and interruptedly; and up to that time, the ground, which had already been the scene of an attack, and was now again to become so, had only two small fragments of insignificant intrenchment, not a hundred yards long in all—and more like ordinary drains than field-works—one on each side of the road, as it crossed the ridge behind which the division was encamped. Amidst the many loose assertions and incorrect statements which have appeared in the public prints respecting the operations of the campaign, there is one frequently-recurring error which deserves notice, as it is calculated to mislead military readers in forming their estimate of the different actions. Every species of intrenchment which appears on a position is talked of as 'a redoubt.' At the Alma the

English force has been repeatedly described as storming intrenchments, and the battery where the great struggle took place is always mentioned as 'the redoubt.' The two-gun battery, where the Guards fought at Inkerman, is also a 'redoubt;' and one writer describes it as equipped with 'a breastwork at least seven feet high.' A remarkable breastwork, certainly, since the defenders, to make use of it as such, must needs be about ten feet in stature! There were no intrenchments, nor any works intended as obstacles in the Russian position at the Alma. The only works of any kind were two long, low banks of earth, over which the guns fired—intended, not to prevent our advance, but to protect the guns and gunners from our fire. The battery at the Inkerman was a high wall of earth, riveted with gabions and sandbags, sloping at the extremities, and having two embrasures cut in it for the guns to fire through: from end to end it was about twelve paces long. Now, premising that field-works are said to be enclosed when they afford on all sides a defence against an enemy, and that, when they are so constructed, that the defenders behind one face fire along the space in front of them, parallel to another face, the one is said to flank the other; a redoubt may be defined as an enclosed work without flank defence. It is either square, circular, or many-sided; and it is evident, to the least informed reader, that a continuous parapet and ditch, guarded from behind at all points by musketry, must be a formidable obstacle to assault, and must greatly increase the facilities of defence."

It is obvious that General Evans and the men of his division did all they could, with their strength and means, to make their position secure, and that their exertions in this way materially contributed to obstruct the advance of the Russians in this battle. General Evans' division, under Major-general Pennefather, was first under arms, and offered the first resistance to the enemy. The division had been so reduced by battle, and labour, and sickness, that it scarcely numbered 1500 men; but there was not in the whole army a body of men more trustworthy and gallant. Their discipline was perfect, and their confidence in their chief unbounded. They were not left to grapple alone with the foe for any long time, for Codrington had called out both brigades of the light division, and hastened to their relief.

The men of either division had not the slightest conception of the duty to which they were summoned, and they advanced carelessly and confidently, believing that it was one of the *alertes* so common in thick and clouded weather, or at most a sortie, and that the enemy would soon be driven in. On they

came with their reckless and forward bearing, but were soon undeceived as to the character of the encounter before them; for through the thick mist the flashes of innumerable musketry played incessantly, and the uproar of the enemy's approach sounded strangely, as if the surging of rushing and rising waters bursting their bounds below, and spreading upwards in a resistless deluge. The Russian soldiers had been intoxicated by strong drink and bigotry for the occasion, and in the frenzy of this double inebriety they came on less regularly than was their wont, and with a confused, but hurried and resolute tread, unlike that of the Russian infantry on ordinary occasions. They came up the slopes shrieking rather than shouting: it was not the voice of a gallant soldiery coming to the charge against a worthy foe, emulous of his fame and eager to win the laurel of the brave—it was a vindictive and drunken cry, a yell horrible to hear, the utterance of barbarous natures incited and goaded to a fierce and brutal onset. The light division moved to the ravine on the left side of Shell Hill, and scarcely had they drawn up when a Russian column came against them. The brigade (Buller's) nearest to the column waited until it arrived within twenty yards, and then poured in a deadly volley. It was difficult to see the enemy in the mist, but the men fired low, almost every shot told, and before the Russians could deploy, the "lights" charged with the bayonet, breaking the column into fragments, and driving the scattered groups headlong down the hill. It was a splendid charge, much like one of the old Peninsular feats, when the French came on in close column, and the "thin red line," discharging its volley, instantly rushed forward with the bayonet before the enemy could form into line. Just as at Waterloo, Picton's infantry received the French upon the left centre of the British line, dealing destruction among their columns at the moment when about to perform the manœuvre of deploying, so was it with the light division in this charge at Inkerman. While these troops were routing the enemy in this manner, the second division had moved forward to the brow of the hill in front of their own position, and drew up on the spot most menaced, the old Simpheropol Road, which ascended to the camp from the vale of the Tchernaya. The whole plan of the enemy, or, at all events, that part of his plan which involved the assault of this position was now revealed. The ground taken up by the second division was exposed to a raking fire of artillery from the summit of Shell Hill. It is difficult to say whether the action of artillery or infantry should be most noticed at this juncture: artillery officers always make the artillery conflict the battle, and the moments of closer com-

bat as subsidiary to the operations of the thundering guns; while officers of the other arm mostly represent the battle as being fought by it, and the artillery or cavalry as only auxiliary forces which were employed when wanted. In this instance, the cannon from Shell Hill appeared to rage against the camp as if conscious of the conflict, and sharing in the fierce resentment of the Russian nation.

The roar of cannon, the volleys of musketry, and the yells of the intoxicated enemy, mingled in strange confusion with the tread of hosts and the clash of steel in the pit-like darkness through which the combatants sought one another. The 41st regiment, and six companies of the 49th, were dispatched to occupy the two-gun battery, already so frequently referred to. Three guns of Woodhouse's battery accompanied them, under the command of Major Hamley. The battery afforded the men good shelter from the cannon on Shell Hill, as they lay down under the parapet. The moment they sought and found this shelter, the enemy changed the range of their guns, and swept the position occupied by the rest of the second division. So dim was the morning that this operation, so unfortunate for the second division, could not have been the result of any especial skill. While the guns from Shell Hill poured every description of death-dealing missile on the second division, that portion of it holding the two-gun battery was assailed by a fresh column of Russian infantry. They pressed forward, not with simultaneous shouts or cheers, but every man yelled as if under the influence of demoniacal possession; they rushed in their drunkenness and fury towards the battery—its defenders met them with a shower of Minié balls, which searched the column through. The men of the two regiments spread themselves on either flank of the battery, as its construction and space did not admit of their ranging themselves advantageously within it. The able correspondent of the *Morning Herald* says:—"Through the thick mist the yells came loud and long, and, rushing up with a dash and spirit for which we have not given them credit, the enemy threw themselves headlong upon the battery." Their assault could hardly be fitly described as made with dash and spirit—they charged rather like madmen, ignorant of motive or aim, and actuated only by an infuriated and impulsive desire for destruction.

Probably this body of the enemy numbered 5000 men. They came on in column, but so dense was the compact mass that the whole front seemed covered with it. It loomed through the fog as if a gigantic human machine, precipitated by an unseen hand against the post where it was resisted and broken. It is marvellous that the little band of Britons

could have ventured to receive so vast a body, but the position was the key of the English line—at all events at that part of the day; the men knew this, they determined to hold it, and never was determination more gallantly sustained. Silently the British waited, and just as the swarming multitude arrived within ten feet of the battery, a tremendous volley of Minié balls rang out from its embrasures and flanks, and 200 Russians lay dead before it. The enemy were appalled by the suddenness and destructiveness of this reception, and fell back, but after a short pause the front seemed to be pressed forward by the concourse in the rear, when, instead of flinging themselves headlong upon the battery (as Mr. Woods writes), trusting to their overwhelming numbers speedily to end the conflict, they opened a close fire for several minutes. The English fired each as fast as he could; no bullet missed—as if discharging their pieces into a vast wool-pack, the bullets entered the dense mass of the Russian soldiery, every shot telling upon more than a single foe. It was impossible for the Russian or any soldiery to remain under such a fire. So coolly, closely, steadily, and yet rapidly and surely, was it dealt forth, that the enemy went down before it in multitudes. As fast as they fell in front others pressed forward, but their fire did not produce much effect upon the English, who fought under the protection of the battery, and with perfect steadiness. Goaded by the reproaches of their officers, the foe at last rushed forward, passing through the embrasures and over the banks. The scene of struggle was now in the inward space, and it was bayonet to bayonet and hand to hand. The British used the butt-end of their muskets, beating down the Russian guard and smashing their bayonets. The suddenness with which the English, as if by a simultaneous impulse, resorted to this mode of combat, confused the Russians, and disconcerted their accustomed mode of handling their weapons. The enemy was driven out, or rather, we should say, seized with a sudden panic before the heroism they encountered, fled—for it was physically impossible for so small a band to drive back such a host.

The positions of the defenders at this moment were as follows:—The second division, under General Pennefather, held the front. One brigade, consisting of the 41st, 47th, and 49th, under Brigadier Adams, was the most forward. The 30th, 35th, and 90th, had supported them *en échelon*, until all became mixed in the confusion of the terrible *mêlée*, except the detachments holding the two-gun battery. To the left, nearest Sebastopol, General Sir George Cathcart's division took ground, consisting of the 20th, 21st North British Fusiliers, 46th, 57th, 63rd, and 68th. The general and his two

brigadiers, Torrens and Goldie, were at their head. A portion of the light division, as already described, had early moved under Codrington to the assistance of the second division, and was followed by Sir George Brown, and so much of the remainder of the division as could be collected for the purpose. The Duke of Cambridge and the Guards came up upon the right of the second division (that farthest from Sebastopol). Sir Richard England, with a portion of his division, also moved up—a circumstance generally overlooked by writers upon the war. One writer describes him as being in reserve. There was no reserve at Inkerman—the troops came up as fast as they could, by brigades, battalions, or companies, and took the ground most important to occupy at the moment. Very early in the morning, Sir Richard England's attention had been caught by sharp musketry three or four miles to his right, and as he judged, from the position overlooking the ruins of Inkerman; and after providing for the security of his own front, where 1200 men of the third division were already in the advanced trenches, he took the Royals and 50th, with some guns, to aid in repelling the attack. With these troops, and accompanied by his brigadier, Sir John Campbell, he joined the left of the light division.

Colonel Bell, himself a participator, thus describes the advance, position, and service of General England at this juncture:—"On the morning of the 5th of November, the moment we heard the rattle of musketry on our right, Sir Richard England ordered his division under arms, and moved off without delay to the scene of action. We did not muster strong, because part of the division was on duty in the trenches, and a force left in front and to support our pickets. The force Sir Richard England took into the field was very judiciously disposed of, and prevented the enemy from making any further advance to turn the left of our defensive army. It was indeed a bold measure, drawing away the third division at all from its own ground. Here, as at Alma, Sir Richard England met the wishes of other general officers, and readily accorded that aid which was so needful; and although his division was not so much engaged in the field as others, it was entirely the chances of war, for the third division was placed in what was considered the most dangerous and exposed position in sitting down before Sebastopol."

The battle in and around the two-gun battery continued to rage, and the men of General Evans' division did all that men could do to resist the foe. The weight of the enemy's masses at length overpowered the defenders, and the Russians took possession of the battery in such strength that all hope of dislodging

them seemed extinguished. At this moment the Guards advanced, and attempted this terrible task. They were led on by the Duke of Cambridge with skill and dauntless courage. They commenced their advance soon after the second division became warmly engaged, but it was some time before they could be brought into action—for the majority of them had only returned a few minutes before from the trenches, drenched with rain and nearly paralysed with cold, having been twenty-four hours on duty; 300 of them had been on picket; and all, like the men of the other divisions who hurried into the fight, were weary and fasting. The men, however, seemed eager to fall in and support their comrades already engaged with the ascending masses of the Muscovites. They arrived on the brow of the hill above the two-gun battery at the actual moment when the 41st and 49th had been driven out, and were falling back obstinately and slowly upon whatever support might be afforded to them. The bearing of the Guards was magnificent; the language might be applied to them—

“If a path be dangerous known,  
The danger’s self were lure alone.”

The enemy were exulting in their victory with infuriated yells, which were soon lost in the bold cheer that rang out from the advancing lines of the household brigade. The Grenadier and Fusileer Guards charged with the utmost impetuosity, and the Russians, except the piles of their dead and dying, were literally swept from the two-gun battery and its vicinity. The Coldstreams, who arrived shortly after, took up position with the other battalions of their brigade, the whole of which only numbered the regulation strength of a battalion of the line on India service or in time of war. This fine battalion placed themselves in the centre of the battery, the Grenadiers taking their right and the Fusileers their left. The baffled and repulsed Russians were soon pushed forward again before the advance of increasing numbers, and the battery was assaulted by assailants more numerous and fierce than before. Some relate that fresh draughts of *vaka* (a most intoxicating spirit) were supplied to them on the field, until the men ceased to be conscious of their real situation, but were inspired with additional strength to rush headlong to the assault. The battery was simultaneously stormed in front and on either flank by overwhelming numbers, and with intensified fury. Three times the parapets were scaled, and the enemy crowded into the long-defended space—and as often were they driven back with appalling slaughter. Still fresh numbers pressed forward, and the brave band of defenders were surrounded—

every man believing that all was lost, but determined to die rather than yield. So near were the contending parties that they fired into one another’s breasts. A single shot into each wave of the enemy as it rolled up, was all that each man in the line of defenders could get time to fire—it then became close bayonet work;\* but the Russians literally clambered over the heaps of their slain countrymen to renew the sanguinary contest.

The height of the walls of the battery prevented our men from firing over, except in some spots—nearly the whole of the fire, therefore, was directed through the embrasures. The Russians, perceiving this, gathered close in under the battery, and threw the muskets and bayonets of their slain countrymen over the parapets, and also huge fragments of rock which plentifully covered the ground thereabouts. The guardsmen proved themselves superior even in this rough practice—hurling the missiles back again with more rapidity and energy. This queer contest lasted longer than might be supposed; more than ten minutes elapsed before the Russians put an end to it by another desperate charge through the embrasures. This was as furiously resisted, and even the embrasures became choked with the Russian dead. The body of the enemy opposed to the Guards equalled a British division of infantry in its full strength. These were increased so much by fresh masses directed on the spot, that the Guards could no longer hold the post. The pressure on either flank was so great that both Grenadiers and Fusileers were pushed back behind the battery—the enemy at the same moment assailing the uncovered flanks of the work, and pouring in upon the Coldstreams in multitudes. The Guards were now surrounded, while the dense fog prevented their seeing anything but the gigantic mass of foes lowering through the haze around them. The same cause prevented their desperate situation from being seen by any who could give them help—if there were any not themselves at the moment so dangerously engaged as to allow them extending succour to their comrades. In this terrible conjuncture the word was passed,

\* Mr. Russell represents the antagonism of infantry with the bayonet as unknown before Inkerman, except at Maida. This assertion, made by many others before Mr. Russell, is, however, a mistake: repeatedly, in the war of the Peninsula, the French crossed bayonets with our men, not only in resisting their entrance by the breaches of fortresses, but in the open field. By consulting *Napier’s History of the Peninsular War*, the reader will find instances. The Sikhs crossed bayonets, not only with the Sepoy, but with the British infantry. Bayonet charges also occurred between the French and Bavarians, and the French and Austrians, in the late wars. In none of all these, however, was so protracted and sanguinary a contest maintained, and never before did the decision of a battle depend so much upon a series of close and murderous bayonet struggles.

"Keep firm on the colours!" and a contest, the most bloody in the history of any field, commenced. Mr. Woods describes their efforts and their losses here, in the following words:—"The little band, now scarcely 1000 strong, dashed up the hill against their assailants, leaving in and around the battery mounds of Russian dead, and eight officers and 200 men of their own corps killed and wounded. As the enemy sprang into the work, the latter were instantly bayoneted. Some of the officers were found with as many as twenty bayonet wounds, and with their skulls smashed with the but-end of muskets. This was particularly the case with Sir R. Newman and Lieutenant G. C. Greville. After having distinguished themselves in the most heroic manner they were wounded, and left in the battery alive; when the Guards retook it, their corpses were scarcely recognisable. On the day before the battle I saw Lieutenant Greville—at ten o'clock in the morning of the 5th of November, while the fight was still raging, a body was shown to me which I was told was poor Greville's, but hardly a feature was distinguishable. Repeated blows (nearly all, I presume, given after death) had destroyed the face."

While the second and light divisions were maintaining an unequal contest on the brow of the declivity, and the two-gun battery was so well defended by the obstinate valour of part of the former division, and the brigade of Guards, a battle of artillery, if possible still more unequal, was being waged. Notice has been already taken of the fact that the first three guns which came into action were under the command of Major Hamley. This officer gives the most graphic and minute account extant, of what he calls the "duel of artillery" which then took place, which awoke the echoes of the mist-clad hills, and uttered in thunder the defiance of contending hosts:—

"Townsend's battery of the fourth division had arrived at the left of the position during one of the rushes made by the enemy. Four of the guns were taken almost as soon as they were unlimbered, the Russians being close to them in the coppice, unawares; but some of the 88th and 49th retook them before they had been many seconds in the enemy's hands—Lieutenant Miller, R.A., taking a leading part in the recapture of one of the guns of his own division of the battery. In all these attacks on our left, the Russians were prevented from turning that flank by Codrington's brigade of the light division, which, posted on the further bank of the ravine, skirmished in and across it with the enemy's infantry throughout the day. Four guns had been detached early in the battle to support this brigade, but they were met, whenever they came into

action, by so heavy a fire, that they were compelled to remain inactive, for the most part, under shelter of a large mound of earth. When the Russian infantry was driven back, a cannonade re-commenced along their whole line, to which our guns replied warmly, though overmatched in metal and numbers. The Russians were computed to have sixty pieces, of which many were guns of position, while we had six 9-pounder batteries of six guns each; but our gunners continued the fire with admirable steadiness.

"Soon after the Guards came up on the right, the three guns first sent there had been withdrawn for fresh ammunition, having fired away all in the limbers, and being separated from their waggons. I had then gone to the ridge where the road crossed it. The duel of artillery was at its height—there was not a moment when shot was not rushing or shells exploding among the guns, men and horses going down before them. Grape-shot, too, occasionally showered past, from which it would appear that the Russians had brought some iron guns into position—as grape fired from brass pieces would destroy the bore, from the softness of the metal. The ships in the harbour, and the battery at the Round Tower, also threw shot and shell on to the slope. This cannonade was the preface to another infantry attack, which now threatened our right, and a battery was ordered to that flank. While I was delivering this order a round-shot passed through my horse, close to the saddle, and rolled us over. He had shortly before been struck by a musket-ball in the haunch, which did not disable him; and had been wounded by a cannon-ball at the Alma, being one of the few horses that ever survived such an event. This was the poor fellow's last field; while on the ground another cannon-ball passed through him. A sergeant of artillery, a very fine young fellow, named M'Keown, ran to extricate me; he had just lifted me from under the horse, and I was in the act of steadying myself on his shoulder, when a shot carried off his thigh, and he fell back on me, uttering cries as if of amazement at the suddenness of his misfortune. I laid him gently down, resting on a bush, and looked at the wound; the leg was smashed and almost severed. Calling two men to carry him to the rear, I hastened to the right after the battery. Advancing in the thick bushes beyond the spot where the battery had come into action, I turned about and saw it retiring. It was already at some distance, and the movement was explained by the appearance of a line of Russian infantry suddenly extending along the upper edge of the slope, between me and our alignment, and at about forty yards' distance. On my left, lower down the slope, as I turned towards our

position, men of different regiments, principally guardsmen, were retreating from the two-gun battery. Being lame from a recent injury, I considered myself lost—the bullets cut the branches and leaves on every side, and all attempts to rally our men were met by the unanswerable reply that their ammunition was spent. At that moment the right of the position was absolutely without defence, and the enemy, by advancing resolutely, must have turned it. But from panic, or some other cause, they fortunately retired instead of advancing—a friendly slip in the ground afforded a shelter from their last shots, and the men who had retreated rallied and laid down under the low intrenchment already spoken of, while their officers distributed fresh packets of ball-cartridge. On this intrenchment a heavy fire of artillery was directed, which continued for nearly an hour. An officer whom I met there, to whom I was lamenting the death of my horse, told me he had placed his in a hollow close at hand, where he was quite secure; but, going to visit him presently afterwards, he found that a shell had penetrated this admirable retreat, and blown him to pieces. I saw a magnificent team of chestnut gun-horses prostrated here by a single destructive shell, and five of the six did not rise again."

It was nearly eight o'clock before Lord Raglan arrived upon the ground. His lordship and staff appeared filled with profound anxiety, as soon as they were able to obtain some glimpses of the state of the field: this was difficult, for the fog still continued dense, and rolled over the English position as if in successive waves. All the British troops that were engaged at any time through the day had arrived at their respective posts by that time. They had literally crowded along from their tents to the scene of tumult: some came without ammunition, some with a round or two; others with their Minié muskets wet and unserviceable; a few were without shoes, and most had on their great-coats, which encumbered them, and sometimes made it difficult for the artillery to distinguish them from their enemies. Lord Raglan placed himself at the rear of the second division, and was witness to the singular heroism of General Evans, who, from his sick-bed on board ship at Balaklava, went forth on hearing the first sounds of battle, and placed himself at the head of his division. Ever generous as brave, he refused to deprive his second in command, Major-general Pennefather, of the honour of heading the division before the enemy; but riding about with him as if he was his aide-de-camp, afforded that officer counsel from the ample stores of his experience, and encouragement from his dauntless and hopeful spirit. The conduct of General Evans on this occasion

was such as will not only give to his name one of the brightest places in the rolls of British military glory, but also cause it to be one of those to which history points all nations, when holding up the example of the brave and generous of whatever realm. Colonel Hamley pays this tribute to the bearing of the general:—"During the battle, Sir de Laey Evans, who had been sick on board ship at Balaklava, rode up to the field with his aide-de-camp, Boyle, and, calling upon me by name, began to question me about the battle. He looked extremely ill, but was as cool and intrepid as he always is in action. While I was speaking to him, a shell, crashing through some obstacles close by, rose from the ground, passed a foot or two above our heads, and, dropping amid a group a few yards behind us, exploded there, wounding some of them—but Sir de Laey did not turn his head."

Lord Raglan remained near the second division, which was the post of danger, during the remainder of the day, where his person was exposed to the hottest fire. The adjutant and quartermaster-generals, and the commander-in-chief of the artillery, were with him when he arrived on the ground. It soon became obvious to these officers that the day was going against the British—their numbers were diminishing rapidly, while the Russians poured up through the fog as if they were demons of the mist, and their numbers were exhaustless. At this hour the Guards, reinforced by two regiments of the fourth division, and supplied with ammunition, charged the two-gun battery, of which the enemy had kept possession since the Guards had been compelled to retire. The Russians, awed by their determined approach, fled from the work, followed by the fire of the 20th and 41st regiments. The 41st entered the enclosure, the 20th guarded the flanks, and the Guards fell back upon the old Simpheropol Road, to prevent the Russians from getting up that way, and falling upon the rear of the battery. As soon as the Guards effected this retrograde movement—which could not have been observed from the veil of cloud which hung over it—the Russians, as if moved upon the old spot by some terrible instinct, again rushed up the ascent, and fell upon the battery, coming round the opposite flank; their artillery poured a deluge of shot, shell, and case upon the spot, and the 41st and 20th staggered back, amazed and broken by the ruthless fire. The enemy again entered, to be as promptly once more expelled; for the two regiments, instantly re-forming, charged with the bayonet and drove them out. The battery was now like a slaughter-house—its interior choked with dead and trampled men, and others lying across the embrasures; the embankments everywhere



stained with blood, and the slain\* and the dying, quivering in their last convulsive throes, strewn thickly around.

Such was the scene on the right of the short line of defence which the British had formed. At its centre the fight raged only with a little less fury. The Guards defended the old Simpheropol Road; lower down, and amongst the thick jungle of brushwood, the Russians maintained a bloody warfare with the 47th, 49th, 55th, 77th, and 88th regiments. A close musketry fire, followed by immediate concussions of the scattered groups, characterised the combat. The British fought by desultory charges, and a still more desultory fire: every man was a hero, and struggled as if England trusted to his arm alone. The battle of Inkerman has been called a soldiers' battle: it was as such an officers' battle, only that the officers fought like private soldiers—like them grappling hand to hand with the enemy, and never did the example of British officers so stimulate their men as on the declivities of Inkerman. The soldiery regarded with the highest admiration the chivalry of their officers, and gloriously emulated it.

The masses of the enemy were at last rolled down from the vicinity of the Simpheropol Road, and as they fell back, showers of Minié and musket-balls crashed through their dense columns. They were repulsed with a slaughter which astonished their victors—they fell in bodies of men, as if mowed down, by the close and steadily directed fire of the English. Relieved from the infantry in their front, the wearied men rested on their arms, but death gave them short respite, for the artillery of the enemy swept their positions, carrying destruction with every discharge. It was impossible to allow the British to fall back, for the enemy below were preparing for another onset: some lay down, but the Russian shot tore through the brushwood, and bounded among the serried ranks. At this instant, a louder roar of artillery was heard behind—the Russian guns opened upon the French siege-works, preparatory to the sortie already noticed as part of Menschikoff's plan of operations. The roar of cannon was then followed by volleys of musketry, and the sortie was made. It was repulsed so promptly, that had the French sufficient force they could have entered Sebastopol with the flying foe. A portion of the French did penetrate Sebastopol, but being unsupported, could effect little, and some were made captives. General Lornel fell. They dispatched officers to General Bosquet for support just as Lord Raglan's aide-de-camp also reached that general with a similar request. He, however, could not accord it to either. Liprandi manœuvred in the plain below, occupying the attention of Sir Colin Campbell at Balaklava,

and of Bosquet in his fortified position. Had Liprandi manœuvred better, the fate of the day had probably turned for the double-headed eagle, and two fine armies would have been his prey; but it soon became clear to the intelligent glance of Bosquet that Liprandi was only engaged in a feint, to prevent his dispatching assistance elsewhere. As soon as he became convinced that no attack would be made upon the rear by that general, Bosquet, with dispatch and judgment, sent assistance to the British, by whom it was then alone and urgently needed. Before this decisive event could influence the fortunes of the day, those fortunes were to remain chequered, and attended by many an incident such as gives to war its gloom and terror. General Strangways, esteemed by the whole army, was struck in the thigh by the splinter of a shell which fell among Lord Raglan's staff. The shell burst in the horse of Captain Raglan Somerset, and sent off splinters in every direction, killing the charger of Colonel Gordon, and wounding several men and horses. He mildly requested to be lifted from his horse, and they laid him upon the dark heath. Surgical aid was prompt, but all assistance was in vain—he languished an hour and died, as true a hero as ever breathed out life upon the field of war. Lord Raglan's attention was now called to the fact, that the Russian guns of position overmatched our field-batteries, and he immediately ordered up two iron guns, powerful 18-pounders, which were a match for Russian guns of far heavier metal. They were siege guns, and the only cannon of that description not actually fixed in the trenches. It is marvellous that his lordship did not issue this order as soon as he arrived on the field, for the overpowering weight of the Russian artillery was then as obvious as when the order was sent. Colonel Gambier, who commanded the siege artillery, brought up the guns with alacrity—but in doing so was wounded, and compelled to retire from the field. The command then devolved upon an officer every way equal to the task, Lieutenant-colonel Dickson. He at once saw the importance of silencing the enemy's guns on Shell Hill, the fire from which had covered the repeated advances of the Russian columns from the commencement of the battle. Colonel Dickson so brought his guns into position as to attack Shell Hill effectually, where they swept the artillerymen from the Russian cannon, and checked their fire.

While this judicious arrangement was proceeding, the columns of the enemy, which had been repulsed from the two-gun battery and the front of the old Simpheropol Road, were reinforced and again in motion, and this time they mounted the heights with a quickness of step at variance with the usual motion of Russian

soldiers advancing to attack, which is slower than that of the English and French in similar circumstances. Speedily the enemy's compact columns rushed up to the points of attack, so often and so ingloriously attempted by them throughout the morning. They advanced with a resolute mien, as if determined to accomplish their object or perish in the effort, and as confidently as if inferior numbers of the defenders had not so frequently repulsed their own confident predecessors.

At every step the fallen, who had before clambered these steep against British ball and steel, intercepted the advance of the new columns of attack—yet on they came, and with more apparent self-reliance than ever. It was afterwards alleged that this resolution was inspired by the presence of the imperial dukes, who accompanied them to the foot of the hill, and whom many of the soldiers believed to be in actual command. All the sacredness with which a Russian invests the czar now animated them: their holy Russia was represented in the field by the sons of her sacred chief; they must as true Russians die for the czar; the glory of conquering in the presence of his children, even at the expense of life, was the highest they could hope to attain on earth, and would open the gate of heaven. The column which was directed upon the two-gun battery—that centre of a narrow and sanguinary circle of destruction—drove out the 41st as a strong torrent sweeps away the branch that has fallen across its course; it was the resistance of a regiment to an army corps. Yet the gallant 41st fought fiercely as they retired, the officers sacrificing themselves to save and to encourage the men. The brave Colonel Carpenter and five of his officers fell in front of some fifty of the men on the fatal spot. The efforts of the British to retake the post were again bold and prompt. The Guards advanced from the position to which they had fallen back, and charged down the hill. Sir George Cathcart considered the most effectual mode of retaking the post was to descend into the ravine upon its right, and make a flank and rear attack. Several officers informed Sir George that if he descended into the ravine he must be lost, with any force which he could take with him, for the Russians had lined both sides of it in anticipation of any attempt on the part of the British to take advantage of its shelter. Sir George was one of the rashest officers, as well as one of the most forward and spirited in the English army; he, in keeping with his temperament, did not listen to the entreaties of these officers, but dashed precipitately into the ravine, followed by a mere handful of men. It consisted of four companies of the 68th regiment, and 150 men of the 20th and 46th. He also desired to take the Guards with him, but General Ben-

tingkin wisely led them down the slope. Sir George had scarcely left his position, and got fairly into the ravine, when he perceived that he was surrounded; he then sought to retrace his steps, but in vain; the foe lined either ridge, and poured down their fire into the small band, who were thus sacrificed to their commander's precipitancy. Sir George himself paid the heaviest penalty which error can exact, except the loss of honour—he was shot through the heart.\* As he fell, his intimate friend and aide-de-camp, Colonel Charles Seymour, rushed forward to assist him, and fell wounded by his side. Major Wynne and Lieutenant Barker shared their fate. The Russians, closing upon them, bayoneted the fallen repeatedly, lest the smallest chance of life should remain. We were at war with assassins, not soldiers.

The view here given of the mode in which Sir George Cathcart met his death, is that presented by persons who were well informed as to the details and general events of the battle. It is but just, while representing the gallant general's fall as the result of his own imprudence, to present another view of the case, given by one of his own officers, a subaltern of the 20th regiment. This officer states that the men had become engaged in the ravine, and Sir George lost his life by attempting to take them out; and the writer seems unconscious that the gallant chief rashly conducted them thither himself. The officer thus writes:—"A large column of Russian infantry was at this time pouring a deadly volley into the fourth division, which, Sir George Cathcart observed, was also out-flanking them; and portions of the different regiments of which his division was composed were maintaining a most unequal struggle against an overwhelming force. The gallant general observing this, rode down into the ravine in which they were engaged, and rallied them. The enemy had actually gained a hill in rear of the flank of his division; but still his coolness and undaunted courage, for which he was noted, never failed him, and riding at their head, he gallantly cheered them on. My regiment, the 20th, was one that was inspirited anew by his presence. Many of them had fallen, and K— amongst the rest was here grazed by a round-shot, which put him *hors de combat*. He was waving his sword and cheering on the men, when the shot struck the hilt and then grazed his shoulder-blade, which rendered him senseless for some little time. A cry at this time was raised that the ammunition was failing, when Sir George exclaimed, 'There is nothing left for you but the bayonet.' He then observed that a large body of men had gained a hill in rear of his

\* Russell says through the head.





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